AUGUST

THE American

MAGAZINE • 25 CENTS • 30 CENTS IN CANADA

IRELAND WILL FIGHT!

BY GEN. FRANK AIKEN
DE VALERA'S NO. 1 MAN

•

Beginning:

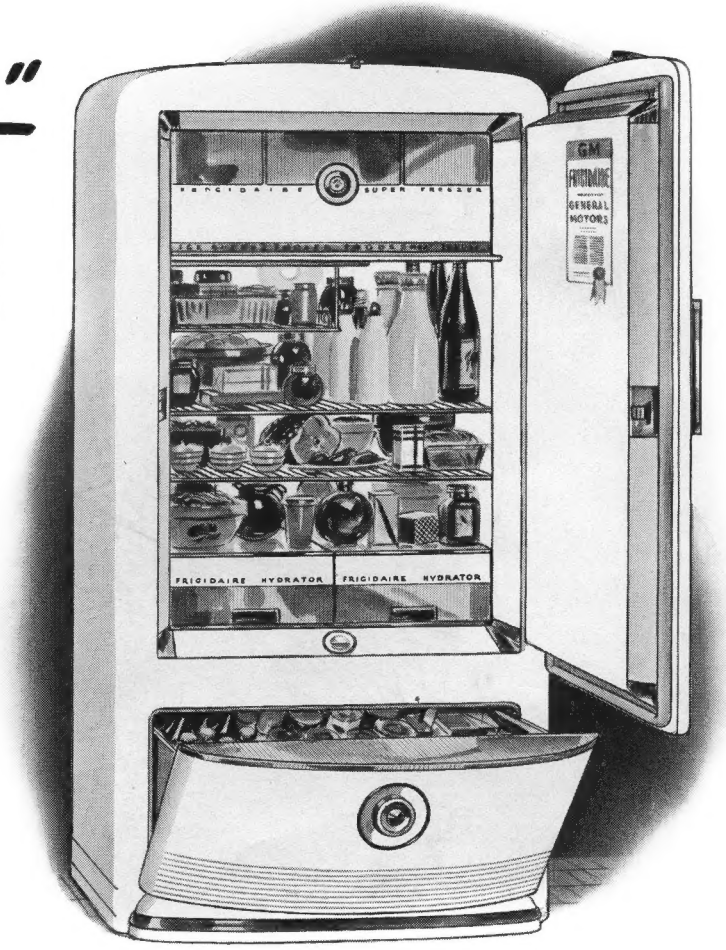
FAITH BALDWIN'S

gayest novel

LET'S DO THE TOWN

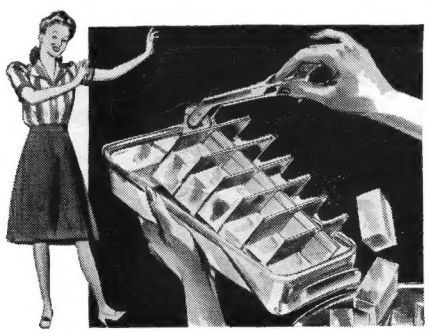
"I fell in love with Frigidaire!"—

"It's beautiful, *INSIDE AND OUT*... and I found Frigidaire had loads of features I couldn't get in any other refrigerator at *any* price!

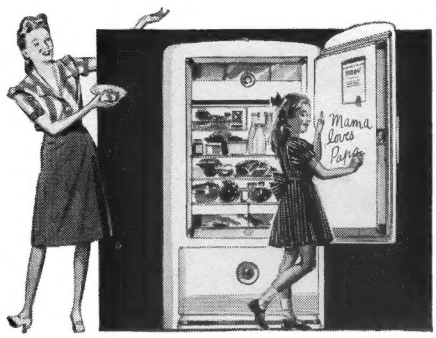


"IT WAS FUN LOOKING—that nice Frigidaire salesman took a lot of time to show me how Frigidaire is the best buy in every way. I didn't realize until he told me, that Frigidaire is made by General Motors—the same people who make those grand motor cars, like Cadillac, Buick, Oldsmobile, Pontiac and Chevrolet.

"YOU SHOULD SEE the exciting Cold-Wall models! Chilling coils within the walls keep food fresher longer, and preserve precious vitamins. *All* the models were so chock-full of exciting features that I got the feeling General Motors was just as proud of *creating* Frigidaire as I would be of *owning* one. For instance...



"FLIP A FINGER, AND ZING—there are your ice cubes. You don't need a crowbar to get Frigidaire's exclusive Quickube Tray out of the refrigerator, or the ice cubes out of the Tray. You get ice easily, instantly—*always!*



"SCORE ANOTHER FOR FRIGIDAIRE—a seamless all-porcelain interior makes Frigidaire more sanitary. Even the inside of the door is lifetime porcelain-on-steel! Cleaning a Frigidaire's just a matter of seconds!

"YOU'LL SAVE PLENTY with Frigidaire's famous Meter-Miser. Thanks to General Motors' superb engineering, it has 22% more freezing power than last year, yet uses less current. See these new Frigidaires *today!*"

CAUTION: Unless a refrigerator bears the Frigidaire nameplate, it is not a genuine Frigidaire, made ONLY by General Motors, world's largest builders of automobiles, motors and refrigerators.

BUY THE FAVORITE... BUY FRIGIDAIRE!

FRIGIDAIRE ELECTRIC REFRIGERATORS RANGES AND WATER HEATERS
Dayton, Ohio • Toronto, Canada

... MORE THAN 6 MILLION BUILT AND SOLD!

A lesson in *Kissing Technique*

LISTERINE TELLS YOU WHAT THE MASTERS SAY ABOUT KISSING

The anatomical juxtaposition of two orbicularis oris muscles in a state of contraction.
DR. HENRY GIBBONS

What is a kiss? Why this, as some approve:
The sure sweet cement, glue, and lime of love.
ROBERT HERRICK

A kiss, when all is said, what is it?
. . . a rosy dot
Placed on the "i" in loving; 'tis a secret
Told to the mouth instead of to the ear.
EDMOND ROSTAND

The sound of a kiss is not so loud as that of a cannon, but its echo lasts a great deal longer.
O. W. HOLMES

Kissing don't last: cookery do.
GEORGE MEREDITH

Lord! I wonder what fool it was that first invented kissing.
SWIFT

And when my lips meet thine,
Thy very soul is wedded unto mine.
H. H. BOYESEN

Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,
Say that health and wealth have missed me:
Say I'm growing old, but add
Jenny kissed me.
LEIGH HUNT

A man had given all other bliss,
And all his worldly worth for this,
To waste his whole heart in one kiss
Upon her perfect lips.
TENNYSON

Excerpts from "The Home Book of Quotations" by Burton Stevenson; Dodd, Mead & Co., Publishers

WHETHER it's the kiss given in the first fine rapture of love's discovery, the kiss you give your husband of twenty years as he rushes out in the morning, or the kiss of mother and son—don't be careless. Remember . . . nothing is so intimate or so revealing as a kiss.

FOR LOVE'S SAKE

So—for love's sake!—don't ever be guilty of offending HIM with halitosis (bad breath). It freezes love . . . yet anyone may have it at some time or other.

Wouldn't any woman be foolish to chance losing this regard unnecessarily when it's often so easy to make breath sweeter, purer, with Listerine Antiseptic?

Halitosis is sometimes due to systemic conditions. Usually, however, say some authorities, it is caused by the fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth. For that condition, a good rinsing of the mouth with refreshing Listerine Antiseptic morning and night works sweet wonders!

Listerine Antiseptic halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors it causes. Your breath becomes sweeter, less likely to offend. Use Listerine Antiseptic as a mouth rinse night and morning.

* * *

"P.S." TO MEN: *Don't imagine you're immune from halitosis! (Who is?) Keep Listerine on hand—make it a morning and nightly ritual! Always remember to rinse your mouth with this delightful, breath-sweetening antiseptic deodorant before any important business engagement—or your date with Her. It pays. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.*

LET LISTERINE LOOK AFTER YOUR BREATH

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S

LION'S ROAR

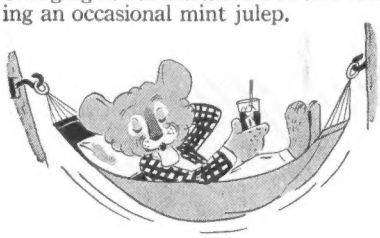
Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

Boy, we're tired of the old high-pressure salesmanship. None of this hurry hurry hurry stuff for us.

★ ★ ★ ★

We're relaxing during the dog days. Swinging in our old hammock and taking an occasional mint julep.



Yes, we're willing to talk but campaigning is out. Our voice is soft, cooing, mellow.

★ ★ ★ ★

Especially since we're just going to drop a hint about two great films that are getting their final editing at those streamlined M-G-M studios.

★ ★ ★ ★

"Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" and "Lady Be Good." One is an unusually gripping drama, the other an unusually rippling musical. Opposite, but twin, poles.

★ ★ ★ ★

Victor (GWTW) Fleming produced "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," the famed Stevenson yarn. Of course, he had no talent to work with—only Spencer Tracy, Ingrid Bergman and Lana Turner.

Director Fleming

★ ★ ★ ★

It is something to write home about, this Spencer Tracy interpretation. Or if you *are* at home, it's something to write away about. Mark our words.

★ ★ ★ ★

And "Lady Be Good." Nobody in that one either. Only Eleanor Powell, Ann Sothern, Robert Young, Lionel Barrymore, John Carroll, Red Skelton, and Virginia O'Brien.

Norman (Comedy) McLeod has directed.

★ ★ ★ ★

We told you to mark our words about "Dr. Jekyll." Mark 'em as well about "Lady Be Good."

★ ★ ★ ★

We won't have to eat them.

★ ★ ★ ★

Even though we like alphabet soup.

—*Leo*

Advertisement for *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures*

➔ FROM the vice-president of a ladies' literary guild in the Southwest comes this lament: "I have been on the verge of writing a great novel for two and a half years, but I just can't seem to get started. If I only had a good idea, I'm sure I could knock it out in no time. Won't you tell me where your authors get their ideas?"

Well, here's one case history, but we can't see how it will help the v.-p. Seems that one of our editors was lunching with Faith Baldwin not long ago. Over the soup, he remarked casually that those big, black shadows under his eyes could be blamed on a couple of visiting Bostonians. "Last night," he sighed, "they piloted me around to half a dozen night clubs I had never even heard of before. You'd have thought they'd lived here all their lives."

Miss Baldwin replied that it always takes an out-of-towner to show a dyed-in-the-wool New Yorker around. Whereupon the editor observed, "Isn't there an idea for a novel there?"

A gleam appeared in Miss Baldwin's eyes, and she leaned back in her chair. "Let's see," she said dreamily. "Suppose a couple of New York girls were visited by a cousin from—from Ohio. They'd expect her to be an old stick, but when she shows up she's got everything. Glamour, enthusiasm, vitality, oomph. Of course, the New York girls have a couple of boy-friends, and . . ."

Well, the luncheon didn't break up until 4:30 P. M., by which time Miss Baldwin had already outlined *Let's Do the Town*, which starts in this issue, and which tops anything Miss Baldwin has written before.

And that, Madam Vice-President, is how novels are born.

➔ THEODORE ADAMS, who handles our *Interesting People* section, returned to the office one afternoon recently a bit white and shaken. Seems he had been interviewing Dr. William J. Bonisteel, a botanist whose specialty is raising poisonous plants (see page 71). During their conversation Dr. Bonisteel tossed Mr. Adams a tiny bottle. Adams caught it and examined it idly. "By the way, that bottle contains one of the world's deadliest poisons," Dr. Bonisteel explained genially. "If you dropped it, enough would seep into the air to kill us both within five minutes." Adams gasped, placed it gingerly in the exact center of a large desk, and departed hastily.

➔ REST assured that the striking painting of those three German soldiers which appears on page 26 is accurate down to the last detail. The artist, Harvey Dunn, was one of eight American painters appointed by the government to perpetuate the World War in oil. Commissioned a captain of engineers, he disembarked in France, approached a gold-braid general, and asked just what he was supposed to paint. The general stared at him icily. "Young man," he replied, "my business is fighting a war, and yours seems to be painting it. I don't think you can help me, and I certainly can't help you." Undiscouraged, Dunn wandered around France a year, turning out 40 canvases of action in the Château-Thierry, Argonne Forest, and Saint-Mihiel sectors. Today his pictures are in the vaults of the Smithsonian Institution, and, so far as he knows, no one has looked at them for years. He feels he must have performed some useful service in France, but he can't imagine exactly what it was.

➔ IF YOU want to know what Gilbert Bundy looks like, take a look at his painting which appears in full color on page 10. Then (*Continued on page 4*)

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Q. Will Pierrot love me?
A. You're very pretty.

Q. But will Pierrot love me?
A. We truthfully can't say—until you smile.

Q. Tell me! How can a girl help her smile?
A. Start with Ipana and Massage today.

A PIERRETTE costume—powder and beauty patch and alluring ruff—how it sets the stage for romance.

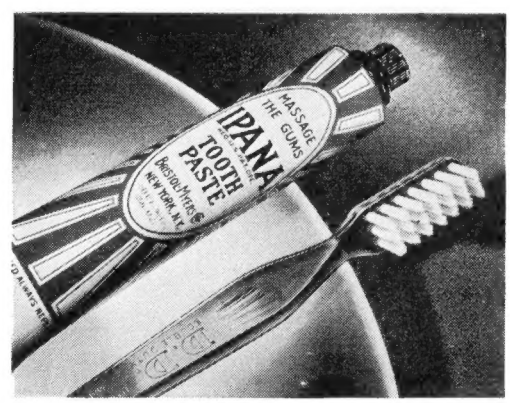
But no costume can help a dull, distressing smile. Gone is romance, if a girl's smile has lost its sparkle, if it shows tragic evidence of "pink tooth brush" neglected.

Never ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

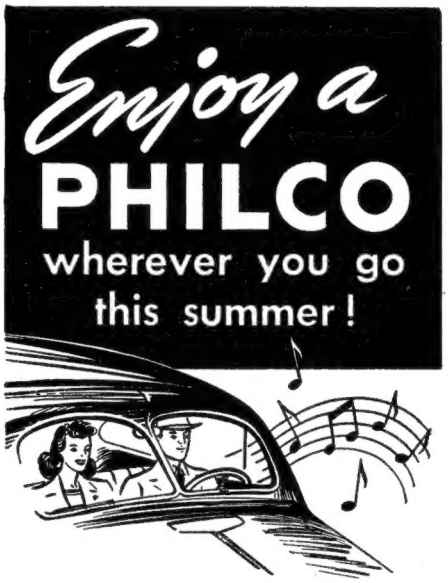
"Pink tooth brush" may not be serious. But when you see it—*see your dentist.* Probably he'll say your gums need extra work because today's soft, creamy foods have robbed them of vigorous chewing. And, like many dentists, he may suggest "daily stimulation with Ipana and massage."

Ipana is especially designed to do two things—to keep teeth sparklingly bright and, with massage, to help firm your gums. Every time you brush your teeth massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. That pleasant "tang" tells you circulation is speeding up in the gum tissues, helping gums to a healthier firmness.

Teeth gain sparkle, smiles are brighter when gums are firmer, healthier. Get Ipana today.



HELP GUARD AGAINST "PINK TOOTH BRUSH" WITH IPANA AND MASSAGE



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Philco . . . world's largest manufacturer of automobile radios . . . brings you for 1941 the greatest *values* ever produced for tone, performance, features and beauty at any price you wish to pay. Enjoy your favorite programs as you ride; keep up with the news; install a Philco . . . America's Favorite Radio . . . in your car.

Easily Installed, with Controls and Speaker to Match the Panel of Any Car, New or Old.

Models from $22.50 to $62.50

POWERFUL 7-TUBE PHILCO PORTABLE

for vacations, outings, picnics, boating...or anywhere indoors

Thrilling tone . . . power, sensitivity and selectivity never before known or expected in a portable radio is now yours, thanks to a sensational *7-tube* circuit, newly developed by Philco engineers. Gives you fine performance where ordinary portables fail. Plays anywhere, indoors or outdoors, on self-contained battery or any house current. *Model 842T, illustrated, $29.95, complete with batteries.*

Models from $19.95 to $49.95

Complete with Batteries

Prices slightly higher Denver and West.

SEE AND HEAR THEM At Your Philco Dealer

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2

look at that merry fellow in the center, the one with the girl's hand on his shoulder. That's Bundy. Like Alfred Hitchcock, the British producer who makes a fleeting appearance in every movie he puts out, Bundy can't resist brushing himself into his own paintings. A psychiatrist would probably argue it indicates an urge to immortalize himself, but Bundy has a simpler explanation. He says he is the only model who's always there when he paints a picture. All he has to do is look in the mirror.

➔ THIS month's issue brings you a personality test that's startlingly different. You'll find it on page 96, under the title, *How Good Is Your Taste?* Maitland Graves, the art authority who prepared it for us, has been teaching at the School of Fine and Applied Arts, Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y., for ten years and is the author of the recently published book, *The Art of Color and Design*. An engineer turned artist, he bases his Visual Design Test upon his conviction that "art is man-made order which is based, not on artificial, arbitrary rules, but upon natural forces as real as a sense of balance and as potent as gravity." In trying out this test on laymen, he noted that high scores were registered by those who showed a sense of fine design in their dress, their homes, and their taste in music and literature.

➔ SOMETHING of a gardener himself, Rex Stout, got the idea for his latest spine-chiller, *Death Wears an Orchid* (page 117), while attending New York's annual flower show. We like to think about him there, plotting dark and mysterious murder in the midst of blooming petunias and chattering garden club officials. Lucky there wasn't a mind reader around.

➔ SHOP TALK—Clarence Budington Kelland and Tom Gill are both working on new serials for us. We've already read a draft of the first installment of Mr. Kelland's. We won't let the cat out of the bag at this time by telling you the subject, but we can say it's close to the hearts of millions of Americans.

Our cover girl this month is Juanita Rios, a native of Puerto Rico, and she's wearing a Brazilian rumba costume. Good Neighbor Rios has been touring the United States for several years with her own rumba band. She sings, dances, and conducts, all at the same time. Even Stokowski can't match that.

Gordon Gaskill, who traveled to Florida for that amazing yarn, *Divorces While You Play* (page 34), was on the high seas when we went to press. Bound for Africa to make the acquaintance of a free and fearless Frenchman named De Gaulle.

Palling around with Gene Sarazen, Jerome Beatty has just made a startling discovery. Everybody knows Gene as a great golfer, but his close friends know him and Mrs. Sarazen as superb cooks. In an early issue, Jerry will pass along some tips on their unusual dishes.

How's this for a plot? A young American traveling abroad gets tangled up with five refugees—a royal princess, a magician and his wife, a singing waiter, and an orphaned baby. He brings the whole crew back to his New England home, where they proceed to set the town on its ear. That's the beginning of I. A. R. Wylie's new and unforgettable serial called *Strangers Are Coming*. It starts next month, and it's worth waiting for.

➔ RECENTLY, we published a storiette which told how two brave Norwegian boys had pulled through the

German lines a sled loaded with cheeses, in which their patriotic parents had hidden one million dollars in gold. Quite a moving piece, we thought—until readers began to point out sternly that the gold would weigh approximately one ton, a sizable haul uphill and downdale for two thirteen-year-olds. Congratulations to everyone who caught our checker-uppers napping. "Even Homer," as one correspondent put it charitably, "nodded occasionally."

➔ DON EDDY, who dug up that stranger-than-fiction story about William Powell on page 20, was returning East from Hollywood when he stopped at an Army camp in Missouri. It was after hours, and the sentry on duty wouldn't let him in—until Don happened to mention that he was working on an article for THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE. "Well, why didn't you say so first?" the guard asked. "I was weaned on that magazine. Go right in."

W. A. H. B.

Now... Texaco Dealers offer you night-long service in all 48 States

The hour is late, the driving, tough, the road, lonely. Then, *through the cold, wet darkness shines a star . . . the Texaco Star. Beneath its friendly light, a man waits to serve you . . . a Texaco Dealer, alert, capable, competent.*

☆ ☆ ☆

He will offer you the comfort of his *Registered* Rest Room . . . set you straight on your route . . . clean that befogged windshield . . . adjust that bothersome headlight or supply you with one of those two famous Texaco gasolines, FIRE-CHIEF or *SKY CHIEF.* He will protect your hard-worked motor with *Insulated* Havoline, or Texaco Motor Oil.

Yes! All night long, throughout the touring season, in 48 States, Texaco Dealers offer you this vigilant all-night service. You will find it waiting for you this summer at convenient points along all the national highways of America.

TUNE IN: All Star Radio Program every Wednesday Night—C.B.S.—9:00 E.D.T., 8:00 E.S.T., 8:00 C.D.T., 7:00 C.S.T., 6:00 M.S.T., 5:00 P.S.T

You're Welcome AT **TEXACO DEALERS**

TEXACO

Earns $1,200 by Writing in Spare time

"Employed as correspondent for the Savannah News, one of the largest daily papers in this section. I have received a check each month for approximately $25, for 4 years. Being married and having home responsibilities, I do not make writing news my business, only a spare time hobby. It's an easy way to make spare money and to get the things I most desire for my home as well as myself. I suggest all those desirous of learning to write take the N. I. A. Course."—Mrs. E. B. Bennett, Sylvania, Ga.

How do *you* KNOW *you can't WRITE?*

Have you ever tried?

Have you ever attempted even the least bit of training, under competent guidance?

Or have you been sitting back, as it is so easy to do, waiting for the day to come when you will awaken, all of a sudden, to the discovery "I *am* a writer"?

If the latter course is the one of your choosing, you probably *never will write.* Lawyers must be law clerks. Doctors must be internes. Engineers must be draftsmen. We all know that, in our time, the egg does come before the chicken.

It is seldom that anyone becomes a writer until he (or she) has been writing for some time. That is why so many authors and writers spring up out of the newspaper business. The day-to-day necessity of writing—of gathering material about which to write—develops their talent, their insight, their background and their confidence as nothing else could.

That is why the Newspaper Institute of America bases its writing instruction on journalism—continuous writing—the training that has produced so many successful authors.

Learn to write by writing

NEWSPAPER Institute training is based on the New York Copy Desk Method. It starts and keeps you writing in your own home, on your own time. Week by week you receive actual assignments, just as if you were right at work on a great metropolitan daily. Your writing is *individually* corrected and constructively criticized. Thoroughly experienced, practical, active writers are responsible for this instruction. Under such sympathetic guidance, you will find that (instead of vainly trying to copy some one else's writing tricks) you are rapidly developing your own distinctive, self-flavored style—undergoing an experience that has a thrill to it and which at the same time develops in you the power to make your feelings articulate.

Many people who *should* be writing become awe-struck by fabulous stories about millionaire authors and therefore give little thought to the $25, $50 and $100 or more that can often be earned for material that takes little time to write—stories, articles on business, fads, travels, sports, recipes, etc.—things that can easily be turned out in leisure hours, and often on the impulse of the moment.

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Our unique Writing Aptitude Test tells whether you possess the fundamental qualities necessary to successful writing—acute observation, dramatic instinct, creative imagination, etc. You'll enjoy taking this test. The coupon will bring it, without obligation. Newspaper Institute of America, One Park Avenue, New York.
(Founded 1925)

NOTICE
Men 21 to 35

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One Park Avenue, New York

Send me, without cost or obligation, your free *Writing Aptitude Test* and further information about writing for profit as promised in The American Magazine, August.

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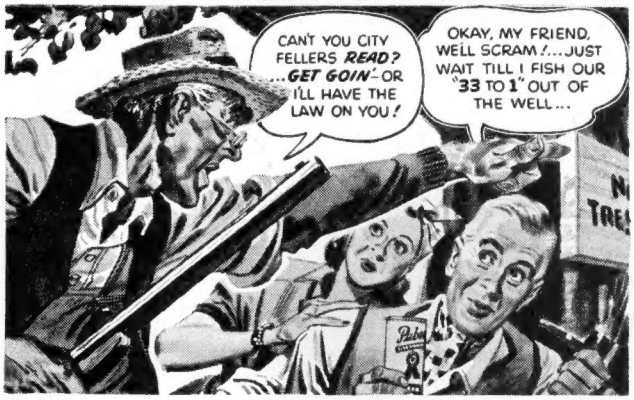
Nationally Advertised Products Represent Quality—
It Will Pay You to Insist Upon Them

THE STRANGE CASE OF "33 to 1"



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Pabst Brewing Company, Milwaukee

33 Fine Brews Blended to Make ONE Great Beer

- . . . IT'S SMOOTHER
- . . . IT'S TASTIER
- . . . IT NEVER VARIES

As in the finest coffee and champagne . . . it's expert blending that gives Pabst Blue Ribbon its smoother, tastier, unvarying goodness. There's proof in every glassful that "33 TO 1" BLENDING *BETTERS* the beer!

Enjoy it in full or club size bottles, handy cans, and on draft at better places everywhere.

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The Bell System is putting in about 400 million dollars' worth of new equipment this year. . . . The busier this country gets with production and defense, the more everybody telephones. Our #1 job is to do our best to keep pace with the needs of the Nation in this emergency.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

"The Telephone Hour" is broadcast every Monday. (N. B. C. Red Network, 8 P.M., Eastern Daylight Saving Time.)

THE American
MAGAZINE · AUGUST · 1941

The author, president of Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc.

Understanding

by Roy W. Moore

SINCE we were all bound together in a common enterprise, I felt, when I became president of a large corporation, that I should become acquainted with our employees across the country. Toward that end I suppose I've made hundreds of talks at dinners for our factory workers, clerks, salesmen, truck drivers, and office boys. This gave us an opportunity to mingle together in a friendly atmosphere after the busy hours, but I'm afraid I didn't touch on one subject they were particularly curious about until I visited our plant in a Midwest city a few years ago. There, the area manager asked me what I was going to talk about that evening.

"Haven't made up my mind," I shrugged. "Any suggestions?"

He nodded. Some of the boys, he told me, had an idea that all a company president does is to decorate a plush chair, push a button whenever he wants anything, and about 3 P. M. climb into his limousine and say, "Home, James."

"Why don't you," he asked, "tell them what you *really* do?"

SOMEWHAT dubiously, I followed his suggestion. As the audience began to look keenly interested, I laid all my cards on the table. I went into details about our long-range plans for expansion, about new policies which would mean, I hoped, more business and more security for all of us. When I finished, we had a regular old-fashioned town meeting. The men started firing hard-boiled questions at me—and they didn't call it quits until after midnight.

As I was leaving, a gray-haired fellow who stoked furnaces in the plant came up with a broad grin. "I'll be doggoned," he drawled, "but until tonight I never could see how an executive earned his pay."

That evening opened my eyes, too. Here I had been traveling around the country trying to understand our employees. But, until then, it had never occurred to me that some of them might not understand *me!*

I wonder how many leaders today still fail to grasp the fundamental truth that understanding is not a one-way, but a two-way proposition; that progress grows only out of *mutual* confidence.

TODAY in America we need this two-way understanding as never before. We can accomplish nothing in a contentious or belligerent atmosphere. We cannot afford the kind of leader who leads– but never explains. That is the *fuehrer* principle. It is anti-American. When a statesman fails to explain his decisions to the people, when a business executive fails to take his employees into his confidence, when a labor leader fails to lay his program before his followers, they strike at the very roots of democracy.

Most of the confusion that pervades the affairs of men today would vanish, I am convinced, if our problems were thoroughly and openly discussed by all parties involved. Nine times out of ten, we distrust or envy someone because we haven't been given a chance to understand him. Upon our ability to grasp the other fellow's point of view, we in America have succeeded in erecting the most civilized form of society on earth. Let us all help preserve it by preserving its foundation—the unity of purpose that comes from honest, man-to-man discussions between leaders and followers.

THE bus plowed along the rain-wet New York street with the determination of some invincible prehistoric monster. Through a fine and driving mist, lights bloomed, softly yellow and diffused. The March wind, mischievous and zany, tugged at the hats of pedestrians, whistled around slim ankles, drenched them with the blowing rain, obscured eyeglasses, and fluttered skirts, and, here and there, turned an umbrella inside out.

Midge sat next to a window in the bus. As usual, she had forgotten her rubbers, and she curled her little toes within her low-heeled brogues, testing them cautiously, wondering if the puddle into which she had stepped had seeped through the soles. She couldn't afford to catch cold—not now, not with vacation around the corner, almost in sight.

She smiled, in secret, excited anticipation, and opened her handbag and took out the travel folder. She turned its pages and regarded the illustrations, every one in color; the incredible blue of a dreaming sea, the arched sapphire sky, the long stretches of white-gold beaches, the girls in bright, negligible bathing suits, the bronzed, attractive young men.

FULL-COLOR ILLUSTRATION IN WATER COLOR BY GILBERT BUNDY, REPRODUCED IN COLOR GRAVURE

Let's DO THE TOWN

by Faith Baldwin

She pondered over the description of the cruise ship, although she already knew it by heart . . . sun decks, a swimming pool "in Persian tiles," promenade deck and Bali cocktail lounge, airy cabins, all outside, with private bath, lounges decorated with marine murals, dancing and shuffleboard, deck tennis and afternoon tea, the dining saloon with its roof rolled back and open to the stars. She looked at the cabin plan. There was hers, single, with an authentic bed and built-in dressing tables, and a little bath, on A deck.

An extravagance. She could have shared a cabin with someone and been as happy. . . . No, not quite. She shared an apartment with Alice and, fond as she was of her, it would be a change, yes, and a delight, to go away by herself, to be alone and free for a short time.

She returned the folder to her handbag and buttoned her coat collar more securely. The fur felt wet and matted. But the coat, although it had done duty for three seasons and was a little shabby, was warm enough. When you plan for a cruise, months ahead, you have to plan clothes, too, and you can't have cruise clothes *and* a new winter coat.

It was all darned expensive, but it would be worth it. Every year she stayed right in the flat for her holiday, during the three hottest weeks in summer. It was fun, of course, to get up when you pleased, to have the long, lazy days in which you could do anything or nothing, to look forward to the evenings. Last year Alice had had her vacation at the same time, and Midge had spent part of it with her with Alice's parents on Long Island. Then, of course, Ted had been free, too.

She shook her head, thinking of him, and frowned, ever so little.

Midge pushed a button and rose. She made her way past her seatmate, all bulk and knees and bundle, and out into the aisle. The bus stopped with a snort and a jerk. The conductor warned, with an appreciative twinkle, "Be careful, miss. Watch your step; the street's pretty slippery."

The March wind blew down the East River and ruffled it into little waves. A boat whistled, and people hurried and jostled along the pavements. The traffic officer wore a sleek black raincoat and it was wet and shiny.

The house in which Midge and Alice lived was near the river. It was a walk-up, and you didn't have a view. But you knew the river was near by, you could walk over to it on spring mornings or in the close summer evenings. A breeze reached you; you could hear the boats. It wasn't Sutton Place, but it was East Side.

Midge reached her own door on the third floor. She had run up the first flights, but she was not out of breath;

she was five feet one and she weighed a hundred pounds, dripping wet. Her bones were tiny; she could buy model shoes. The pounds were all in the right places.

She opened the door with her latch-key, and Alice said, "You're late."

The living-room was of good size, and well furnished, through the combined efforts of its tenants. Midge had inherited a good deal of furniture and Alice's parents had contributed some. Alice was sitting in a corner of the couch, under a lamp, and she was sewing. She was always sewing. She had a job in a wholesale house as bookkeeper, but her genius lay in other directions.

"I know," said Midge, and cast her hat aside. "Isn't it a dreadful night? I hate March; I hate wind."

HER shining brown hair was curled around her ears and the nape of her neck. Her eyes were bluer than the pictured sea in the travel folder, and her little face was rosy with the stair-climbing and the rain and wind.

She said, "Timmons had some important letters to get out, so I stayed. He doesn't ask me very often. And he's such a swell person, Alice."

Alice said, "I brought in hamburgers and rolls. Ted phoned. He wants to know if you'd like to do a movie. He said he'd phone again. . . . Oh, and there's a telegram for you over there."

"For me?" said Midge, aghast. "Who in the world—?" When Ted went off on business trips, Chicago, St. Louis, Pittsburgh, he'd send her crazy wires, but Ted was in town. And she hadn't anyone else, not a soul, except the California cousins she had never seen.

"It's on the radio," said Alice. She watched Midge walk over and pick up the envelope. Alice was twenty-six, four years older than Midge. She fought a losing battle against pleasing plumpness. She had a round, fair-skinned face and beautiful short red hair. Her disposition was pure gold, and how she could cook.

Midge stood with the wire in her hand, her coat still buttoned around her chin. She said, "Who on earth—?"

"If you opened it," Alice suggested practically.

Midge opened the envelope. Her eyes fled across the few words, and all the color left her face. "No," she said sharply. "*No!*"

"Honey?" Alice dropped the sewing and got to her feet. "What's the matter, what's wrong?"

"She wants to visit me," said Midge wildly; "she's coming to town for a spring holiday, she's coming here. . . . But she can't. I'm going away on a cruise!"

"Who? Sit down. Give me that wire." Alice propelled Midge toward the nearest chair. Reading the wire, her eyes widened. "Lily May? Never heard of her. Who is she? Why would she come here?" she demanded.

Midge sat perfectly straight in the big chair. She answered slowly, "I must have told you about her . . . or at least about her mother, Aunt Mary. My mother's best friend. The one who wanted to send me through college, and who did so much for us when my father died. My mother was married from her house. This is her daughter, the younger one, Lily May. I haven't seen her since we were children and Mother used to take me out to visit—"

"Out where?" demanded Alice. "You aren't making sense."

Midge gestured vaguely. "Ohio," she said. "Alice, what am I to do?"

"Wire right back," Alice replied promptly, "and tell her you're sorry, but the dates are inconvenient, as you're going away. Tell her to come another time. Tell her to go jump in the lake, if there is a lake."

"But I can't," wailed Midge. Her eyes filled and she scrubbed them with the back of her hand. "I always wanted to take a cruise," she said childishly. "I've been saving for over a year. Everything's planned; I've paid a deposit on my cabin. But now—"

Alice stamped a substantial foot. She said, "Have you lost your mind?"

"Isn't it terribly warm in here?" asked Midge.

"You'd be cooler with your coat off. Stand up. There. Now," said Alice, "why do you think you must—?"

THE bell rang, four times.

"That's Ted," said Midge, without moving. "He *would* come now."

Alice said, "Well, there are enough hamburgers." She went to the door and opened it. Midge, sitting collapsed in the big chair, could hear her disapproving greeting: "I thought so. Aren't you a little early? Why didn't you phone again? Have you had dinner? No, of course you haven't."

"Woman," said Ted's unmistakable voice from the little hall, "I've come bearing a steak. Worth its weight in gold, these days. But I've had a raise . . ."

"Ted, you haven't!"

"Certainly. Not," he added modestly, "commensurate with my merit. But a steak it is, a bag of potato chips, and some of that Roquefort cheese you gloat over. There's darned little of it left in the market places. . . . Where's Midge?"

"Right here . . . and dying not to see you. Come in, if you must."

"George," reported Ted, striding into the living-room, "will turn up in half an hour or so. I'll cook the steak. . . . Hello, my sweet, or don't you care?"

Midge looked at him. Part of her numbed brain functioned. He was the best-looking man she had ever seen—so

DOES A CITY GIRL HAVE EVERYTHING?

ARE small-town girls less worldly-wise than their city cousins? Do they dress as well? Can they keep pace with the city girls in the strenuous whirl of night life? Can they hold their own in a pitched battle for the favors of an eligible male? Read FAITH BALDWIN'S answers in this gay new novel and see if you agree. It's a story with the sparkle of champagne and the streamlined glamour of this week's smartest night club.

"Stop revealing your life history to Ted," Alice said briskly

far. He was twenty-six, and six feet two. His features, taken one by one, were extraordinary, but somehow, assembled, they were practically devastating. He had a grin which would have been worth a million votes to a politician, but Ted Mallory was an engineer. Four years out of college and doing very well, thank you. Doing, he thought, well enough for two, for himself and for Midge. That was where they differed.

He walked over and leaned down and put his hand under her chin. "What's up?" he asked gently. "Get fired?"

Hope gleamed for a moment in his eyes, which were almost as blue as Midge's. If she had been fired, if she were no longer Mr. Timmons's right-hand woman, if she were no longer the best secretary that Mr. Timmons had ever had, if she no longer rated forty a week—well, possibly she might see reason.

"Gimme that steak," demanded Alice. She seized the packages and disappeared into the little kitchen, returning with an apron tied around her waist. "George likes his well done," she said.

"THAT'S not my fault." Ted flung a raincoat at a chair, tossed a hat on a table. He sat down on the arm of Midge's chair. "What's happened?" he demanded. "You look as if you'd lost—"

"Don't say 'my best friend,'" said Midge hysterically, "because I haven't. I've just found her."

Ted cocked an eyebrow at Alice. He asked gently, "Do you think it's a strait-jacket case?"

"Search me," Alice admitted. "There's the message to Garcia which started all this."

Ted took the paper she indicated and read it. He asked, "Who's Lily May?"

Midge groaned. She said, "Give me a cigarette." And added, a moment later, "Not that I like your brand. This one tastes like old shoes."

"When did you start eating old shoes?" asked Ted, with interest.

She said absently, "Shut up," in a small growl which reminded him of an angry kitten.

"Okay, darling. But who in hell is—?"

Midge said wearily, "It's very simple, really. Lily May Moffet—"

"Muffet," said Ted in quiet rapture; "*not* little Miss Muffet!"

Midge giggled; (*Continued on page 110*)

IN this article, written expressly for THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, *De Valera's right-hand man speaks for the Irish Republican government and its people. General Aiken, a towering 43-year-old warrior, is Ireland's Minister for the Co-ordination of Defensive Measures. He has seen war at first hand, having fought since the age of 15 in the Irish Republican Army. At 23 he was a general, and at 25 the Chief of Staff. For eighteen years he has been a member of the Dail (Irish Parliament). Recently he has been on a mission to the United States to try to purchase arms and ships for the defense of Irish neutrality.*—THE EDITOR

IRELAND WILL FIGHT

If either the British or the Germans attempt to take one foot of free Eire's soil De Valera's army of 260,000 will resist to the last man . . . The chief of Irish defenses fully defines for the first time the precarious position of his government in the present conflict . . . why Ireland closes its ports alike to England's warships and Hitler's submarines . . . why the British in Ulster are looked upon as invaders . . . and what "the world's most blockaded nation" expects of the United States

by General Frank Aiken

PHOTOGRAPH BY L. A. MONAHAN

"British troops of occupation still hold our six northern counties in Ulster"

THE Irish people, in the free portion of Ireland, are neutral in this war. They are united in their desire for peace. They are united in their readiness to fight if the troops of *either* belligerent try to gain possession of a single sod of Irish territory or a single fathom of Irish territorial waters.

In this resolve 99.9 per cent of our people stand together. All classes, religions, and parties, all newspapers and public representatives agree. In this, our small democratic nation, close under the guns of mighty warring powers, is of one heart and mind.

I wish to make our position clear, because there is an old friendship between the United States and Ireland. Some 20,000,000 Americans are of Irish ancestry. Many Irishmen fought under Washington in your war for freedom, and in later wars. In Ireland's fight for freedom Americans gave generous sympathy and aid; they also made us loans, all of which we have faithfully repaid in full. American ideals helped to inspire us in drawing up our own Constitution, which, in my opinion, is the most practical democratic constitution in the world.

Recently I visited America, on a mission to purchase certain much needed arms and supplies for Ireland. I was troubled to find, among some Americans, a misapprehension of the Irish attitude.

Those Americans who know all the facts usually appreciate our stand. Among others there is considerable confusion, and this is natural. In the dramatic tragedy of war, most of the news comes from England and Germany. Amid all the clangor, the relatively quiet (but to us life-and-death) problems of free Ireland cannot come clearly to the ear of the average American citizen. That is why I am glad of this opportunity to dispel some of these misunderstandings. It has been suggested that Ireland is neutral because of cowardice or—quite the opposite—because of complacency and over-confidence; that we remain at peace in order to sell at a profit to belligerents and thus "make a good thing out of the war"; that our neutrality is based on bitterness toward Britain because of past wrongs; that our neutrality is temporary and will be abandoned in a pinch under pressure or persuasion; that we are having an easy time, indifferent to the sufferings of the peoples at war; and that in any event Ireland can be induced, somehow, to lease her ports to the British Navy. I think I can show how and why such statements—some of them innocently made, some born of pure propaganda—are false.

First let me mention a recent editorial in a New York newspaper. The editor advised the American government to join with the British government in bringing strong pressure to bear on Ireland to participate in the war.

How can the editor square this proposition with his (*Continued on page 101*)

She knew which of the two men she wanted. She wanted the top hat and tails. Yet,

STRIP TEASE

THE knocking bounced against Thayer's subconscious till she called out, "Yes? . . . Oh, come in, Delia," and had a guilty feeling the maid had been rapping for hours. Delia deposited the breakfast tray on a small table beside the bed and fussed with Venetian blinds.

"It's a lovely day," she announced busily. "Like spring."

Thayer rolled up on one elbow to cast a dubious glance through the great studio window beyond which New York's East River swept northward. For days the prospect had been bleak and forbidding. But last night had worked magic. A warm, smoky haze hung over the panorama of blue water, boats, and Triborough Bridge. Sudden excitement curled into her heart. "Why, it *is* spring! It's Indian summer!"

She sat up, while Delia smiled politely. "You see, don't you?" Thayer raced on rapturously. "It isn't flowers popping up that means spring in New York. It's people coming back to town and theaters opening. A taste of cold, and then these marvelous, spicy days when the season really begins. Autumn is New York's spring!"

"Like in South America," Delia agreed practically.

Thayer reached for the orange juice. "All right," she said resignedly. But Indian summer *was* something special, she insisted, gazing through the window. People concentrated on New York, without trying to whip you into the country for hours of exercise. Thayer wasn't lazy. She simply looked upon sports as a menace.

Through a shower and the things a girl of twenty-three does to her face in the morning, Thayer hummed a song. It was still on her lips an hour later when she walked briskly into the office of Magnet Features with her week's drawings.

"Hi, Casey," she greeted the sleek, blond exterior at the reception desk. "Any calls?"

Miss Casey silently handed her a fist of slips.

Thayer riffled through them—mostly invitations to openings or luncheons with people wanting their clothes shown in her fashion column, which

She thought, "I might just as well have come alone," for Andy's eyes were glued on the model

FULL-COLOR ILLUSTRATION IN WATER COLOR BY FRED LUDEKENS

she found herself playing guide to a pork-pie-and-tweed cartoonist

by Stewart Beach

Magnet Features syndicated to 200 newspapers. Familiar bustle eddied around her—insistent telephones, harassed cartoonists, messengers with drawings, messengers with morning coffee. Thayer loved it.

Casey turned to someone on the mourners' bench. "The editor won't be able to see you, Mr. Bishop," Thayer heard her say. "He suggests an appointment for next week."

A nice voice was colored with despair: "But I can't wait till next week. I've got to get back to Big Bend if this fellow Grant isn't interested." Mr. Bishop

disconsolately approached the desk.

Thayer's eyes ran experimentally up dark tweeds to a young, eager face topped by curly red hair. He seized her as an ally: "Say, do you work here? Would it do any good if I left my stuff?"

She shook her head. "Mr. Grant's our bottleneck," she explained. "Things get into his office and die."

He plowed fingers through the red hair. "I've been trying to see him for five days."

Thayer smiled sympathetically. "People wait weeks," she murmured, and glanced at the black portfolio he clutched. "Art?"

"It's a comic strip," he said, brightening. "Look here. I'm Andy Bishop. If you could help me—" His voice reached for her name.

She gave it, and recognition lighted his blue eyes. "I know *you*," he said enthusiastically. "I get ideas for dressing up Lora Lovely from your feature."

Thayer's eyebrows made a question.

"Lora Lovely," he repeated. "She's the name of my strip—one of these New York debutantes." He began untying the strings of his portfolio. He pushed oblongs of drawing board at Thayer. "That's Lora," he pointed. "Here's the hero, Jack Wyman, in the next panel. He's poor, of course, and he's called Sim. Simple Wyman. It's kind of a pun."

Thayer nodded. "I see." She moved a lacquered fingernail toward a menacing figure in top hat and tails. "Who's this?"

Andy hunched forward, and Thayer had an agreeable sense of his closeness. "That's Pinky Bull. He's the villain. Wealthy but no good. He wants to marry Lora." Andy looked at Thayer wistfully. "Do you think I'd have a chance?"

THAYER sat down on the bench to examine the drawings carefully. The technique was really good—nice line, a pleasant sense of comedy in the figures. The chatter in the balloons wasn't bad, either. "Maybe," she murmured, trying to consider the editor's reaction.

"But how'm I going to see Grant?" Andy demanded.

Thayer's smile was faintly ironical. "I thought red-haired men named Andy Bishop knew about those things," she challenged.

"You mean bust right in on him?"

Thayer laughed. "*I'll* bust in on him, and you follow."

Eric Grant's office always looked as though the Christmas rush had entered it and stalled. Desk, filing cases, tables, and chairs were piled with a litter of drawings, proofs, releases, and the other merchandise of a feature editor's trade. Somewhere in the middle of this sat Eric, small and irritated and fortyish, sucking a gurgly pipe which constantly expired and was impatiently relighted.

Thayer poised in the door. "Want to see something good?"

Eric shook his head without looking up. "Would you mind awfully getting the hell out, Thayer?" he asked. "I'm busy this morning—"

"So is a bus driver," she interrupted, unruffled, sliding the drawings before his protesting eyes. "Meet the topside of New York's stratosphere society, Lora Lovely."

Eric stared at the strips reluctantly, peered with more interest, and then pushed them away. "You can't sell stuff like this," he objected. "The public won't buy plushy people in comics."

"I suppose that's why newspaper editors wire in for prices on every new gossip column about New York's social life," Thayer said scornfully. "Ever hear of the current interest in debutantes?"

Eric said, "Certainly, but—" He interrupted himself and lighted his pipe. "Uh-huh," he muttered thoughtfully.

Andy stepped forward. "Out in Big Bend everybody reads about New York," he explained over Thayer's shoulder. "That's why—"

Eric silenced him with a glare. "If you want me to consider your idea," he snapped, "bring me two sets of drawings—that's twelve strips. And the continuity for two months. How soon can I have it?"

Andy said excitedly, "Why, right away, sir. Tomorrow, sure."

He was going on, but Thayer took his arm. "Interview's finished," she said firmly. "I'll lock him in the bull pen, Eric."

THE bull pen was a big, disordered room where half a dozen men in shirt sleeves hunched over drawing boards. "I'll introduce you," Thayer whispered; "only we mustn't bother great cartoonists making dead lines. Got everything you need?"

Andy shed his coat, removing a bottle

Eric glared at the strips reluctantly. "You can't sell stuff like this," he objected

of ink, a drawing pen, and a brush from various pockets. "Wish I knew how to thank you," he blurted out. For a moment his eyes rested on her gratefully.

"You could buy me a mink jacket—or take me to lunch some time," Thayer said coolly. "Most men choose the blue plate." . . .

THAYER had always said when she fell in love it was going to be with someone very suave and very New York. "Someone who'd wear an opera cape," she'd once said wistfully to Molly Grant, Eric's wife, on a week end at their place in Easthampton. "Not really, of course. But I adore New York, and I want a man who fits. Somebody who makes headwaiters grovel."

Which made it very confusing about Andy Bishop and what he did to her that day she left him at Magnet Features. She spent the afternoon sketching cruise clothes in the dress houses along Seventh Avenue, and thought of Andy's grin. That evening she went to the theater with Freddie Vincent, who was a playwright, agreeably dark and suave. Smoking a cigarette in the lobby between acts, she caught herself thinking that red hair was really very attractive.

"But I couldn't fall in love with a man like Andy," she thought, in dismay. "Why, he's just a—a sort of yokel. A boy from Big Bend with a pair of shoulders like nobody's business—and that nice red hair."

She looked up at Freddie, who was pretty fond of her. With a little urging he would be something more. "Let's go dancing afterward," she said. Freddie was what she wanted.

She had a nice sense of confidence in the night club, nodding to celebrities, exulting in the music, loving *her* New York. "I'll bet Andy couldn't do a conga," she reflected, as Freddie led her out on the floor. There seemed to be security in the thought. . . .

Thayer worked at home, and usually she appeared at Magnet Features once a week to deliver her copy. But the following afternoon she decided to swing around and see if there were any calls. She'd have to phone anyway. "I'm really right in the neighborhood," she thought. "It'll save a nickel." She took a taxi across town.

THERE were no calls of importance, and Thayer said carelessly, "How's that young man with the new comic strip?"

Casey regarded her shrewdly. "At a guess—tired," she said. "He's been here all night."

Thayer wandered back to the bull pen. "Don't cartoonists ever sleep?" she inquired.

Andy looked up quickly. There was red stubble on his face and his eyes were sunken, but they were bright with excitement. "Oh, (*Continued on page 56*)

FULL-COLOR PHOTOGRAPH BY ERIC CARPENTER,
FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

Mr. and Mrs. Powell . . . "A little mouse has come to my house"

IT PAYS TO BE A

If you think William Powell is a good screen actor, you ought to see him at home playing the Prince to "Mousie," his Cinderella bride. He's made a fortune putting on acts

POSER

by Don Eddy

SEVERAL boys were lounging in the doorway of Kansas City's grimy old Central High School on a crisp autumn morning of 1908 when a high-wheeled horseless carriage shuddered to a stop at the curb.

One of the boys slyly nudged his neighbor. "Here comes Willie Powell," he said.

Down from the lofty seat beside his mother, with a courtly flourish, stepped a most extraordinary youth. From the soles of his elegant patent-leather shoes to the exceedingly high white collar about his scrawny throat, he was sartorial magnificence.

The crowning touch was a cane, a slender, mottled Malacca, an eccentricity not dared even by the adult dudes of that good old stockyards town. But the thing that really set him apart was an almost visible mantle of aloofness, a certain scornful dignity. It was evident when he strode up the steps and into the building, jauntily swinging his cane and paying no heed to his snickering schoolmates.

That was William Powell as Kansas City knew him.

Even in those days the kids knew he was posing. They called it "putting on airs." The old folks knew it, too, but they said he would outgrow it, and that's where they were wrong.

For William Powell is the boy who grew up to confound the copybooks, and especially that popular axiom, "Be yourself." He has been posing all his life, off stage and on—so long, in fact, that now it is impossible to determine where, if at all, his poses leave off and his real self begins. Out of this sham existence he has earned a substantial fortune and world-wide fame as a star of the screen.

This summer he observes his twentieth anniversary on the screen and his twelfth as a big-time star, a phenomenally long run for an actor. He has been on the pay roll of one studio or another every week since 1926, which is believed to be an all-time Hollywood record. What's the secret?

I went to Hollywood recently to try to get the story of the real Bill Powell. At the end of my visit I concluded there is no such person. There are, instead, a lot of make-believe Powells—the poses he has established over more than three decades. Put them all together and they make a strange and absorbing story, and it properly begins in Kansas City about 1908:

It was in the English literature class at Central High that young Powell really shone. He had—and has—a memory like an elephant's. He could remember whole chapters of the classics word for word, and he delighted to show off. When his classmates were called upon to recite they stood beside their seats. But not Powell! When his name was called he arose with lofty composure, cast a swiftly arrogant glance about the room, and strode to the teacher's platform.

There, striking an attitude, usually in profile, he would cry, "In my mind's eye I seem to see a knight in shining armor," or something to that effect, but always it was, "In my mind's eye I seem to see—"

The class invariably roared with laughter, but Powell never seemed to hear it. Usually the teacher, a nervous old man even skinnier and more popeyed than Powell himself, would shout in a high, nasal tone, "Quiet, you blockheads! This boy has genius!" On one occasion, shaking his venerable head in bewilderment, he added, "I don't know where he's going, but he's certainly going somewhere!" Of all of this Powell appeared oblivious.

Where he was going, of course, was to Hollywood (which was only a citrus grove in those days) via the stage. He didn't know it. He thought he was going to be a lawyer. So did his mother, a sensible housewife, and his father, a levelheaded accountant of comfortably modest means. They all continued to think so, until the dramatics teacher gave Willie a role in the class play, and he turned in a performance so remarkable that he is remembered as the star of the piece, whereas actually he had a minor part.

He still remembers the applause of that audience which sealed his fate. It was the first time anybody had praised his posing, and he ate it up. Abandoning all thought of law school, he borrowed $700 from a maiden aunt and set out for a theatrical education in New York. The money lasted six months, and then he was on his own in the great city.

It was then he adopted one pose he has maintained through the years—that of the accomplished actor whose ability is not open to debate. He has been able to keep it because he has never lost confidence in himself.

An old-time actor I found in a theatrical boardinghouse told me how Powell got his first professional engagement.

"They were casting for a Rex Beach play, and a lot of us were waiting hopefully in the outer office of a famous Broadway manager. Suddenly the door flew open and a slender young dandy strode in, smoking a long cigar and swinging a cane. He never seemed to see us at all.

"There was a railing outside the manager's office, behind which sat a clerk. As the young dandy thrust open the swinging gate with his cane, the clerk leaped to his feet. Never pausing, the new arrival said, with casual dignity, 'Don't bother; I am expected,' and continued into the inner sanctum before the clerk could catch his breath."

Powell got the job—and at $40 a week, whereas (*Continued on page 60*)

BRITISH

All three glanced up at the stranger as he entered

WEATHER

by Leon Ware

HE FELL out into the blackness and pulled the rip cord. Almost at once he was jerked upright, and he heard the plane's motor cough faintly in the distance. He hung suspended and alone in a vast emptiness as the wind whistled gently through the shrouds above him. Rain slashed at his face and somehow found its way up his flapping pants legs. It was cold.

An automobile, its lights only a ghostly blue, growled slowly along below him, revealing that he was much closer to the ground than he had suspected. He caught the shrouds over his head and gathered himself for the shock. The night was completely black, with only the hissing rain to break its silence, and his eyes strained to see downward. Suddenly a black mass of shrubbery reached for him, and he pulled frantically on the lines in his hands. He struck, staggered forward, and fell to his hands and knees.

"Damn!"

As he brushed himself off, folded his black parachute, and hid it behind a sagging rail fence, he was hugely pleased with himself. So completely was he equipped for his task that even his ejaculations were in English. He stepped to the roadway and turned toward the dark cluster of buildings in the hollow ahead. At the spot where his training told him the village pub would be, there was a brief glint of mellow light as the door was opened and quickly closed. He laughed to himself, contemptuously. A stiff drink and he'd be on his journey.

Avoiding the worst of the puddles, he picked his way to the village and pushed the pub door open. A quick glance revealed the room to be almost empty. His Lordship, an erect, white-haired man in coarse tweeds, sat at one of the two tables, a dusty bottle of brandy before him. The plump, pink-cheeked barmaid pushed a foaming pint of beer across the counter to a little, pinched-faced cockney whose soiled cap perched awkwardly on a bandage covering the top of his head. All three glanced up indifferently at the stranger as he entered, casually tossed his precious brief case onto a settle, and stepped across the room to the bar.

"A double brandy, please," he said. He was pleased with the calmness of his voice. As the barmaid poured his drink, he turned to the man beside him: "Beastly weather. Beastly! Tired of it!"

The little cockney lifted his nose from the foam on his drink and nodded slowly. "Aye . . ."

The barmaid pushed the brandy across and the stranger paid her for it, counting out the exact change. The girl carefully dropped the coins into the cash drawer and once more polished the already spotless counter. She glanced up at the little man's bandage. "London?"

The little man sipped his beer and nodded. "A flamin' beam 'its me smack on the top of me 'ead. When I comes out of the 'ospital, they ships me off to see the missus and the kids. Takin' a bit of rest, I am."

The stranger tossed off his brandy to cover his disgust. He thought, "A typical, stupid cockney, so accustomed to misery that it has never entered his microscopic brain to question the wisdom of keeping up the vain struggle."

There was a clink of bottle against glass, and the seated white-haired gentleman spoke up: "Bad, eh?"

The little man turned and nodded respectfully. "Bad, m'lud."

The stranger pushed his glass back to the barmaid. As she filled it, he counted out the change and laid it on the bar. He drank swiftly again and turned to survey the room, noticing for the first time that the white-haired gentleman had but one arm, the left. "You'll get worse than that out of this war," he thought with satisfaction.

HE PICKED up the feathered darts on the bar and indicated the target on the wall. "Give me a game?"

The little cockney nodded and put down his beer. He wasn't a bad player, but he stupidly penalized himself several times. The young stranger crowded the footmark with his toe, and when he did it a second time, the lord, the cockney, and the barmaid exchanged glances; when it happened again, the cockney took the chalk and drew the line heavier. On his last throw, the stranger slipped his foot well over the line and sent his dart spinning into the bull's-eye. The lord, the cockney, and the barmaid looked at one another.

The stranger, allowing himself the luxury of a chuckle, turned to his opponent. "Beat you!" he exclaimed triumphantly. "I knew I would!" He jerked his head to the barmaid. "I'll buy the drinks," he said, and again counted out the money.

His Lordship's chair scraped, and he stepped to the counter with the brandy bottle and his glass. He put a bill down and smiled at the girl. "I had two drinks, I believe," he said, and turned to the stranger: "Newcomer here, aren't you?"

The stranger nodded. "I came from up Colchester way."

The lord nodded. "Identification?"

The young man presented his card with assurance. The lord took it, turned it over and glanced up. "In perfect order," he said, "and very, very clean. Come along with me to the police station, will you? We'd like to ask you a few questions."

Startled, the stranger lashed out with his left fist, while his right hand darted toward the pistol hidden under his coat. At that same instant the little cockney's boot crashed sickeningly against his shin and, from the corner of his eye, he saw the barmaid swing down the mug she had been filling. He was thinking frantically, "What did I do?" when the beer mug smashed over his head. . . .

THE lord, the cockney, and the barmaid stood with stiff embarrassment before the quiet, gentle man in uniform. A bit of gold gleamed on each of their breasts.

"England is proud of you," the quiet man said, and then smiled. He glanced at the lord. "Tell me: How did each of you suspect?"

The lord cleared his throat. The yellowish purple mark around his right eye darkened as he flushed. "The way the blighter played darts, Sire," he said jerkily. "Vicious—had to win. Kept crowding the line. Not . . . not English."

The barmaid, deeply pink, curtsied awkwardly as the mild gray eyes turned to her. "Please," she offered faintly, "I don't rightly know—except that he paid for each drink as if I didn't trust him. Well-dressed Englishmen—well, they pay when they're through, I guess . . ."

The cockney shuffled his feet, and his fingers worked, almost as if they still held his cap. His nose was badly discolored, the swelling from the break just beginning to recede. He wore a fresh, professional bandage on his head.

"I comes from London, Your—" His embarrassed eyes darted toward the lord, and he steadied himself. "Your Majesty. This feller, 'e was a-cursin' the weather. In London—any place in England, I guess—we ain't cursin' the rain and the clouds and the fog as keeps the bombers away. Not us—not any more, we ain't; we calls hit British weather."

Big scare

The air is full of wild rumors of spies, saboteurs, and Fifth Columnists. Here the director of the FBI exposes the menace of cooked-up hysteria, and shows how every American can help to protect himself and his neighbor from the ugly schemes of vigilantes and fearmongers

by J. Edgar Hoover

EXCITED citizens recently have called upon us to investigate as Fifth Columnists an airplane factory workman who aroused suspicion by wearing a pedometer on his leg to see how far he walked a day; a Southerner whose un-Americanism consisted of writing shorthand and talking "too patriotic"; and a restaurant manager who "stopped serving Roquefort cheese." Not long ago we looked into the case of a minister who was suspected of "waiting for a foreign boat" because he kept his lights on every night until after midnight. The poor fellow had insomnia, and had sat up reading.

A frightened but well-meaning woman recently charged one of our special agents with being a Fifth Columnist, himself, because he had refused to arrest a neighbor whom she had seen "*heiling*" every morning at his open bedroom window. The agent discovered that the "spy" was merely taking his daily dozen. We were informed not long ago that a cook was undoubtedly engaged in a sinister conspiracy because he lived alone with a German police dog, read much, and displayed an American flag in his window even "when it wasn't the Fourth of July."

I cite these cases not merely because they are amusing. They are examples of a growing mass hysteria, which, in the World War of 1917–18, resulted in the ostracism, bankruptcy, injury, and in

some cases even the death of innocent persons who were suspected merely because they had foreign names or accents, or because their behavior, like that of the minister with insomnia, was not immediately understood by their neighbors.

Today, in the United States, astonishing as it may seem, war hysteria is already more widespread than it was twenty-three years ago. At that time the FBI received daily an average of 1,500 complaints of suspected un-American activity. Now, at times, complaints have reached a peak of 3,000 a day.

"War hysteria is more widespread in the United States today than it was twenty-three years ago"

PHOTOGRAPH BY SARRA, INC.

We do not discourage these reports, because we consider it as important to clear the reputation of an innocent person, suspected by his fellow citizens, as it is to convict a guilty one. I shudder to think what might have happened to the man with the pedometer, the writer of shorthand, and the others if their cases had been handled by hysterical mobs and bands of inexperienced and emotional vigilantes instead of by impartial and objective law-enforcement agents. Fortunately, the cases were reported to us, in accordance with the request of the President and the Attorney General.

If frightened citizens will report their suspicions to the proper authorities, we have nothing to fear from hysteria. But, in spite of our warnings, efforts have been and are being made in all parts of the nation to create militant organizations of citizens to combat Fifth Columnists, shoot down parachutists, investigate foreign-born citizens, and, in general, engage in activities which should be delegated to trained and careful men. In many cases the promoters of these organizations are not only intensifying hysteria by their agitations (one group even offered large rewards for information leading to the arrest and conviction of spies), but are deliberately capitalizing upon the fears they create.

In one city not long ago, a public officeholder, hoping to strengthen his political standing just before election time, invited his fellow citizens to a patriotic mass meeting. There he bombarded them for an hour with ominous warnings about the menace of the Fifth Column, then called upon them to organize—around him, of course. The organization then "set watches" on everybody with a German or Italian name. They succeeded in almost ruining the business of a restaurant man of German birth, who, for almost twenty years, had been a law-abiding naturalized American citizen, and socially ostracizing several other foreign-born Americans. Nobody gained anything but the politician, who was re-elected. And what had been a peaceful, patriotic town was filled with hate, bitterness, suspicion, and dissension.

Equally menacing is the financial motive for promoting vigilante organizations. If you do not think so, consider the get-rich-quick possibilities of a giant "protective group" which was formed soon after the outbreak of hostilities in Europe as a clearinghouse for information on espionage, sabotage, and other subversive activities. This "Committee," as I shall refer to it, set out to solicit memberships from businessmen, offering in exchange protection from spies and saboteurs. Its method was to designate certain employees in plants as official informers, who would report to the "Committee" all suspicious goings-on at workbench and drafting table.

The catch was that each businessman would pay $1 a year *per employee* for protection. The "Committee" proposed to solicit concerns with a total of 150,000 employees, which, if all firms had joined, would have meant an annual income of $150,000! Some concerns, frightened by the "Committee's" hullabaloo, did join, but not all. The organization came to our attention when it implied in its propaganda that it had the approval of the FBI, though we never had sanctioned the group in any way.

Such organizations, fortunately, are short-lived, because they have so little to offer that the members, tired of being suckers, drop out.

One so-called defense organization has issued a prospectus offering memberships at $3 each, as if patriotism were something to be sold like real estate. The special and mysterious rank of "Voluntary Agent" is offered in the pamphlet for only 25 cents—a "registration fee." Known only by number, never using their names in signing reports, "Voluntary Agents can always feel free to report everything and everybody they suspect, even trivial matters." The selling talk assures prospective members, however, that "their reports can never harm an innocent person, even if such a person be reported as suspicious," because the Voluntary Agents are known to no one except the national office. Obviously, there's money to be made in that sort of thing if one wants to assume the awful responsibility of trafficking in fear, hate, and cruelty.

Over these protective societies we have no control, unless they represent themselves falsely as affiliates of the FBI. They have grown like mushrooms. In a Southern city, nearly a thousand men recently organized "to fight Fifth Columnists." In the Middle West a vigilante group, founded in pioneer days, has been resurrected, this time to track down spies instead of horse thieves. A band of citizens in an Eastern city, originally formed to curb intoxicated drivers, now avowedly plans to curb foreign agents. In the Southwest, the leading businessmen in one city were summoned not long ago to organize themselves as "Minute Men" to engage in counterespionage. Scores of organizations have sprung up under the banner of the "Sixth Column," created to crush a "Fifth Column" which they probably would never recognize if they encountered it.

Organizations of this variety may be dangerous not only to the safety of private citizens, but also to the proper enforcement of the laws of the land and the surveillance of its enemies. Inexperienced self-appointed vigilantes may at any time stumble onto a clue to real espionage or sabotage, and, by taking the law into their own hands and acting precipitately or unwisely, spring a trap which we have been baiting for months. An outcropping (*Continued on page 66*)

The romantic blighter

Wanted by the Germans more than all the prisoners he had helped escape. A Scarlet Pimpernel in modern dress. A Ferryman of the Channel . . . 20th-century style

Tante Denise stood in the doorway, wraithlike in the long nightgown

FULL-COLOR ILLUSTRATION IN OIL BY HARVEY DUNN, REPRODUCED IN COLOR GRAVURE

TO ERNESTINE, Tante Denise was France. Looking back, she could remember her as France had been —shrewd, keen, sometimes voluble, always warm and vibrant. She was France as she lay in the bed with the light from the candle touching the chalk white of her cheeks and throwing the closed and sunken eyes into dark hollows.

She had lain thus, speechless, motionless, symbolical of the dull paralysis that had settled down upon France, since the nightmare days when St. Ouer had split asunder in chaos and the gray-green hordes had swept in to rule as masters.

Ernestine closed the bedroom door softly, leaving the candle burning on the bedside table. The candle was Ernestine's gesture. Precious as candles were, she could not bear to think of Tante Denise lying so in the darkness.

In the kitchen she stood for a moment, very straight and still, her eyes enormously dark and deep, her face as white and still as the face on the pillow in the bedroom. In the secret places of her heart she felt the pulse of life that beat below the apathetic surface of St. Ouer. It was a life that she dared not admit; to which she closed her eyes when she caught fugitive glimpses of it.

The tangled thicket of blackberry outside the village was part of it. Ernestine knew it was, because every time she closed her eyes she could see him, as she had that afternoon, standing behind a screen of brambles. There had been hard alertness in his carriage. His face was dark and lean, with a wide, ironic mouth and eyes that were direct and penetrating.

As she stood in the kitchen, one hand came up to press hard on her chest above the high arch of her breasts. Tonight the fogbound silence was different and disturbing. It was as though she could feel the surge of far events pressing in to break the spell of unreality and unearthliness.

She was careful to show no glimmer of light as she slipped through the kitchen door into the night. With the door closed behind her, she lifted her face to the dank and icy touch of the mist. Down on the beach the waves broke in a slow, monotonous hissing. Through the sibilance came the measured, deliberate tread of the sentry on the beach, his feet crunching harshly in the pebbles.

The sound beyond the narrow gate made her turn abruptly. Someone was standing in the road just beyond the gate. She could not see the face, merely the outline of the figure. But she knew who it was by the swift and alert turn of the head. The man stood immobile for a second, then moved and vanished, the fog closing behind him like a curtain through which he had stepped.

With her hand on the door latch, she halted abruptly. The silence about her suddenly ripped apart. The night exploded into light and sound. Machine guns hammered against the wall of night in a harsh staccato of sound. Then the fog suddenly turned to a vast luminosity that flared upward from the land and turned the night into a quivering bowl of misty light. A second, a third, and a fourth burst of that weird light flared upward, then four earth-shaking bellows of sound engulfed her. A giant hand struck her and slammed her against the side of the house.

There was no air raid. There were no crashing detonations of falling bombs. This was something more terrific and devastating. With the last heavy, rolling echo of the explosions the sky over Port St. Ouer, a mile away, became a lurid flare. Searchlights thrust impotent beams up to mushroom futilely against the curtain of fog. Antiaircraft guns flung blind missiles upward through the gray murk, coughing and snarling like frustrated demons.

She could think of but one thing as she lifted the latch; the battery of big guns that daily hurled their ponderous missiles

by Bertram B. Fowler

SOFT SOAP

HE SAID, "Remember me, Gus? . . . How's the magazine business?"

I looked right at him without seeing him; I was counting nickels and dimes from the cigar box and didn't want to start from zero again.

"The stand's okay," I said. I remembered him. Sometimes you can spot voices quicker than faces, especially when they have a whine like this guy Mendelson's. He was a two-bit real-estate agent who had tried to chisel me out of my lot near Fort Myer a couple of months back.

"Look," he said, low and cozy; "how about a drive to cool off? I hired me a car, and—"

"Sure," I said. "A nice little drive out by Fort Myer. Only I've told you that lot ain't for sale for peanuts."

"Honest, Gus, I wasn't thinking no such thing. It's only that—"

I shrugged. Oh, why not go? The sidewalk you could fry eggs on. I called Smitty, the kid that helped me, and told him to take over.

We drove across Memorial Bridge but not out the Boulevard to Fort Myer. Mendelson played it so cagey he didn't even mention the lot. But the way he lathered the soft soap was a dead giveaway. All about how smart I was to knock out a living. He wanted all the answers.

Because he didn't interrupt, I talked more than I meant to. The way a guy does that's used to being lonely.

After that he took me riding often. I even got to looking forward to seeing him. He seemed to understand things that—well—most people don't.

Only once he mentioned the lot. One evening at my room. Smitty was there, too; he walks home with me and stays for supper. Mendelson said, out of a clear sky, "How about that property of yours out by Fort Myer, Gus?"

"The price is still five hundred," I told him.

"Fair enough, Gus."

I swallowed some beer the wrong way. What he'd offered before was two hundred American. If this was a build-up for a fast one, the guy was throwing the rule book straight out of the window.

Mendelson dropped around oftener after that. I decided I'd misjudged him.

And then it happened. Smitty spotted the item in the paper one morning. It said how property value around Fort Myer was skyrocketing on account of the housing shortage for families of enlisted men and draftees. Naturally, Mendelson had known it was coming. I should have realized the rush he'd been giving me had strings attached.

He kept away from the newsstand, and a week passed before I got more worried than mad. Another week went by before Mr. Atkinson, one of my regulars, tipped me off: "Your boy-friend's in the hospital, Gus. He's—blind. They operated, but failed."

"You mean he knew he was going to be—?"

"Must've. Cataracts."

I saw light, in a manner of speaking. So Mendelson hadn't been wolfing for my property, after all! . . . An hour later Smitty and I were walking down a long room that smelled like yesterday's formaldehyde. Smitty stopped, said, "Hi-ya, Mr. Mendelson?"

I patted the guy's shoulder, and his hand fumbled up along my arm, the fingers squeezing hard, like they was glad to see me and didn't want to let go.

"Why didn't you tell a guy?" I snarled.

His voice had a frightened ring: "I —I don't know. I wanted to, Gus, often, but—"

"Listen," I said; "I had an offer of six hundred bucks on my lot. I'm putting three hundred fish in your name at the bank. There's a soft-drink-and-periodical stand for sale on P. A. Avenue by that shooting gallery. Hell, together we can corner the trade along there—"

Smitty whispered, "Let's go; he's bawlin'."

Later, I felt foolish about hocking my nest egg. But I felt good, too, knowing the guy hadn't just been sucking around. What he'd been after was to see how I did it, to get the lay of the land. In order to spike his fear, he'd just had to be close to somebody that *knew*.

It's bad enough being born blind like me, but when you've had eyes that work, I guess the everlasting darkness is that much harder to take.

ALWYN KNIGHT

AN AMERICAN STORIETTE

toward England. There were four of them. There had been four tremendous explosions.

It was long later when she heard the hard authority of the marching feet on the road outside. The barked command was terse and gruff. It held the same quality that crunched in the gravel of the path toward the door; the same quality that was in the hard, brusque knock at the door.

The face of Oberleutnant von Hausen was the hard mask of absolute authority; the unhuman, impersonal mask of the conqueror who had no living contact with the beings whom they hold in subjection. "Your pardon, Fräulein."

She recognized the unquestioning authority of the glance and stepped submissively aside. In such manner the men in gray-green had always stabbed their glances past her before they entered to search in those days when the last of the straggling strain-tortured men went shambling past the house toward the beach and the little boats that bobbed offshore in the bomb-ripped waters.

Von Hausen did not enter. "Have any men passed this way, Fräulein?"

She shook her head wordlessly. Von Hausen must have seen the truth in the incomprehension of her gaze. He took a backward step, bowing stiffly as he saluted. "It is nothing, Fräulein."

That was not true. Behind the mask of von Hausen's face Ernestine could see the cold, devastating rage.

SHE listened behind the closed door to von Hausen's feet crunch along the path to the road. His voice barked an order, and the marching feet again hammered out their harsh mastery along the road to the beach.

Again she stood tensely, listening to the marching feet grow fainter and die away in the fog-shrouded night. Her heart was suddenly pounding— She knew that it was not von Hausen's appearance nor question that had made it pound. Something had happened tonight.

She did not start at the sound at the door. It was not a knocking this time. Someone was clawing at the latch.

She opened the door quickly. The man clinging to the doorframe wore a British uniform. His mouth was drawn and terrible with pain. Blood had run down from a black gash in the blond hair to turn one side of his dead-white face into a smeared mask. His lips twisted in the caricature of a smile as he stumbled into the kitchen.

"Sorry, mademoiselle," he said jerkily. "Got cracked up. Got left for dead. Managed to crawl away. Hid in the ditch while that Nazi blighter banged on your door. Be off your hands in a jiffy. Some water—maybe a bandage."

Ernestine pushed a chair under him as he sagged. He dropped into it and let his head fall forward on his forearms across the table; (*Continued on page 98*)

Step on it to MUSIC

Our factories and offices now play waltzes, jazz, and the classics to drive fatigue out of work and pep up defense production

by Doron K. Antrim

IT TOOK a war to do it, but music is coming into its own today as the great international pepper-upper.

When Great Britain had to step up its war production overnight to meet the *blitz* threat, someone had the bright idea of piping canned music into munitions factories to soothe jangled nerves, boost morale, and keep tired hands and fingers working in double-quick rhythm. The brass hats were skeptical at first, but no more. A recent survey showed that Strauss waltzes, American jazz, and classical symphonies, played above the thunder of the machinery, had upped industrial output in every factory anywhere from 6 to 11 per cent!

Now, the idea of doing it with music is catching on in this country. Dozens of factories have started musical programs during working hours, and thousands of individuals are discovering that properly selected tunes take much of the tedium out of work around the home. Apparently, Snow White had the right idea after all: Whistle while you work.

Recently I visited a large plant in New Haven, Conn., where the thousand girl employees had been suffering from a bad attack of industrial ennui. Working at conveyor belts all day, they had grown careless after a few hours and started making costly errors. So the company introduced half-hour musical programs twice a day. The results were amazing. The mistakes dropped off sharply, and the girls were fresh and relaxed even at the end of the day. I asked one of them how she liked the programs. "Swell," she grinned. "They give you a lift. And even my husband says I'm less grumpy at home nowadays."

A New York mailing service, swamped with a rush job, recently offered background music and a bonus to the employees. Production jumped up 20 per cent. The rush over, the bonus was dropped, but the music was retained, and production still spurted ahead 7 to 10 per cent.

During the sorting of unusually heavy mail, a phonograph was turned on in a Minneapolis post office employing 55 clerks. With the music, the clerks made 13 per cent fewer errors and finished up earlier than usual.

Along about 11 A. M. and again at 4 P. M., when the fatigue curve dips the lowest, a large manufacturing plant in Newark, N. J., pipes 40-minute programs to its employees. "We feel that the music definitely relieves mental fatigue," one executive of the company told me. "The workers even purchase favorite records out of their own earnings and bring them in for our record library. The department that makes the best work record over a period has the privilege of selecting the program for the next period."

Psychologists agree that music is the enemy of boredom and fatigue, and many of them argue that it actually gives us extra zip in strength and endurance. To prove it, Charles M. Disserens, of the University of Cincinnati, recently tested the grip of ten men. Two thirds of them, he found, could exert far more strength than usual if they were listening to an invigorating march. And during a six-day bicycle race at Madison Square Garden, one investigator timed average speeds—with band music and without. Results: 19.6 miles per hour when the band was playing; 17.9 when it wasn't.

Probably the chief reason why music lessens fatigue is that we unconsciously develop a rhythm that husbands energy. That is why sailors chant "Yo-heave-ho," while hauling up the mainsail or anchor. Authorities say if we could hit on proper timing we could practically eliminate fatigue. Witness the human heart, which beats from the beginning of life to the end, apparently without rest, each day exerting enough energy to lift 144,000 pounds a foot high. The secret is that the heart has achieved a perfect rhythmic balance between work and rest. It relaxes briefly but satisfactorily at each contraction.

Not long ago Mark Warnow, radio orchestra leader, watched his housemaid scrubbing the kitchen floor leisurely as she sang a languorous lullaby, moving the mop in rhythm. Warnow had an idea. He put (*Continued on page 103*)

Bud's suit of armor was a pair of slacks and a sweater. His fiery charger was a motorcycle. His heart . . . that alone was gallant enough to make him one of the boys of the round table

KNIGHT on A BIKE

by Will F. Jenkins

BUD bored through rainy darkness on a motorcycle, with his one headlight beam flickering and wavering upon the misty road ahead. He saw wet concrete before him, and nothing else. The motorbike was borrowed, and Bud's destination was his home, for the week end from college, and he still had nearly 400 miles to go. Therefore, being eighteen-nearly-nineteen, he acted as if he were upon an errand of vast importance and secrecy, and intended to ride night and day. And he enormously enjoyed the picture he made. It seemed glamorous and adventurous, and even sort of dramatic. The only drawback was his costume, which was an ordinary sweater and pants instead of the more appropriate leather suit and wide, motorcyclist's belt. But he ignored that.

The road curved. There was a little puddle of light ahead. A diner. "MIKE'S PLACE," in lurid, flickering neon. It was lonely; it was isolated—though there was a "BUS STOP" sign opposite it—and it looked like an oasis of brightness in the midst of a vast obscurity. Bud felt an urge to a cup of coffee. It fitted into the picture of a lonely messenger riding swiftly through the night upon a mission of great and secretive urgency.

He saw that the road dropped away just beyond the diner, for a long, gentle downgrade. He cut off his ignition and shoved out the clutch. The motorcycle coasted, its tires singing on the wet roadway. But it went more and more slowly, until, when it reached the island of light that spread out about the diner, it was just barely rolling. Bud swung in the drive-in with the last of his forward momentum. He rolled up to the end of the diner and stopped by the simple expedient of putting his feet on the ground. He was close by the door and under a sort of awning, good shelter for the motor from the rain.

It was pretty quiet. A drop of water fell on a hot cylinder and made a hissing noise. There was a steady, monotonous drip-drip-drip of the rain. Somewhere down the highway a car going away made a thin, whining noise that grew steadily less.

Bud got rather stiffly out of the saddle. He propped up the machine and went up the steps to the door. He went in. The radio was on, muttering. There was the smell of hamburgers and scrambled eggs and coffee and cigarette smoke. Four people. The counterman, pear-shaped and whiskery. He was cook and counterman and dishwasher all in one. He was scrambling eggs on a gas hot plate when Bud went in. There were two guys on stools, watching him do it.

There was a girl up at the other end of the diner, all by herself. Bud didn't notice her especially at first. He was stiff from riding, and he noticed the two guys turn their heads and look at him sharply. He knew what they thought. Rain-speckled sweater, rain-soaked pants, saturated hat. They thought he was a hitchhiker. Bud was mildly amused. He took a seat on a stool. The counterman slapped the scrambled eggs into two plates, drained off the grease from some potatoes he kept warm somehow, slapped bread and butter on platters, and drew two mugs of coffee. Then he looked at Bud with his eyebrows raised.

Bud said, "Coffee. Nothing else."

A mug under the tap. A dexterous flip of the handle. A flood of brown fluid. Another flip of the handle back. Bud was served. He paid.

The counterman said, "Hitchin'?"

Bud made a noncommittal sound.

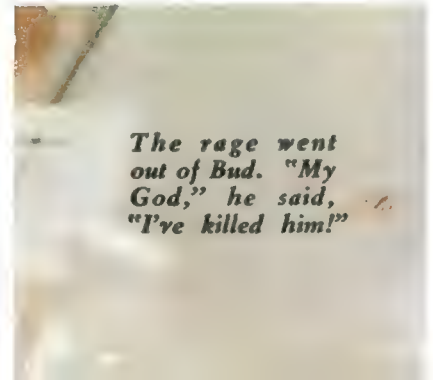
"Help me bring in a coupla cases when you finish that coffee," said the counterman, "an' I'll add sinkers or pie."

"Okay," said Bud. "I'll take apple."

He felt sort of as if he were incognito, or as if he were a G-man or something. It would be swell if he could help the counterman, and gracefully accept the reward, and then say negligently, as he was leaving, "Thanks. By the way, I'm—" some name like Vanderbilt or Astor or something. But he couldn't. Of course, back home his father was a solid citizen, but even around there nobody would be awed by his identity.

The counterman gave him the pie. Nice, flaky crust and plenty sweet. Bud ate it with satisfaction. "Want me to help now?" he asked. He tried to make his tone sort of cryptic and superior, but good acting as a hitchhiker.

The counterman nodded, but turned



The rage went out of Bud. "My God," he said, "I've killed him!"

to the two guys with scrambled eggs and coffee: "You want anything else right this minute?"

One of them shook his head.

The counterman came out, wiping off his hands. "I keep my stuff in a little shack in back," he said. "A load for each of us will do it."

Bud followed him. They went past the girl, sitting with a coffee cup before her. Bud saw her face. Too much make-up. Old. Twenty, anyhow. She'd been pretty, though, and she wasn't bad-looking now. But she looked funny. Scared. Scared all the way through.

They went out one of the end doors; out into the misty rain. The night smelled only of rain and wet earth and leaves. The island of light about the front of the diner seemed to end with startling suddenness. Everything was black. The only thing anywhere that showed bright was the "Bus Stop" sign on the other side of the highway, right before the road started to slant downward.

THE counterman led the way to the back, behind the diner. Bud saw those two guys' car. It was pulled around at the very back of the diner. There wasn't any normal reason for it to be there. There were rusty tin cans around, and that sort of thing. It was a swell car, too. Most people would have left it out to be looked at. To put it out of sight looked odd.

"Here's the shack," said the counterman.

He unlocked a padlock and went in. Bud saw his face, then. He was looking back toward the diner. Intently. As if to see if anybody was looking.

"Listen, fella," said the counterman hurriedly. "You stick around; see? I don't like the looks of those two guys. I can't take time to talk, or they'll think it's funny. But you stick around."

Bud felt an uplift of soul. He considered it something like that, anyhow. Actually, his heart leaped to his throat and he felt as if it had tapped his chin. "What's the idea?" he asked, with a magnificent calm. "A stick-up?"

"I dunno what it is," said the counterman curtly. "But I know those guys. I've seen 'em, anyhow. A bad mob they run with. Lotta politics in it, an' all. They do just about like they please. If they wanna pull a stickup—" He heaved at something. "Here! Carry this in. I'll bring the rest. But you stick around. I'll make it right with you."

"I haven't got a gun," said Bud.

"Neither've I," said the counterman grimly. "No use, anyhow. If they stick me up, they stick me up. But—" He paused and padlocked the door again, picked up his load, and started for the diner once more. "That girl near dropped dead when they come in. She knows 'em. An' she's scared plenty. Now, keep y'mouth shut an' stick around."

The girl threw her arms about the man. She clung to him, sobbing

They went back to the diner. Bud found it necessary to swallow, but his dominant sensation was that of an infinite excitement. Here was drama. Here was romance. Now, if he only had a gun in some shoulder holster, so that when those guys in there tried to pull their stuff he could say in a calm, steely voice, "Reach for the sky, my friends!" . . . But he didn't have a gun. Four dollars, and a handkerchief and part of a pack of cigarettes, and a pocketknife and a deck of matches, were his worldly possessions at the moment, with a borrowed motorcycle.

The counterman pushed the door open

and they went in, each carrying a case of canned stuff. One of the two guys was at the telephone. He'd been using it. He hung up the receiver. Bud caught sight of something glittering in the guy's hand. A pocketknife.

He came away and sat down. He and the other guy had finished their stuff. The other guy said, "Hey, can't you get us somethin' lively on the radio? It's been blattin' for a hour."

Somebody talking about education or something. Nobody would ever dream of listening to it. The fact that the counterman hadn't turned it off was proof that he was too uneasy to notice. Bud turned and looked out the window. He whistled, as if absently, through his teeth. He had a part to play. Hitchhiker. Meanwhile, he tried to figure out what was up and what he could do about it. To foresee these guys' plans and do some simple yet effective thing that would forestall them would be swell. When they found themselves helpless he could say quietly, "Really, you men ought to know better than to try elemental tricks like that." . . . But he couldn't figure out anything at all.

THE counterman said to them, as he retuned the radio, "You want anything else to eat?"

"Not now."

They sat there, loafing. No, not loafing. Waiting. They were waiting for something to happen, or for somebody to come, or something. Bud tingled all over. Once he figured out what was up, he might get 'em outside somehow and telephone, and then, when the cops came, he could say, "Well, really it's too bad, but here come the cops, my friends, and I'm afraid it's all off."

But then his eyes flicked instinctively to the telephone. And the excited, tingling feeling he'd felt changed suddenly. Because it was an old-fashioned telephone with the transmitter on the end of a long, black arm. It was wired past the nickel joint by two thin, green-covered wires. And Bud suddenly saw that those wires weren't whole any longer. They'd been cut through. The guy who'd been at the phone had cut them with his pocketknife just as Bud and the counterman came back in.

Bud felt a funny, gone feeling. Up to this moment he'd been playing up to something, he didn't know what. Playing up to a situation that ten to one—a thousand to one—wouldn't mean a thing. He'd done the same thing plenty of times before. Nobody knew, of course. But this time it was real! They'd cut the phone wires! Something was going to happen! And meanwhile they might get

AN AMERICAN VIGNETTE

THE VERSATILE FRENCHMAN

★

AND finally I received the replies. Another British freighter had carried the mail through. I tore the first letter open.

"Birmingham, England, 10th April. Dear Fred: About your friend, Louis Blanc, after whom you asked—I was told he went up with the R. A. F. yesterday, and did not return. Sorry . . ."

I had known Louis Blanc for a few days only. But a few days, spent on the English Channel, in an open sailboat freighted with the knowledge of France's defeat—such days can be a lifetime.

When the French forces had crumbled, in June, 1940, I drove my ambulance for Lorient to catch a British transport. I reached Concarneau. Village and harbor were deserted.

I climbed into a loft to look for eggs in the hay. . . . How much later I awakened I don't know. A French soldier, uniform in rags, was nudging me. "*Silence!*" he whispered. "*Les boches.*" While I slept, German troops had occupied Concarneau.

He talked to me. His words were but a melody, but his gestures were clear. This farm was his. He swung in the rhythm of the scythe. "Marguerite." He cast the line; I saw the tuna heaved into the boat. "Marguerite." His arms formed a circle and rocked the baby.

After nightfall he left, motioning me to stay. I understood; he had gone searching for Marguerite, hoping to meet someone in the coast's hidden recesses who might tell him where she had gone. . . .

He returned the following night. "England," he said. "Come?"

We had sailed. After three days an English trawler had picked us up. Only then did I ask his name. "Louis Blanc," he said, after puzzling silence. I had lost sight of him. And now, he was dead. . . .

I opened another letter: "Dear Mr. Montgomery: Louis Blanc, about whom you inquired, is active with a tank division in Africa." Postmark, April 14th. It couldn't be. He had died on April 9th!

"Hello, Fred," the next letter read. "Your friend Blanc, I learned, is working in an airplane factory. He's a wizard with radios. Wish I had met him." Postmark, Southampton, April 17th.

"Dear Monty." This one was dated April 6th. "Louis Blanc, I'm told, is engaged in the night raids into the invasion coast—risky business." Signed: Jim Pace. Would Jimmy lie to me?

I wanted truth! Fearing another lie designed to spare me, I opened the last letter:

"Fred: Were you serious about 'Louis Blanc'? There are thirty thousand! All of de Gaulle's boys with relatives in France take that name, to avoid German reprisals. It's French for John Doe."

I had asked for one of them. And thirty thousand, crouched in tanks, battling in the skies, carrying destruction back to the destroyers, answered: "We are here!"

FRED D. WIECK

suspicious of him just hanging around.

He turned to them and was surprised at the steadiness of his voice: "Excuse me, but are you fellas going on any time soon?"

One of them, the guy with hard, black eyes, said coldly, "When we get ready. What's it to you?" The other one grinned.

Bud said, "I was just wondering if I could get a lift. I saw your car out back—"

The grinning one said, "Nope. No room for you, fella. We're waitin' for somebody. When we go away from here we'll have a coupla passengers takin' a ride with us."

The girl made a sudden gasping, whimpering noise. Her face was turned blindly toward the window, and it looked as if she didn't know she'd made a sound. She was so scared she didn't know anything at all. Bud knew that the phrase "takin' a ride" had shattered her nerve. But her face was turned toward the highway, and Bud felt the two guys behind him whip around. They searched everything outside with their eyes in sudden quiet concentration. One of them went to the door and opened it, to look out. He came back. The other one shrugged.

"I guess," said Bud, "I might as well plug along. I'll take one more coffee, though." He waited. The counterman looked at him angrily. Bud said, "Say!" He fumbled in his pockets. "Say, I had a flashlight a little while ago. You fix up the coffee, will you? I'll see if I dropped the flashlight when I went out to the shack."

HE WENT out; out the end where the motorbike was. Curious how, without intending to, he'd parked it in deep shadow and so near the diner that you'd have to look especially to see it. He went around to the back, fumbling in his pocket. His pocketknife. He opened it and ran to the guys' car. He bent down, listening with a feverish intensity. He jabbed the blade in a tire and worked it back and forth, pushing. His heart was in his mouth and pounding so that it choked him. When the blade got deep he worked more gently. A hissing noise, faint but distinct. He made the scratch into a tiny hole. The air came out faster. And louder. He shook all over and darted to another wheel. And another. And the last.

The whistling noise was loud, to his ears. He knew that he was shaking horribly, and yet was too excited to notice. He took a deep breath, while his knees wabbled. But, if the guys knew they hadn't any tires, they'd get busy in a hurry to fix them, and he and the counterman might be able to splice those wires and call for cops. They could (*Continued on page 104*)

by Gordon Gaskill

DIVORCES

How Miami, the new divorce capital of America, lures cash customers with golden beaches, whispering palms, and legal loopholes. Cutting the bonds of matrimony is just a hilarious 90-day holiday

ASK ten people what city is the divorce capital of America, and at least nine of them will say, "Reno." Until recently they'd be dead right. But today they're dead wrong.

Unbeknownst to most of the nation, the capital has shifted from Nevada's mountains to Florida's sunny shores. To Miami, Florida, just to be specific. If you don't believe it, look at the latest figures. Reno, in 1940, rang up 2,300 divorces—no small total—but Miami's mighty new mill ground out 4,000!

Miami makes no secret of it. She frankly set out to get the business. She realized that a great number of Reno's lucrative divorcées came from the East, and that if Easterners could be accommodated nearer home they'd stop going West. So Miami simply offered what Reno had, plus climate, plus golden beaches, plus whispering palm trees. In short, Miami offered a double feature.

The result? Well, today Reno still handles the Western business, but Miami is at the top of the national heap. Her new divorce factory has the streamlined efficiency of an auto plant. About all Miami asks is that you live there 90 days and cross Miami palms with silver. Ninety days make a nice vacation, and it is scarcely coincidence that Miami's fabulous winter season is almost exactly 90 days long. If you have the time, the money, and the inclination, lawyers and landlords and bartenders will bustle around to make the time pass like a lazy, golden dream. Then, just before you leave, you drop by the courthouse to pick up your divorce. It's almost that casual. Nothing messy, nothing embarrassing, no hard feelings.

The hurdy-gurdy started in May, 1935, when Governor Dave Sholtz—himself a former president of the state chamber of commerce—okayed a law which lets you become a Floridian after living in the state only 90 days. It used to be a year. Reno requires only 42 days, but Florida shrewdly decided that her climate would more than offset that. And, as one tourist-hungry gentleman remarked at the time: "If we're going to lure 'em here, let's keep 'em long enough to make it worth while in a business way."

Even before the passage of the bill, Florida law was already very, very broad-minded about grounds for divorce.

"I'll bet," one lawyer told me, "that in 99 marriages out of 100, something has happened—some argument or whatever—that could be considered grounds for divorce in Florida."

Florida's nine grounds today include all the customary ones like adultery, habitual drunkenness, desertion, etc. But far and away the most popular are "a violent and ungovernable temper" and "extreme cruelty." They sound nasty, but they are sheep in wolves' clothing. They can mean almost anything and almost nothing. When I read through some of the cases, I couldn't help thinking of William Steig's cartoon, *Cause for Divorce*, in this magazine. Either Steig copies Miami or Miami copies Steig.

Cast your eye over this list. It has been considered "extreme cruelty" in Florida (1) for a woman to smoke cigars in bed before breakfast; (2) for a man to make his wife diet from 120 down to 105 pounds; (3) for eating crackers in bed; (4) for bragging about the big fish a husband caught; (5) for a man to begin chewing tobacco.

So, with that 90-day law, with ultra-lenient grounds, with fee-hungry lawyers and rent-hungry landlords, the rush was on. The divorce business mushroomed into a fantastic, profitable, and laughable industry. If that's the sort of thing that makes you laugh. . . .

I listened in on an actual divorce hearing. No judge, no courtroom. Merely in the office of an attorney who had been appointed "special master" in this case.

This "special master" is an interesting institution. The fact is that Miami's six judges haven't time to hear all the evidence in all the divorce cases. The judge appoints a special master to hear the testimony and recommend whether the divorce should be granted. Until recently the lawyers in each case could get any master they suggested to hear their case! Needless to say, such hearings were often lenient—to say the least.

In the hearing I watched, the man who sought the divorce seemed wealthy and perfectly at ease. He raised his right hand, swore to tell the truth, the whole truth, etc., and the hearing started.

The special master said, "First of all, Mr. K——, have you lived in the state of Florida for ninety days, and do you intend remaining a permanent resident of this state?"

"Yes, sir," Mr. K—— replied, with a perfectly straight face. (I learned that Mr. K—— was no more a "permanent" resident of Florida than I was. A New York businessman, he kept his business and apartment in New York. As soon as he got his divorce he went right home.)

To corroborate (*Continued on page 102*)

WHILE YOU PLAY

Newest Florida attraction—they grab for the brass ring and throw away the gold one

CALL ME EDIE, *honey!*

OUT where I come from, most everybody calls me Sis, but Edie McKay is my real name, and that's the one they seemed to like in New York because of this *Edie Was a Lady* song. Tom said it sure fit me, that song, only I can't see it, because I can't wiggle my hips, and anyway people don't act like that out in Wyoming. When they want something out there, they either go get it or they keep their mouths shut if they can't make the grade. Tom says it isn't that way in New York, but, after my experiences there, I don't believe anybody about what things are like in New York, even Tom.

Thomas L. Hartman is his full name, and Hank sure thought that was funny, when he come back and met him, that a man should use Thomas, like that, when signing his name, and be proud of it, instead of just plain Tom. That is, he thought it was funny later on, but not when he first got there; because he come out of Wyoming hell-bent-for-election and with murder in his eye.

Hank Scroggins is his full name, and I only heard one man in my life laugh about that handle, and then not for long. Hank isn't the sort it's healthy to laugh at. Not that he's mean or anything like that; it's just that he's six foot six in his socks, with shoulders on him like a barn door and no hips at all and a cold look in his gray eyes, when he wants it to be there, that sends chills down your back. I saw him walk into a saloon in Laramie once and just stand there looking around, and, boy, that place suddenly got as quiet as a church. He was just looking for me, but nobody could guess that, and he probably did have that mad gleam in his eyes which he always does when he's looking for me somewheres.

We've been engaged now, off and on, for six or seven years, ever since I was sixteen. But nothing ever comes of it, because Hank is the stubbornest mule in ten counties and I just can't seem to stand him more than two or three weeks in a row. When I can stand him I'm crazy about him, but that's not long enough for us to get married. Hank says it's all my fault, because I'm a hellcat and I got red hair and Pop lets me have my own way all the time and gives me too much money to spend. But of course Hank is always stretching things, and that's one of the things I don't like about him.

The reason I went to New York and met this Thomas L. Hartman and Monte and Susan, and all the rest of them, and got myself tied up in a Broadway show I had no business having anything to do with, was because of Hank's habit of exaggerating everything I do.

Pop had gone out to Nevada to look over some gold mines he owns out there, and Hank, who owns the next biggest cattle ranch in the state next to ours, was going to Chicago over some business, and that would leave me in Wyoming all alone.

Hank said, "There's still plenty of people in Wyoming besides you," but I knew I'd be lonesome anyway, and made him promise to take me along with him for the ride. So we went in a cattle train, which is not the cleanest thing in the world to ride in, and naturally I wore my old ranch clothes—boots and jeans and stuff like that.

Hank wanted me to get all dressed up when we landed in Chicago, and I would've done it too, only he slapped me where he shouldn't and said, "But don't go overdoin' it, like them gals in Winnemucca, Sis." I was tired from the dusty ride anyway, and that crack got under my skin, coming from him, and I told him to go lose himself. Then I went back

She burst upon Broadway in her cowgirl regalia, and the drugstore cowboys were thrown for a loss

by H. Vernor Dixon

FULL-COLOR ILLUSTRATION IN WATER COLOR BY ALFRED PARKER, REPRODUCED IN COLOR GRAVURE

to the station and got on a train, as sore as a boiled owl.

Well, the conductor comes around and looks me over from head to foot and squints at the saddle at my feet, which was my only piece of luggage, and says, "Where you headin' for, Sis?" I thought at first he knew me, but it turns out he says that to all the girls, and so I say, "The end of the line, mister." He punched out a ticket for me a yard long, and I peeled the money from a roll that made him gag. I took a quick look at the ticket. It was for New York, and that sure did tickle me, because I'd never been there before and this was as good a chance to see it as any. Especially when I stopped to consider that Pop would never let me go there if he knew, and Hank had been there once before and wouldn't go back on a bet—or so I thought at the time. . . .

I got to New York the next day and the place scared the daylights out of me, but then I noticed it wasn't so much worse than Chicago, and even begun to like the way it was all built perpendicular instead of horizontal, the way any sensible town is built. I mentioned this to a sort of nice-looking man, who was sitting across the aisle from me on the upper deck of a green bus and saying to himself, "It can't happen here." He looked across at me for the hundredth time and sadly shook his head and said, "From now on I want nothing to do with New York. We've been getting refugees from all over the world and I've seen a lot of queer sights lately, but you're the first I've seen with a saddle on top of a bus."

"Oh, that," I said. "I didn't know anybody here to leave it with while I went looking around, so I just brought it along."

"Oh, I see," he said. "Then that explains it. We got ten thousand places in this village to check things in, but you have to leave it with a friend."

"Well," I said, "this saddle cost Pop over five thousand bucks, and he'd give me hell if I lost it."

This man blinked his eyes and said, "Five thousand bucks for a saddle?" and everybody on the bus turned around to have a look, and even the conductor come up just to feel the leather.

They were all right friendly, and I said, "Sure; that filigree work is all silver and solid gold. There's not more than two in the whole world like this."

Right then and there this nice-looking gent took a shine to me, and even got off the bus with me at Central Park. But a younger-looking man got off with us also and told this other one, "Beat it, Buddy, or I'll have you run in," and he sure beat it. Which left me standing there on the curb at 59th and Fifth with a perfect stranger I hadn't even spoken to on one hand, and a saddle on the other, and a crowd beginning to collect around and stare at me.

This stranger shook hands with me and said his name was Thomas L. Hartman, and I said, "Mine is Edie McKay, but you just call me Edie." He wanted to know if I needed any help. I looked him over, and liked his little mustache and the slicked-up way he dressed, like he was going to a party, and the kind look in his nice blue eyes, and said, "You sure can, Tom. I'd like to find a good hotel."

He gulped and said, "Okay, Edie," and we went down the street lugging the saddle between us, and with a kind of mob strung out behind.

At first they wouldn't let me in at the Malldorf because of the way I was dressed, and I got sore and said I'd get Pop to buy the place and make a stable out of it. But it was Tom who got everything all smoothed out. Everybody seemed to know him, and I guess they all sure thought a lot of him, the way they acted. When I asked him about it, he got a funny little smile on his face and said he was a musical-comedy producer, and a very famous one at that. "The 'boy wonder of Broadway' they call me," he laughed; and I thought that was a peculiar way for a full-grown man to make a living, but I kept it to myself and we went up to my rooms.

All six of the rooms were right pretty, clear up there on the top floor of a tower with balconies and things, and all New York spread out miles below like something you dream about. When I pulled the roll out of my jeans to tip the three bellhops who were carrying the saddle, Tom sort of blinked a couple of times, and then he wanted to know how much I had there.

"Oh," I said, "I haven't counted it yet, but I guess it must be around ten or fifteen thousand. Pop never likes me to run short when he goes away on a trip."

Tom said, in a kind of weak voice,

She threw her arms around Tom and cried, "Darling, are you hurt?"

"Not—not a bad idea. It's always nice to have a little chicken feed around. But of course you have more than that to your name?"

"Oh, sure," I said. "Out in Wyoming, where I come from."

And that's how I got into show business; because my friend Tom was just about broke on account of this Monte Dolan, who was his backer, and who had walked out on him. Him and Tom were both in love with Sue Galen, who was the star of the new show Tom was putting on, and they'd had a row, and this Monte had pulled out, leaving Tom in the lurch.

"We're right in the middle of rehearsals," Tom explained, "and everything is going along beautifully. I know the show will be a hit until this dirty dog— Look, Edie; come over to the theater with me, and I'll have the performers run through their stuff and show you what it's all about."

No matter what they'd run through, I wouldn't know what it was all about, because I'd never seen a New York show before, but Tom seemed like a square shooter and I liked him, and so I kept my trap shut and went along. We stopped on the way to buy me a skirt before the stores closed, and that was all we did get, as it was too late to shop. I'd like to have prettied up a little bit to meet all those people, but Tom said I looked wonderful to him, and I had a good idea what he meant.

We went over to this theater on Forty-second Street in a taxicab, and went inside, and it was all dark except for one bare light bulb burning in the center of the stage. There was nobody in the seats but people were all over the stage, sitting on boxes and smoking and lying on their backs, or just walking around, and all of them with long, sad faces.

"Well," I said, "at least they all look as if they'd died with their boots on."

"Oh, that's just because they heard we were going to fold—I mean, close the show." He clapped his hands and yelled, "Attention!" and everybody squinted their eyes against the light and stared down at us standing in the aisle. "Folks, listen," Tom said, very cheerful-like; "there's a chance the show will continue on schedule. We may not have to close."

Everyone perked up at that, and they all started shooting a million questions at poor Tom. Tom told them he had a new backer maybe, and I was glad he put in that "maybe," because I wasn't sure about this thing at all. Then he asked them if they'd mind going through the show from beginning to end, to sort of clinch the deal. They all said, "Hell, no."

I sat with Tom out in the middle of all the empty seats, and the show started, and, believe me, I still don't know what it was all about. There was no costumes and no scenery and none of those pretty lights a person (*Continued on page 52*)

Hank was spanking the daylights out of him

"What My Community Contributes to the Nation." By Fred Gong, 18, Portland, Ore. $1,000 award.

ART AWARDS

More than a million and a half teen-age students are represented in youth's greatest expression of faith in America . . . Here the judges select outstanding contributions among thousands submitted in the 1940-41 competition

YOUTH of America is fired with a new, burning faith in democracy. War has transformed the attitude of our citizens of tomorrow from a more or less complacent acceptance of Americanism into a passionate urge to defend it against all threats. Today, the young men and women across the nation are brimful of courage, prepared to march to any emergency, fanatically devoted to the destiny of the United States.

This is not wish-thinking, but the unanimous conclusion of the judges who studied the 655,898 articles, paintings, and drawings submitted by America's high-school and preparatory-school students in the Fourth Annual American Magazine Youth Forum competition.

This 1941 testament of youth, representing 1,600,000 students throughout the United States—200,000 more than last year—is a tribute to the power of democracy to inspire the unity and self-dedication demanded by these critical times. The dictators boast of the devotion of their youth to the state-controlled institutions. This new edition of the Forum's Book of Youth proves that none can surpass the young men and women of America in their determination to defend for future generations their free traditions and institutions. American youth today has no patience with defeatism or any other ism except Americanism.

"What impresses me most about the competition is the unanimous conviction among the younger generation that our way of life can and must be preserved," remarked one of the judges. "To me, this is positive proof that there are no bottlenecks in the production line of the arsenal of young democracy."

For weeks, the judges have been considering these thoughtful, spontaneous expressions of tomorrow's leaders. This month, they announce the recipients of the 678 Art Division Awards, chosen from the 57,173 students who submitted paintings and (*Continued on page 86*)

MAJOR AWARDS

FIRST AWARD, $1,000
Fred Gong, age 18, Lincoln High School, Portland, Ore.

★

SECOND AWARD, $500
Roy Chamlee, age 16, Boys' High School, Atlanta, Ga.

★

THIRD AWARD, $50
Charlotte Margolis, age 18, Roosevelt High School, Dayton, Ohio.

Mary didn't consider herself unfaithful just because she loved another man

MARY ORDE wore gray to the memorial exercises. She disliked the black of full mourning, especially for a bright, triumphant creature like Mal, yet a gay costume might offend the thousands who had come, for three years now, to adore his memory. So she wore gray, knowing quite well that the tailored suit and the small hat killed her fair coloring.

The ceremony was short. She listened to it, standing on the inner edge of the crowd which pressed around the little grass plot leading up to the monument. Her small daughter was on one side of her, with the nurse a little behind, and burly Harry Nichols, her old friend, was on the other side. Presently Harry touched her arm, murmuring, "Now, Mary!"—and she walked forward, alone, with her wreath. The plain granite shaft rose above her, not a tombstone, but a tribute. She put her flowers down and read the inscription again, as she had read it last year and the year before:

"To Malcolm Orde, Aviator, whose heroism and whose contribution to human knowledge have enshrined him forever in the hearts of his countrymen. A. D. 1938."

She stood still for a moment, thinking about the heroism, which meant the time he stuck to a blazing cockpit and landed a ship full of women and children; about the contribution to human knowledge, which meant the famous, successful stratosphere flight. There was nothing about the short hop which had ended in the fatal crash, nor about the man who

Hero stuff

by Eleanor De Lamater

had been with him then, as he always was. Nothing at all about Bill Dykes.

Mary turned away rather abruptly and went back to the respectful circle waiting for her. It marked the end of the services. Harry beamed at her through his spectacles. The crowd began to break up, moving slowly over the grass toward their cars, or lingering in the little park to stare.

A woman's voice said distinctly, "That's the widow. Lovely, isn't she? And young. But she's absolutely devoted to his memory. Never thinks of another man."

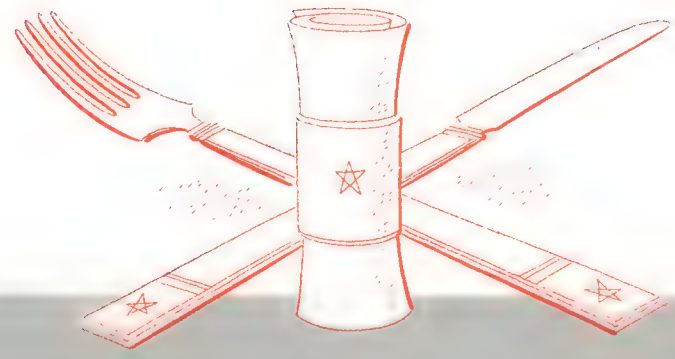
Mary felt herself flush. Never thinks of another man—when she never stopped thinking of a sandy head and a thin figure so long absent! When she was always looking for him, in the streets, in houses, even today in the crowd!— But no one knew about that.

Harry had seen her flush, and misunderstood it. "Come along," he muttered. "You've stood enough."

He tried to (*Continued on page 92*)

ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD VON SCHMIDT

Don't worry too much that your senators and representatives in Washington are breaking under the strain of world responsibilities. They're eating well these days. Here are some of their favorite dishes brought back from Capitol Hill by our famous dining-around reporter



Capitol Fare

by Beverly Smith

★ *Senator Charles L. McNary, of Oregon, tops it off with a "Wyoming Cocktail," half buttermilk and half cream*

TUCKED away in the cavernous rooms on the first floor of the Capitol in Washington are two of the most extraordinary eating places in America—the Senate Restaurant and the House Restaurant. Here feed the lawmakers.

These are the only restaurants which try to satisfy the tastes of Americans from every section, from every state, every day.

Six years ago my wife, Grace, and I made a gastronomic tour of the United States for THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, sampling the finest dishes and specialties of every region. We traveled tens of thousands of miles by car. In the last few weeks we have repeated that tour in miniature, without leaving the corridors of Capitol Hill. We have eaten at the legislative tables, talked with chefs and waiters, learned from senators and representatives their peculiar preferences pertaining to provender.

Good things from all states pass through the catacomb-like kitchens beneath the massive stone structure of the Capitol: whole broiled live lobsters from Maine; asparagus from California; tender fish from the inland lakes; crisp celery from Florida; hot chili from Texas; fresh oysters and crab lump from the Chesapeake; juicy planked steaks from the West with mushrooms from Pennsyl-

vania. . . . "Draw up your cheers, ladies and gemp'men," as one old Negro waiter says, "and enj'y yourselves."

Among all the eaters, whether in Senate or House, whether from South, North, East, or West, one favorite emerges. It is Old-Fashioned Navy Bean Soup: "Cup, 10 cents; plate, 15 cents."

This sustaining broth, almost as thick as a porridge, has been served in the Capitol restaurants since "the memory of man runneth not to the contrary." It is a succulent, lovingly prepared blend of white beans, onions, and smoked ham. The chefs in House and Senate have slightly different formulas for it (which we give in our recipes) but agree that their jobs would not be worth a nickel if they failed to supply this one essential dish. To Grace and me, it seems that the several different versions of this soup are equally good, though fanatics quarrel over which is best.

Every year 5 tons—10,000 pounds—of these beans flow through steaming caldrons beneath the Capitol, and thence to nourish our representatives, their secretariat, and such members of the public as wander into these shrouded eating precincts.

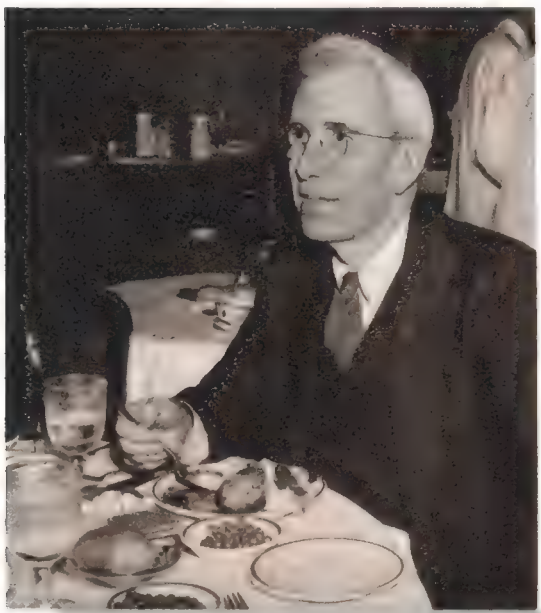
Next in excellence among the soups, though served only once or twice a week, is the famous onion soup prepared by Ernest Zahm, chef of the House these last eighteen years. Onion soup is not a real native American dish; Zahm inherited it from his Swiss ancestors. But he does it so well that congressmen from every corner of the land adopt it, delegates from Alaska and Hawaii approve it, and some of the best canning companies in America are making an onion soup along the same general lines.

The House and Senate restaurants were established primarily for the convenience of Congress, but there are separate dining-rooms for the public, the press, and guests. The prices are the same in all sections; you can get a square meal for anywhere between 50 cents and $1.25. This is about average for Washington restaurants.

The public can get breakfast (and very good) in either Senate or House restaurant (but only after 9 A. M.); lunch, most any time from 11 to 3; and dinner on evenings when House or Senate is having night sessions.

You've never seen any restaurants like these. Each is spread through several rooms, with thick intervening walls and pillars. Each has rooms for the public, rooms where legislators can take guests, and private rooms. The Senate sanctum has two private rooms, one for Democrats and one for Republicans. The

HARRIS & EWING PHOTOS



★ *Senator George D. Aiken, of Vermont, uses maple sirup on everything from potatoes to ice cream*

★ *Representative Sol Bloom, of New York, mixes cottage cheese in with his scrambled eggs*

★ *Senator Theodore Bilbo, of Mississippi, often does his own cooking and is famous for his Gumbo Filé*

WANT TO TRY THESE DISHES?

If you'd like to sample the best of the dishes served on Capitol Hill, we'll be glad to send you the recipes, prepared especially for The American Magazine by the House and Senate restaurant chefs. Simply address Recipes, The American Magazine, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y., enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope, and the complete directions for preparing the dishes, listed on page 116, will be forwarded to you without charge.

Progressives have a special table in the Republican room. The floors are of marble; there are old-fashioned chandeliers; the hatracks have hooks long enough for the stovepipe hats of other days; there are beautiful fresh flowers from the Botanical Gardens.

Many of the Negro waiters are old, courtly, and privileged. A favorite is Harry Colder, seventy-five years old, who came to the restaurant in 1888, and tended the senatorial bar during the Gay Nineties. He later waited on table to some of the present senators when they were boys in Washington with their fathers—Senator Bennett Clark of Missouri, son of Champ Clark; Senator Robert LaFollette of Wisconsin, son of Old Bob. And he particularly remembers a lively (*Continued on page 116*)

RIGHT GUY

I SAW him for the first time when I got off the train. He was standing with the St. Louis draft. He was a big guy, about twenty, with a narrow, intense face, and black hair that needed cutting. He wore a leather jacket and a scarf and he looked good. He was in charge of his draft and he said, "Seattle bunch?" I said, "Yeah, Seattle," and he said, "Okay; let's get going. We've been waiting half an hour for you."

I had ten guys and he had about fifteen, and we all went out of there and across the street and up a block to the Y. M. C. A. Somebody stopped a sailor and asked him which car to the Naval Training Station, and he told us, and then waited until we embarked, as though he thought we were dumb and might get mixed up. Johnny and I boarded last. We stood on the back platform.

"I'm Johnny Bell," he said; "in the Navy for a six-year ride. It's a crying shame they won't let a man enlist for four years any more."

"It certainly is," I said. We talked for a while and I told him my name.

The town was just getting dark, and there in the trolley we could see aviation lights shining red on top of poles; they seemed endless. Now and then we got glimpses of the harbor. Rows of destroyers, moored four abreast; sleek V-type submarines, tenders, and mine sweeps. Yardarms blinked, searchlights combed the sky; now and then a squadron of Boeings zoomed down over the water, the motors roaring. We were fresh recruits and it was thrilling.

Presently we were at the station.

A huge white wall surrounded it. We collected at the gate and were checked in. Then a recruit wearing whites and stiff canvas leggings paired us off and began leading us over the grounds. We passed lawns, dark buildings, and a parade ground, and then we were in a little area that had a tall wire fence around it.

There were a number of wooden shacks and perhaps another hundred civilian-clad men already here. On just the other side of the fence several cadets in white uniforms watched us. They'd probably arrived only three or four days before, but they called us "Boots." They told us we were in the "bull pen" and that we'd remain isolated here until we'd been issued uniforms. They said we'd better hurry and grab a bunk because new drafts of recruits were coming in all the time.

Johnny and I lined up, and a chief petty officer gave us blankets and assigned us a wooden shack.

Johnny stood in the shack, his hands on his hips. "So this is it—a horse blanket and twenty-one bucks. Boy, they sure start you at the bottom."

"Yeah, but it's going to be all right," I said.

"I don't know," said Johnny airily,

FULL-COLOR ILLUSTRATION IN OIL BY PRUETT CARTER, REPRODUCED IN COLOR GRAVURE

Recruit Bell didn't like the Navy and he didn't like Tom Lewis, so he decided to change them. The Navy withstood every attack . . .

by Steve Fisher

Lewis leaped forward like a big cat. His left whacked across Johnny's chin

"I don't know if I'll like it at all."

We talked as we undressed. He'd been an apprentice steelworker. But work had been scarce and to earn money he had fought a few preliminary prize fights. "Twenty-five bucks a go," he said, "but it was no life. A guy wants to eat even if it's beans." He kicked off his shoes.

The lights went off but we talked on until midnight. Once some punk yapped at us to shut up. The night was clear and blue, with stars, and you could see the harbor. Johnny lay on his bunk, his hands behind his head, and I sat cross-legged on my cot, smoking cigarettes. Now and then there were loud voices as another draft came in.

I REALIZED that night that Johnny was cocky as hell. There was an arrogant swagger even in the way he talked. I got a kick from listening. "For my dough it stinks," he'd say, or, "The guy let go a honey of a right but papa wasn't having any."

He told me his father had died ten years ago on a steel construction job and he'd been raised by his mother. She was a hard-headed business woman and he worshiped her. "I think of her in the way a cat looks at heaven." He had been thrown upon a world where your fists were your pride and he'd become hard-boiled. But it was a camouflage, for Johnny Bell was emotional; and, because of that, highly sensitive.

"Nobody in this man's navy is ever going to lay a hand on *me*," he said. "I promise you that." . . .

They routed us out at four in the morning. A recruit in whites came around with a stick and beat it against the side of the shacks. It was still dark and it was cold.

Johnny Bell rolled out of bed. His hair was tousled. He rubbed his eyes. "What the hell is this—a fire drill?"

It was reveille. The bull pen is the first chow down. They marched us into the mess halls. They were huge and cold and empty and when we came out it was just dawn. A bugle was blowing to wake up the regular recruits. Johnny didn't understand this business of eating in shifts and he said so.

"It's only our first day," I said; "it's okay."

"The hell it is—it's lousy. What do they think we are—cattle?"

Neither of us had seen the chief petty officer. But in the next second Johnny had been jerked out of the straggling formation. I stopped and turned around. Johnny was looking into the chief's face.

He was a chief boatswain's mate, and he had a loud mouth and plenty of words to put in it. His hair was black, specked with gray; his face was flabby, but the cheekbones protruded, and he wore some nice scars. He looked Johnny up and down, and his contempt for a civilian-clad recruit was wonderful. His voice was acid: "What's the matter, baby? Don't you like us boys in the Navy?"

"What's it to you?"

The chief feinted as if to slap Johnny across the mouth, and Johnny didn't move. His eyes burned savagely. The chief was troubled because Johnny wasn't shaking in his boots.

"You'll damn' soon find out what it is to me," he said. "Has anyone told you that you're in the Navy now?" He regarded Johnny again. "You'll do as you're told, and like it."

Johnny had his fists balled up when the C. P. O. walked away. "Wise egg," Johnny said.

"There's got to be discipline," I told him.

"Nuts. If that guy's hunting trouble he's going to find it." . . .

We didn't see the chief again until the next day, and then we were assigned to his company.

They had taken us out of the bull pen and issued each man a hundred or so dollars' worth of clothing, along with sea bag and gear. We had to stencil our names into the clothing right away, and it was a sticky job. We were in a bigger unit now called the Detention Camp. We had to stay here three weeks until we had received a series of vaccinations and had learned the rudiments of drilling. They counted off a hundred men and told us that henceforth we were Company A-4, Tom Lewis, Chief Boatswain's Mate, in charge.

"That's that heel," said Johnny.

I tried to reason with him: This was the Navy, and from where I sat it looked pretty good. But Johnny had his jaw out. He was plenty sore.

THE next morning the company was actually formed. Tom Lewis walked up and down bellowing at this man and that. His uniform was tight and shiny from wear and he wore his C. P. O. cap cocked to one side. His black eyes were bright and his voice was harsh. He harangued us. He uttered ridicule and abuse in an endless stream. But, because you realized it was a good-natured bluff, he seemed colorful. This was exactly what he wanted: to be respected and obeyed, and he used every means within his eloquence to impress that he was head man.

He told us the foundation for good discipline had to be set down at the start. If we treated him fairly he'd give us no trouble. But he warned us he had always commanded the smartest companies in the station and he intended we were to be no exception. He looked from one end of the company to the other. He would be patient. He would teach us everything he could. But God help the man who got out of line.

Suddenly there was a grin on his battered face. "I want you to take a look at yourselves. You're the sorriest lot of misfits that ever walked the solid ground."

He was right. We wore baggy, unwashed whites, new leggings, strapped on cockeyed, and white hats that sat up on our heads like cloth cuspidors. He moved from one man to another straightening us up. He said when he was through we'd be sailors. I was beginning to like him, but Johnny said, "He's nothing but a two-bit tyrant."

Tom Lewis appointed recruits with former military or R.O.T.C. training to help in the drilling, and then the grind began. Squads Right and Left. We blundered, and turned wrong; we ran into one another. Lewis yelled until his face was red and bloated. He scared practically everybody out of his wits. You dreaded making a mistake.

Then Lewis jumped on Johnny: "You—you stupid lug! What'd you think I said—Squads East?"

JOHNNY'S cheeks flushed. Yesterday still smarted, and now he imagined Lewis had singled him out. He shoved a couple of us aside and broke out of ranks. The straggling company halted and everybody was staring at him. They expected he'd be torn limb from limb. Johnny stood all alone.

Tom Lewis strode toward him. He blew up: "Get back where you belong!"

"Okay, toots. Only, can the names."

"Return to ranks before I break your neck!"

"When you get rough," said Johnny, "that'll really be the day, Chief!" He returned to his squad.

As far as the company could see, Johnny had won hands down. He had risked his neck to call a bluff and nothing had happened.

Tom Lewis was rattled. The shouting, hard-boiled good humor was gone. He brought us to company front and stood facing us. He was breathing hard and his scarred face was wet with sweat. He wiped his cheeks with a handkerchief. "Dismissed," he said; then: "Bell, I want to see you."

Johnny went belligerently off after Lewis, and that was the last I saw of him until that night. It was after evening movies and he was in the gym sitting at an old piano. He only pecked at the keys, and when he saw me he looked up. His face was strained.

"I didn't know you played," I said.

He nodded. "Mom had a movie theater in Idaho; when I was a kid I used to play for pictures."

I sat down and monkeyed with a cigarette. I'd known he was soft and that he used his fists to hide it, but I was surprised he played piano. From his mood I knew he'd been deeply hurt; yet he employed a bitterness meant to impress me to the contrary: that he didn't give a damn.

"Well, why don't you ask me what went with Lewis?"

I asked him.

"He shot off his mouth. He yammered about getting me bounced out on my ear for (*Continued on page 62*)

YOUNG AMERICA in the air! Here at the Ryan School in San Diego—at twenty-seven other "West Points of the Air"—the Army training program is turning out young men who can outfly the Eagle they are pledged to defend. Americans all . . . they're the Army's Flying Cadets.

THE CAMPUS is an airdrome runway . . . classroom a 2-place trainer. And the "prof" is veteran test pilot Paul Wilcox *(center, above and at left)*, Ryan chief instructor. And when they've passed that final "washing machine ride," it's "Hi ya, buddy. Got a Camel?"

YES, the cigarette that rates in the Army is the flavorful brand that is extra mild with less nicotine in the smoke. Reports from Army Post Exchanges show Camels are preferred. The Army man's favorite . . . the Navy man's favorite . . . America's favorite cigarette—Camels.

THE SMOKE'S THE THING!

The *smoke* of slower-burning Camels gives you

28% LESS NICOTINE

than the average of the 4 other largest-selling cigarettes tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests *of the smoke itself*

BY BURNING 25% SLOWER than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—slower than any of them—Camels also give you a smoking *plus* equal, on the average, to

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

CAMEL THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS

"I'd walk a mile for a Camel," says Paul Wilcox, Civilian Director of Army Flight Training at Ryan School of Aeronautics, San Diego

GONE are the "Jennies" and the baling wire "crates" of 1918. *This* is 1941! Things have changed in this Army of ours, but not the Army man's preference for the cigarette of costlier tobaccos. Today, as then, America's front-line cigarette is C-A-M-E-L!

"I'd walk a mile for a Camel" tells you of the flavor that never wears out its welcome—full, rich, cool, extra mild. Science tells of Camel's extra freedom from nicotine in the smoke *(see above, left)*. Join up with that ever-growing army of Camel smokers. Get Camels—and for that chap waiting to hear from you, get an extra carton.

The LEGEND of Sleepy Hollow

★

By WASHINGTON IRVING
who could tell a tall tale, himself
Condensed by MUNRO LEAF
creator of Ferdinand the Bull

★

THIS is a yarn about a sourpuss busybody who scared people so successfully that he finally scared himself out of the country.

Some people pull all the doleful tales they can think up out of thin air just to give us the creeps. Though this Ichabod Crane got what was coming to him, there are still plenty like him shooting off their mouths, doing nobody any good.

Long, lanky Ichabod lived in New York's Hudson Valley after the Revolution. He was the schoolteacher in Sleepy Hollow, an easygoing Dutch-American village. He had a yen for Katrina Van Tassel, the local glamour gal.

Ichabod thought he was doing all right, 'cause he gave her singing lessons and could make polite passes at her during their jam sessions. The sand in his broccoli was the local playboy, called Brom Bones. He was a big, strapping, all-right guy who really had the inside track with cutie Katrina, but she was wise enough to keep 'em both guessing.

Brom made things tough for Ichabod whenever he could. Smoked his schoolhouse out, turned it bottoms up, and even taught a dog to howl like Ichabod giving a singing lesson, so they felt for each other about the same way the chambers of commerce of California and Florida do.

One day Ichabod got an invitation to a party at the Van Tassels' big farm. He slapped the school shut and got out of there like a volunteer fireman going to a four-alarm blaze in a powder plant. He figured this was going to be bank night for Ichabod. He brushed up his black party suit, borrowed an old farm plug called Gunpowder, and shot off in high gear for the Van Tassels'.

That night at the party he oozed more charm than a headwaiter working for a twenty-buck tip. He jitterbugged his rattly long bones all over the joint. Katie played up to him, and he thought he was doing very nicely, so he went over to the corner where the solid citizens sat. Then he really cut loose and started lying. He told spook thrillers enough to last a murder-mystery writer for a lifetime. He had those poor old duffers and biddies so scared they would have mistaken Mickey Mouse for Boris Karloff. His prize yarn was about a headless horseman who chased people round there at night, and he put all the gruesome punch he could into that tale.

It came time to break up the party, and he went to butter up Katie and clinch the deal. Katie must have just been putting on an act, though, to needle Brom a bit, because Ichabod came out with his tail-feathers dragging. He climbed up on old Gunpowder, kicked him into low, and started home.

By this time he had lied so much about ghosts and spooks that he had sold himself, and every foot of the road was flanked by creatures he'd made up out of that cracked-pot brain of his.

The pay-off was when he got to where Route 49 branches off, and, sure enough, there was that headless horseman he'd been lying about, and it was holding its head on the saddle in front of it. The wildest power-diving test pilot never coaxed more out of a pursuit ship than Ichabod tried to kick out of that broken-down old nag. Zoom went Ick, and right on his taillight was Headless. Ick's saddle girth broke, and he just hung on to the nag's neck till they hit the bridge. He looked behind him, the way you do to see if that really is a cop on that motorcycle, and he got the shock of his life. The headless horseman was standing up in his stirrups and letting drive with his head at Ichabod.

The next day they found Ick's horse, his hat, and a very squashed pumpkin, but that neighborhood never saw him again. But Brom Bones just used to laugh when his wife Katie would talk about the mysterious way the headless horseman had carried off Ichabod.

MORAL: If you can't stick to the truth, keep your mouth stuck.

Why you should act your age

AT ANY AGE, it is wise to know your safe limits of work and play. As you pass forty, however, it becomes increasingly important to understand and respect those limits.

After forty, diseases of the heart and circulatory system begin to take their heavy toll. It must be remembered that heart muscles and blood vessels grow older just as your external appearance does. As they do, coronary heart disease and circulatory diseases, particularly, are more liable to develop.

▶ So it is the better part of wisdom to act your age—to adjust your habits and modify your activities to match your capacities—even though you don't *feel* the need of doing so.

For instance, after forty it is well to avoid sudden indulgence in unusual or over-long exercise—don't be a "week-end athlete." Ease up on your more strenuous activities, and get plenty of rest. Avoid overweight, and take more seriously the annual physical examination that so often detects the first stage of trouble before serious symptoms appear. Above all—*follow your doctor's advice.*

▶ This doesn't mean that you must *worry* about your heart, or entirely abandon your usual recreations. Sensible consideration for your heart, on the contrary, should bring *freedom* from worry, and the likelihood of enjoying *added* years of fun and usefulness.

▶ Of course, warning symptoms of possible heart trouble, such as fainting, shortness of breath, sense of oppression or pain near the heart, call for the immediate attention of your physician. He may make use of such aids to accurate diagnosis as the X-ray, the fluoroscope, and the electrocardiograph. He knows best how to guide you in safely and sensibly acting your age.

For valuable information concerning the hearts of young and old, send for Metropolitan's free booklet, "Protecting Your Heart."

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Please send me a copy of your booklet, No. 81-A, "Protecting Your Heart."

Name_____

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CALL ME EDIE, *honey!*

(*Continued from page 39*)

likes to see. The only thing you could tell about at all was the singing and some of the dancing. This Sue Galen was the star and a singer, and she was certainly good at it and I liked her. She was a cute little trick, too, all blond and curves, and she sure had a naughty way of using her hips. I noticed Tom went for her like nobody's business.

He introduced us when it was all over with, and the way they just looked at each other kind of caught my breath, they were so much in love. Which was what got me all excited when they turned around to me and wanted to know what I thought of the show, and I lied and said, "It's sure great." They grinned at each other like it was all settled and so there I was stuck, the backer of a musical comedy on Broadway.

Tom took us out to dinner at a night club, and people stared at me all over, because I still had on my boots. But I didn't mind, because I was hungry and that steak looked simply beautiful. Tom was awful quiet during the meal and kept looking around him at the people staring at us, and finally he said, "You know, Edie, you're worth a million dollars of publicity yourself. You're a good-looking gal, and, in fact, now that I think of it, you're really beautiful, even with those freckles across your nose and almost a boy's form—"

"Aw, Tom, you're beginning to sound like Hank," I said.

"Who?"

"Hank, out in Wyoming."

"Oh, Hank; sure. Anyway, as I was saying, you're a natural for publicity. I'll cook up something and drop around to your hotel tomorrow, and we'll see what we can do. . . . Sue, you go down in the morning and buy some cute Western clothes for Edie, and don't let her dress in anything else. Say, we'll put this show over with a bang."

HE WAS so tickled I just let him rave; and then we started to leave, and who should we run into but this Monte Dolan person. He was all slicked up in an evening suit and was sure a beautiful-looking man. Only he had a weak mouth I didn't like, and you could see he was awful stuck on himself.

Tom said, "I thought I smelled an evil odor in here," and went on by him. But Sue stopped, and this Monte took her arm and said, "Any hurry, darling?" She looked from him to Tom, and there was a kind of struggle in her eyes. Then a hard look come into her eyes, and she turned away from Tom and took this Monte's arm and said, "No, I believe I will stay a while."

Well, poor Tom come near to having conniptions, and I didn't blame him. Monte kind of laughed and jerked his head toward me, and said to Tom, "Run along, old boy, and take her back to the stables."

Now, I do have red hair, and I guess Hank knows what he's talking about when he calls me a hellcat, because it never takes me more than a split second to hit the ceiling and go clear through it. Which I did right then and there by picking up a plate of olives and breaking it in this Monte Dolan's face, and then smashing over his head everything I could get my hands on. He took an awful beating, and it started a small riot, and people begun screaming and running around like they didn't have good sense. First thing you know there were reporters and police milling around, and these flashlight bulbs were going off in every direction.

It must have been a wonderful brawl, but I didn't stay to see; because I was in one once with Hank in Cheyenne when he laid out seven men, including the two bartenders. So I got out. Tom was right in the middle of it, and I got him away and kicked the shins of the policemen in the doorway and got out to a taxicab and back to my hotel. Tom had an awful shiner and I put some beefsteak on it. Then he went on out to get good and drunk. I was a little tired, so I went to bed. . . .

SUE come around the next morning with the damnedest-looking riding outfit I've ever seen, and said it was for me to wear. There was blue jeans, all right, but, man, they were sure skintight. Then there was the cutest little buckskin jacket, and fancy Western boots and a wide-brimmed hat. I had to laugh to think of myself on a horse with that outfit, but I went in and put it on, and then went back in the room where Sue was.

She kind of gasped, and stared at me, and said, "Well!" I wanted to know what was the matter, and she said, "But you really are beautiful. I—I had no idea, Miss McKay."

"Just call me Edie, honey. Shucks, I was pretty dirty yesterday. You know how you get on trains and all, and anyway I'm only passable."

"Oh, no, it's much more than that." Then she kind of whispered, "Now I won't feel so badly about leaving Thomas."

"Huh?"

"Oh, yes," she said. "I've made up my mind. I'll stay in the show, because I think I owe it to him, but anything more—"

Then she couldn't hold it any longer, and started to cry. "I'm just fed up with it all. This—this business is too insecure. You never know where you stand from one minute to the next, and I'm tired of it. One day you can be a star and the next a flop. I just can't take it any longer. Maybe I do love Tom, but anyway I'm going to marry Monte."

"Oh, that's too bad."

She straightened up, and her eyes blazed at me. "Oh, no, it's not. He's really a sweet person when you get to know him."

"You mean, he's worth a million bucks."

"Three million. That spells security in my language and, believe me, that's exactly what I want."

Just then in walks Tom. He was grinning like a fool, even when he saw Sue with me, and in spite of his black eye, which was covered with grease paint and powder. He thrust an armful of papers on the table, and all of them had big, full-page pictures of the fight. I thought they were a scream and started to laugh, until I saw my name, Edie McKay, under all of them, followed with the line, *Edie Was No Lady.*

I said, "What if Hank should see these?" and Tom said, "Who the devil is Hank?" and I said, "A friend of mine," and he said, "What's the difference? This is the greatest publicity break we could've had. I made sure they got in the name of the show. Notice? Now we'll follow through in a few days, and the success of the next Thomas L. Hartman production will be assured. Of course," he laughed, "it does make a heel out of Monte Dolan."

Sue said, "Isn't that wonderful, Mr. Hartman? I just love people going around and making a heel out of the man I'm going to marry."

"You're what?"

"Going to marry. Mr. Dolan and I are to be married the day after the show opens here in New York. Good-by, Mr. Hartman, and I'll see you at rehearsal."

Well, you should've seen poor Tom. It was pitiful. He just folded up like a busted squeezebox when she left, and forgot about the publicity and everything else. I said, "We'll get her back, Tom. It's a cinch to make that gal jealous."

"No, you don't know Sue."

"I know she's in love with you, and that's all that counts."

"Not in this town. No, Edie, I don't blame her. She's tired of the feast-and-famine kind of life we live, and she wants something solid she can feel secure about. I don't blame her."

I couldn't understand that at all, and I made up my mind I'd help him out whether he wanted me to or not.

After that things quieted down for a few days, except for reporters coming around asking questions. Tom dug into his show and got the thing all ready to open. I still didn't think very much of it, and I could see the money I'd put in it flying out the window.

Monte Dolan hung around the theater all the time, but he steered clear of me, and naturally Tom wouldn't have anything to do with him. I kept telling him he ought to take a sock at him, but Tom just sighs and says, "No. Sue's life is her own to live." Then he stares at her rehearsing up there on the stage with them calf eyes of his, and I make up my mind to do something about it.

A chubby little reporter came around one day and wanted to know what was new, and I said, "Nothing, except our engagement," and he said, "Whose engagement?" and I said, "Me and Tom," and he said, "Aw, talk sense," and I said, "It's the truth."

THAT'S when I felt the need of riding a horse. I asked questions around and they told me Central Park, so I found a stable over there and got a decent-looking animal to climb onto and no crow bait. It had one of them funny English saddles, but I didn't mind, because it's something like bareback, and so away we went. And who should be cantering along the trails but Monte Dolan.

He didn't see me, and I tagged along behind him and most laughed myself to death at his style. Then I noticed something funny about the nag he was on. It had a bad habit of shying at little pieces of paper. So I saw an old newspaper by the trail, and got it and tore it into tiny bits. Then I rode up alongside suddenlike, which got the other horse nervous anyway, and said, "Hello, Mr. Dolan." I dropped all these little pieces in front of the horse like a snowstorm.

Well, I've never seen anything like it in my life. It plumb astonished me the way that nag took off like he'd been hit by lightning, and tore down that trail. It was sure a sight, with Monte hanging on for dear life and yelling at the top of his lungs and other

riders scattering in every direction and women screaming and little children running and police whistles going off all over.

Of course, I took out after him, and this horse I had could sure eat up ground. We caught up with them at the reservoir by a whole crowd of people, and I leaned over and got my arm around Monte Dolan and swung him out of the saddle. I could've grabbed the reins, but I thought it'd be funny pulling him out of the saddle and dumping him on the ground, and it sure was.

Naturally, the police were there, and a couple of reporters came tearing over, and Monte kind of felt none of this was going to be any credit to him and asked them not to write it up, and the reporters said, "Nuts to you, brother," and that was that. Of course, I gave them the human-interest angle, and explained about Monte being engaged to Sue Galen, who was formerly engaged to Thomas L. Hartman, who was now engaged to me. It made quite a story.

I read all the papers in bed that night, with orders not to be disturbed, and went to sleep with a clear conscience.

WHEN I saw Tom at the theater the next day he said I shouldn't of pulled a stunt like that, but he seemed to get a kick out of it, and he even had a ten-cent ring to put on my finger—to make an honest woman out of me, he said. Sue came around then, and I'll be blamed if she don't kiss me on the cheek, with tears in her eyes, and say, "I do hope you'll be so happy, dear," and I gawped at her and said, "You're not mad about it?" and she said, "I have no claims on Tom. His life is his own to live," and I said, "He said the same about you," and she said, "How sweet of him," and walked away.

Well, there I was all snarled up in a Broadway show I didn't want any part of and engaged to a man I thought was pretty nice but wouldn't marry on a bet. I thought nothing could be any worse than all this misery, but I was wrong. At the hotel that night was a wire from Hank that said, "So THAT'S WHERE YOU ARE." And in the morning was another wire saying, "WILL ARRIVE TODAY."

Now, Hank is not the kind who ever has much to say, and for him to send two wires is practically a novel and gives me an idea of how hopping mad he is.

I cried and wrung my hands, like any silly woman, and called all over New York trying to locate Tom and couldn't. This was the day the show was to open, and Tom was as busy as a one-armed bulldozer. He'd told me it was the first time he ever opened a show cold in New York, without trying it out some other place first, and so he was running all over with last-minute business.

I went in some swell store and bought an evening dress and the rest of the stuff to go with it, and went back to my hotel and got dressed. That dress practically had nothing behind and not much more than that in front, and if I do say so myself it sure showed off all of me.

Tom and me had two reserved seats at the theater, and he was supposed to meet me there and it was about the right time, so I sprayed on some awful nice perfume and opened the door just as someone knocked on it, and there was Hank.

He looked pretty nice, with a clean shirt I didn't recognize and a little string tie in place and his gabardine suit all pressed and the trousers tucked into his boots and a brand-new white hat in his hand, but he filled that doorway like a thundercloud and

Bringing Up Gran'ma

YOU SHOULD KNOW MY GRAN'MA! She's really a sweetheart! And just busting with personality. But don't ever try to change some of her strong-minded ways. "Puss," she says to me, "nothing, absolutely nothing in the world, can do you as much good as a real *old-fashioned purge!*"

"BUT, GRAN'MA," says I, "we're not living in the Covered Wagon days. Things have changed a lot. Did it ever occur to you to find and correct the *cause* of your trouble? You come down to breakfast; I have something swell to show you."

"ALL RIGHT, MISS SMARTER-THAN-I," says Gran'ma, "what's this modern marvel?" "Just a delicious breakfast cereal," says I. "KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN. If your trouble is the kind that's due to lack of proper 'bulk' in the diet, ALL-BRAN will go right to the cause of it. Eat it daily and drink plenty of water."

"HOLD YOUR HOSSES!" says Gran'ma. "This is downright delicious! Young woman, if a cereal as tasty as this can do the trick you spoke of, I'll put you down for another thousand in my will!" And, bless her heart, *she did!*

Join the "Regulars" with Kellogg's ALL-BRAN

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there wasn't nothing nice about his face. I've seen Hank mad, but I don't think I've ever seen him like he was then. He didn't even notice the way I was dressed, that's how mad he was.

"Sis," he said, without his lips hardly moving none, "git your things and let's git."

I said, "You're not running me around, Hank Scroggins, and, anyway, I'm busy."

"Sis," he said, "you're gonna git." And with that he just took my arm in one of his big paws and shoved me back into the room. Then he pulled that big watch his grandfather give him out of his pocket and took a look at it and said, "I'll give you two minutes," and sat down in a chair to wait.

I went into a bedroom and thought it all over, and had sense enough to see that if I left with Hank there'd be no trouble. But I had a lot of money in that show, and I wanted to see it, no matter how bad it was, and anyway nobody can run me around, not even Hank. So I just slipped out to the balcony and had a look around.

There was another suite sort of around the corner of the tower, and a ledge running around there and into some old duffer's bedroom. I said, "Howdy," and he blinked at me and said, "Howdy," and I walked on out of the room. I got to the lobby okay.

THERE was sure a lot of people at that theater when I got there, and most of them in evening clothes and looking so nice and clean, like pictures I've seen in newsreels. I sure got a big thrill out of it, and forgot about Hank and got down to my seat just before the show started.

Everything went dark and the orchestra burst into a thumping good overture which the people liked, and after that the curtain went up on the first scene, which was a lot of singing and dancing by the chorus and most everyone in the show. Now, I'd always thought that scene was awful, but there with the lights and the music and the pretty costumes and the people applauding in the audience it was suddenly altogether different. It wasn't bad at all. I even liked it a little.

Tom joined me just after it was over and he looked awful. There was big circles under both his eyes, and his hands were shaking and his white tie was on wrong and he'd forgot to comb his hair. "My God, Edie," he said, "I'm a nervous wreck!" and I said, "Why?" and he said, "It's always this way when I open a new show. Now, keep quiet."

"Look, Tom," I said; "I got something important to tell you."

"Edie," he said, "if you do any more talking I'll brain you. Sit back and shut up."

Sue Galen came on a couple of times and she was sure good. Everybody was wild about her, and with a voice like that it was easy to understand why. And the way she could swing those hips around you'd never know what a sweet girl she was. The rest of the performers were good, too, and when the curtain come down on the end of that first act there was sure a whale of a lot of applause.

Tom was sure nervous and he gave me the jitters, and we got up out of our seats for the intermission. An usher come down the aisle and said, "There's a man waiting to see you in the lobby, Mr. Hartman," and Tom said, "Okay," and I noticed the funny expression on the usher's face and had a hunch and said, "Was he dressed sort of different?" and the usher said, "Lady, I ain't never seen anybody dressed like him before except in Westerns," and I said, "Uh-hunh, that's Hank. You go tell him Mr. Hartman left for South America," and the usher said, "I'll tell him, lady, but he didn't look like the kind of guy who's gonna believe me."

When he'd gone I hurried up the aisle with Tom, and he said, "What's going on here?" and I told him, "Hank's here, and he's looking for murder," and Tom got mad and said, "Listen here, Edie; who is this Hank person anyway?"

"Well," I said, "he's the boy I was telling you about from Wyoming who wants to marry me. He's here now, and he's mad as all git out, and he's liable to do some damage."

"Oh," Tom laughed, "jealous, is he? Well, I'll go see him and talk things over and get him calmed down."

"Tom, I wouldn't advise that none. You don't know Hank."

"Say, look, Edie; I'm no coward. I'll talk to him, man to man."

We reached the end of the aisle by that time, and everybody was pouring into the lobby for a smoke, and suddenly there was a disturbance near the doors, and Hank wades through, head and shoulders above the crowd and as mad as a hornet. Tom says, "My God, Edie, look at that big fellow, would you!" and I said, "That's Hank," and Tom turned pale and said, "No!" and I said, "That's him," and he grabbed my hand and said, "I've changed my mind. I am a coward. Let's get out of here, and fast."

We wormed our way through the crowd and ran down to the stage door and then backstage. Performers were milling around back there like so much cattle, and we went around behind the curtains and off to a bench in a dark corner. Tom said, "He will never find us here. We will be all alone." And who should be there also but Sue and Monte.

"Well," I said, "isn't this chummy?" and Tom acted kind of huffy and said, "I'll go find another corner for myself," and away he went.

Sue started to say something, but Monte said, "Aw, let him go, the sorehead," and Sue looked around and said to me, "He seemed upset about something. Do you know what it is, Edie?"

"Sure," I said, "but it's nothing for you to worry about. Hank's gunning for him is all," and she said, "Hank?" and I had to tell her all about him, and she screamed, "Edie, Tom will get hurt," and I said, "Most probably. That seems to be Hank's idea," and she cried, "Edie, you'll have to do something. Please don't let him get hurt. I'll go find him."

SHE started off in a wingding, not having the faintest idea where Tom might be, and just then the music commences for the second act and the curtain goes up, and this dark corner turns out to be a park bench right smack in the middle of the stage, with just me and Monte sitting on it and the spotlight in our eyes. I guess we must've looked like part of the scene, because the audience didn't even titter, and different couples started strolling on, with Sue singing to some young fellow, and me and Monte just go strolling off the other way. Of course, I most fainted, and Monte sure looked like he'd just run a mile.

Then he kind of squinted at me and said, "You know, Edie, I've never seen you dressed up like this before," and I said, "You mean undressed. You think I spend my

IT'S AN OLD AMERICAN CUSTOM!

★

MANY New England parents who want their offspring to go places, still observe an old custom of carrying the newborn infant upstairs to the attic before they take it to a lower level in the house. That is supposed to ensure that the child will rise in the world.

A NEW YORK custom, so exclusive that only the bluest of blue bloods even know about it, revolves about the Metropolitan Dancing Class, or "Met." Each year sixteen girls between the ages of 16 and 18 are selected from among some 400 applicants. Only one child can be taken from a family. These chosen few, accompanied by their pedigreed escorts, meet regularly for dancing instruction, always wearing long white gloves, and always starting promptly at 9:30 P. M. and stopping at 1 A. M. Any girl on the "Met" list seen in a night club is immediately dropped.

WOMEN of Mexican descent living in Texas have probably the most unusual beauty treatment in the United States. On St. John's Day, June 24th, those women who want long and luxuriant tresses dampen the ends of their hair and place them on a doorsill. Then the ends are chopped off with a hatchet, and the waiting for a luxuriant growth begins.

THAT form of Manhattan madness known as "ticker-tape shower" first broke out 31 years ago. On June 18, 1910, as Theodore Roosevelt rode up Broadway, scraps of paper, torn telephone books, and ticker tape descended on him. Ever since, New Yorkers have enjoyed the custom of emptying their wastepaper baskets on visiting celebrities.

PARENTS in certain localities of Pennsylvania who want to marry off a daughter, paint the house gate blue, to announce, "Men callers welcome."

"GRAVEYARD cleaning" is an annual custom in which whole communities of the Up country in South Carolina participate. A huge picnic dinner is held on the church lawn; then members and their friends descend on the graveyard to dig up the weeds and set the sagging tombstones straight.

EVERYBODY in Washington, D. C., society is expected to follow the custom of dropping in at the White House at least once a year to leave cards, one for the President and one for the First Lady. In return, the caller expects to be invited to at least one of the four great winter presidential receptions—for the Diplomatic Corps, the Judiciary, the Army and Navy, and the Congress.

ARKADY LEOKUM

whole life breaking in cows?" and he laughed and said, "That's very funny. The joke's on me, Edie."

Well, we stood there in the dark wings and watched the show from a funny angle, and Monte sort of held to my arm, and finally he said, "You're really a knockout, Edie," and I got all feminine and said, "Aw, cut it out," and he said, "No, I mean it. You're different from anyone I've ever known. I could really like you if you gave me half a chance," and I said, "What about Sue?" and he laughed and squeezed my arm and said, "Let's not go into that."

And that gave me an idea.

I gave his arm kind of a squeeze back, and right away he figured we was just the closest friends in the world and begun to act like it. But I jockeyed around and got him over on the other side of the stage near the stage door, because I was sure Hank must've seen us out on the stage and sooner or later he'd be coming through that door. But the show kept going on and on, and there was no Hank, and I asked questions around amongst the stagehands, and learned there had been a row in the alley and a police squad had taken away some cowboy. That almost discouraged me, until I remembered a police squad had taken him away in Chicago once, but not for long. If I knew Hank at all, he would be back, madder than ever.

AFTER a long time the last scene of the show went on, and just then there was a noise at the stage door and it burst open, and there was Hank dragging the squad with him and mad as a boiled owl. Boy, he was fit to be tied! He spotted me and Monte right away, with Monte's arm around my waist, and started for us, even with his handicap, and I said to Monte, "You wait here. I'll be right back," and the only way I could get away was right across the stage behind the chorus. I just ambled over as if I belonged there and reached the other side, and there was Tom tearing his hair out and screaming, "What's going on here? Do you think you're in the show, too?" and I said, "When a mad bull is after you you don't ask permission to cross somebody else's lot."

Tom just shook his head in a daze and started around behind the curtains to the other side of the stage with one of the electricians. He was hardly out of sight when the last act ended, and you should have heard that applause. Why, it was almost like thunder, with people cheering and yelling bravo, and the curtain going up and down and just everything like in the movies.

Sue come off the stage right in the middle of it all to wipe her eyes, she was so happy, and stood with me a second listening to the applause. Just then there was a terrific crash on the other side of the stage, and electricians and stagehands were running around like mad, and Sue said, "What's that?" and I said, "Sounds like Hank, to me," and someone run by us, yelling, "Murder!" and Sue screamed, "Oh, poor Tom!"

Well, we took out around the curtains, with Sue in the lead, and reached the other side of the stage in nothing flat, and there was Tom standing there scratching his head, and Sue threw her arms about him and cried, "Darling, are you hurt? Oh, my poor dear!" Tom looked awful surprised, but he had sense enough to put his arms around her.

I looked beyond him, and there was poor Monte Dolan all in a heap over Hank's lap, with Hank spanking the daylights out of him and laying it on thick and heavy. I

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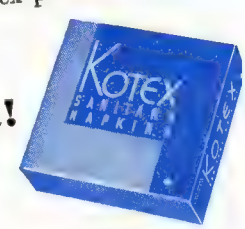

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started to laugh, because it was all pretty funny. But just then Hank looked up and spotted me, and dropped Monte on his face and come after me with the same intentions in his eyes.

I picked up something like a crowbar and said, "You try to spank me, Hank Scroggins, and I'll lay your scalp open." That kind of slowed him down a mite, and I said, "Have you met Mr. Thomas L. Hartman yet?" and naturally he looked back toward Monte, and I pointed to Tom and said, "No, this is him."

Poor Hank. His jaw fell a mile and his face got red as a beet, and he stuttered, "But—but—I thought— Say what's that singin' gal doin' in his arms if he's engaged to you?"

"Why," I said, "they're going to get married," and Sue was still crying a little and buried her face in Tom's shoulder.

Hank stuttered again, "But—but—I thought—"

I said, "Don't believe what you read in the papers, Hank. That was all just a lot of publicity."

He started to get it straight then, and Tom come over and shook hands with Hank, and they sort of liked each other right off the bat, and after everything was all over the whole show had a party backstage to celebrate, and we had champagne and were just having a wonderful time. But right in the middle of everything Hank come out of his daze—he's a little slow that way—and took a good look at me and said, "You're naked, gal," and he takes my hand and drags me away from there, and I sort of let him, because, after all, you have to give in to a man once in a while, I always say.

THE END ★★

STRIP TEASE

(*Continued from page 19*)

hello," he greeted. "I'm just inking in the last one now."

Thayer tried to judge the new strips with detachment. So far as she could see, they were just as good as the first ones, proof that Andy could work under pressure. "I like them," she nodded, lighting a cigarette.

"I hope Grant does," Andy muttered, shaking ink from his brush on the floor. "How long does it take for a decision?"

Thayer said she didn't know. "He'll bat it up to the managing editor and the sales manager," she explained. "If they like it you'll get a contract. They'll have cuts made of these twelve strips, work up a presentation, and turn it over to the salesmen to take around to the newspapers."

She watched him inking solid blacks with the brush. "What are you going to do when you finish—sleep?" she asked.

He shook his head. "I'm too excited." He looked up for a second. "Maybe we could have dinner together."

She'd been going to have dinner with Freddie Vincent, so she was surprised to hear herself say, "I'd love it." . . .

THAYER knew a tiny French restaurant far east in the Fifties where the food was good and prices were reasonable. Andy scowled at the menu, handwritten in purple ink. "Why don't they call things by their right names?" he demanded. "Would Lora Lovely have to know her way through a mess like this?"

Thayer smiled, "Of course," and looked at Andy curiously. "Don't you ever think of anyone except Lora?" she asked.

He shook his head. "That's the only way I can make her real," he explained earnestly. "Living with her, going places she'd go, seeing New York through her eyes."

There was a dreamy, little-boy look in the blue eyes which was quite devastating. Thayer murmured, "New York's sort of confusing if you don't know it. Maybe I could show you the town."

Andy's face lighted up. "*Would* you?" he asked eagerly. "I'd always heard New Yorkers were pretty cold."

"I'm not a native," Thayer laughed, and he looked at her in surprise. "I'm just a girl from upstate," she went on. "Came here to art school when I was eighteen and fell in love with the place."

Andy was interested. "Do all girls in New York get like you?" he pursued.

Thayer's eyes narrowed. "Like me, what?" she asked.

He waved his hand expansively. "Oh, dressing like one of the pictures in your fashion column. Talking like a girl in a play."

"I can talk like a girl in a quandary, too, if you'd like that better," she said quickly.

Andy shook his head. "See? There you go again," he complained. "I suppose I ought to have Lora doing that."

It was a funny evening which left Thayer puzzled and disturbed.

They rode up in the subway, and, walking across town to her apartment, Thayer took Andy's arm. He didn't seem to notice. He said he was too sleepy to come up.

There was a note on her dressing table: "Mr. Vincent called." Thayer held it a moment, batting the paper against the back of the chair and remembering Andy's little-boy look. "But I'm Freddie Vincent's kind of girl and this is nonsense," she thought crossly. "I don't like going through an evening being ignored." She put down the note impatiently.

She stood for a moment when she opened the window, breathing in the soft air. Suddenly she laughed. "Indian summer," she muttered. "*That's* what gave me the heartbeat!" Things seemed much clearer as she slid into bed.

Nevertheless, her pulse quickened when she heard Andy's voice on the telephone next morning: "How does a fellow get any exercise in this town?"

Thayer considered. "I suppose he plays tennis or golf or swims," she said. "People must do those things *some*where."

"Don't you play any kind of games?" Andy inquired.

Thayer said, "Not *that* kind. I loathe exercise. How about a nice bus ride? Air without effort."

"I guess a bus ride would be fine," he said. "I'll bring along my sketchbook and make notes of backgrounds for Lora."

"I could hate that woman," Thayer said, as she changed into a street dress. . . .

ALL through that briefly glorious Indian summer she lived in a sort of expectant suspense, wondering when Andy would realize he had something special with him and not just a girl guide. She got used to his furious sketching in a succession of buckram-covered notebooks. She got used to his constant questions about how Lora would spend her time in New York. But she couldn't accept the challenge of his indifference. She didn't want him to fall in love with her. "I just want him to *notice* me," she insisted.

She took him along with her when she went to the stores and dress houses, scouting for new fashions. Andy was pretty interested in that. He was really excited the day she asked him to a fashion luncheon. A covey of debutantes were to model the clothes.

"Are they really debutantes?" he whispered, when the girls were introduced over a microphone.

Thayer nodded. "Your dream women," she said resentfully, and suddenly she wished she hadn't brought him here. She might just as well have come alone for all the attention he gave her. His eyes were glued on the debutantes. He even got to know their names after a while. "That's Daphne Moffett," he told Thayer when a shimmeringly youthful blonde walked down the runway in a sheathlike dress of satin.

Thayer said impatiently, "Of course. I know her," and Andy swung around excitedly. "Could I meet her?"

They found Daphne near the stage when the luncheon was over. "Mr. Bishop draws a comic strip about debutantes," Thayer explained.

Daphne looked him up and down coolly. "Do you make us say 'Bam' and 'Plop' and things like that?"

"Sometimes," Andy said. He was examining her eagerly. "Would you talk to me, Miss Moffett? Could we go somewhere?"

Daphne's eyes swung to Thayer. "Oh, it's quite safe," Thayer said bitterly. "Purely business."

Daphne smiled. "What do you want me to say?"

"It doesn't matter," Andy told her. "I want to study the way girls like you talk."

"We'll go over to the Raven," Daphne decided. "That's where most of us gather afternoons."

Andy turned back to Thayer. "Thanks a lot for bringing me," he said. "You don't mind if I run along?"

Thayer said quickly, "I was going to work this afternoon, anyway," but anger burned through her cheeks. Outside, the softness of Indian summer still hung over the streets, and she looked at the cloudless sky resentfully. "What I need now is a killing frost," she muttered.

She called up Freddie Vincent when she got home. "Where've you been keeping yourself?" he demanded crossly.

"I got behind in my work," Thayer explained. "Want to relax me tonight?"

It was going to be fun seeing Freddie, she decided firmly. Sitting in the taxi going toward midtown she linked her arm through his, and Freddie looked down curiously. "What's come over you?" he asked. "You've always been so crisp and cool. You're—you're almost human tonight."

Thayer pulled her arm away. "Well, of all the unpleasant things to tell a girl!"

Freddie said, "'S a fact," nodding sagely; and then he was compassionate: "Oh, I say. I didn't mean it that way."

Over in her corner of the taxi Thayer sniffled, "I'm not crying because you *said* it. I'm crying because I guess it's true!" . . .

SHE got her frost. The weather turned wintry, and Thayer noted the change with approval. Andy hadn't called, and she pretended not to notice.

But the weather didn't help that morning when she opened the door and found Andy there. Her emotions tumbled into confusion when he rushed into the room. "They've taken Lora!" he shouted. "I've got a contract. See if it's all right before I sign."

Scanning the paper, Thayer forgot her resentment for a moment. Drawing account of fifty dollars a week for a year. . . . Fifty-fifty split with the syndicate on all commissions. . . . "It's swell, Andy," she said enthusiastically. "You'll make more in a few months when your strip gets going."

"I hope so," he said. "New York costs a lot of money."

That brought reality back to her. She'd been so careful to keep his spending down. He'd probably been throwing the stuff away at the Raven. "How *is* Miss Moffett?" she inquired acidly.

"Daphne? Why, fine," Andy said. "She introduced me to some of her friends. I've been listening to them quite a lot."

"How nice for you," Thayer snapped.

Andy twisted his hat, avoiding her eyes. "I suppose you're sore because I went off with her that day."

Thayer's eyebrows arched superbly. "I thought it was rather rude, that was all."

"Well, I couldn't pass up a chance to talk with somebody like Lora Lovely!" he cried.

Thayer felt tears salting her eyes and she shook them back. "Don't you ever think of anything else?" she demanded. "Don't you ever think about someone *human?*"

"Why, sure, but—"

"Don't you ever think about *me*, for instance?" She was tapping her foot angrily, her brown eyes burning with wrath.

Andy gulped. "Certainly I think about

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you," he replied hotly. "Mostly what a swell girl you'd be if you'd stop being an act."

Thayer caught her breath. "What do you mean?" she demanded shrilly.

"You've never said a sincere thing in your life!" he accused. "All you do is think up wisecracks. How's a man going to know what a girl like that really means?"

Thayer held her control pretty well. "After that speech, you won't even need to wonder," she said icily. "You'd better go now, hadn't you? You'll want to tell Daphne and her friends what a success story you are!"

The tears became more insistent, and she turned so he wouldn't know. "Poor dears, I don't suppose they'll see much of you now," she raced on. "You'll have to concentrate on your really big moment—Lora!"

She heard him cross the room. He needn't slam the door so hard, the big— "Oh, Lord," she thought miserably. "Now I'm really going to cry!" . . .

AFTER that she avoided Magnet Features. Casey phoned each day and forwarded her mail. Andy didn't call. "And a lucky thing for *him*," she thought. She was working furiously on her column and seeing Freddie whenever he could spare time from rewriting a last act. His play was going into rehearsal the middle of December.

Eric called just before Christmas to wonder if she was all right, and why didn't she come in? "I don't have to, do I?" Thayer asked. "I've never missed a dead line yet."

"You don't have to be a hermit," Eric grumbled. "Between twelve-thirty and three is safe enough. Andy's sure to be out."

Thayer stifled a quick retort, wondering how he'd guessed. "You'd better hire a new set of spies," she advised coolly, and heard him chuckle.

"Molly's here," Eric announced. "She says, why don't you have lunch with her?"

"Well, why don't I?" Thayer agreed.

She liked Molly Grant. Molly was small and frank and thirty-seven, a serene balance for Eric's volatile nature. She examined Thayer across the luncheon table. "I believe Eric's right," she said thoughtfully.

Thayer turned in panic to the cart of hors d'oeuvres. "Anchovies—yes. . . . Eric's right about what, darling? . . . Oh, and the artichoke hearts."

Molly nibbled a slice of thin toast. "Why don't you fall in love with Andy Bishop or put that torch down?" she inquired.

Thayer glanced up nervously. "What are you—the little match girl?" she challenged. "I'm not in love with Andy."

Molly said, "You managed to get him pretty confused about what you were."

"Then why didn't he call me?" Thayer cried impatiently, and bit her lip. "As a matter of fact I expect Freddie Vincent and I will be married this spring."

Molly was unimpressed. "You'll hate me for saying this, but I think you scared Andy. He's not used to clever women, and you're so supremely self-sufficient. Men don't like that much."

Thayer shook her head. "That's not what it was from where I sat," she said. "Did you ever try to compete with a comic-strip character? You'd be amazed how difficult it can be." . . .

Thayer wandered around her apartment restlessly, doing her nails, fussing at her dressing table, looking over her ski clothes. She had a reservation for Franconia over New Year's.

Just before going to bed she picked up the evening paper and turned to the comics page. Andy's first continuity was finished; they usually ran about two months. He'd introduced a girl named Terry in this episode, a cousin of Lora's from upstate. Thayer peered at the new figure. She looked suspiciously familiar, and her chatter sounded like Thayer. "Now, what's he doing *that* for?" she wondered, and hurried to the pantry. Delia was a paper saver.

She was back in a minute with a week's pages spread out on the floor. "Why, he's using all those sketches he made with *me!*" Maybe he'd written a gag which Thayer would understand and no one else. Cartoonists did that sometimes. Even when she found he hadn't, a little glow of triumph softened her. "I got him to notice me," she exulted. The memory of Indian summer slid back into her heart. . . .

It was clear and cold at Franconia the day before New Year's. Thayer changed slowly into ski clothes and went down to the lobby, looking for familiar faces. Whole logs blazed in the huge fireplace. She walked toward it, and someone she knew confronted her.

Her pulse raced to meet Andy, and she was statue-still. "Wait. Don't tell me," she said coolly. "I'll remember in a minute. I never forget a face, but you can't say I don't *try*."

Andy shook his head. "Molly thought you'd got over that acid indigestion."

Thayer's eyes held his while little bursts of happiness began exploding in her heart. Molly had told him she was coming here! He'd beetled up to see her.

"Do you suppose a fellow could date that girl?" he asked. She'd forgotten how eager his grin could be.

"She's a softy," Thayer warned. "She doesn't ski."

"She walks, though," Andy said.

Thayer laughed as she took his arm. "You're making her do the strangest things. She says, in *this* balloon, 'I'm going outside if I freeze up solid.'"

Andy said, "You're not going to freeze up again."

THEY crossed the golf course, blanketed in snow, and struck off on a trail through the woods. Andy became confessional. He hadn't been angry—honest, he insisted in response to her prodding. "Only—only everything was a gag with you," he complained. "Just when I thought we were getting on swell, you'd make a crack, and I was afraid you were laughing at me."

He had that puzzled, little-boy look she loved. "Silly!"

"I guess I was," Andy agreed. "I found that out listening to Daphne and her friends. They talk just the way you do, only they're not so good at it."

Thayer laughed, and her heart was pounding with anticipation. He wasn't lost in Lora Lovely's world any more, she exulted.

That afternoon Andy hired a horse and cutter. Bundled in robes, they joggled up hilly back roads, with sleigh bells for music. "I feel like Santa Claus," Thayer announced happily, and Andy's mittened hand touched hers. They climbed till they came out of the woods, and Andy drew on the reins. A wintry panorama was spread below them.

"It's a mechanical-toy snow scene!" Andy cried raptly. "Tiny figures drawn to the top with wires and sent darting down—stemming, doing Christies—"

"Falling on their faces," Thayer murmured irreverently.

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Andy drew his hand away sharply. "I forgot," he said irritably. "You hate nature."

"I love nature," Thayer retorted, "but I don't have to be trite about it."

"Does every sincere thing I say need to seem trite?" he demanded bitterly.

"Not unless—" She stopped suddenly and looked up at him in panic. "Andy, I'm sorry. I was hateful."

"It's all right," he said stiffly, and then he jerked around, staring at her fixedly.

Thayer held her breath. "Yes, Andy?"

He picked up the reins savagely. "Oh, what's the use?" he cried. "You'd never take me seriously, anyway!"

He held out his hand hurriedly at the door, and when he took off his cap the western sun made a blaze of his red hair. "Look. I'll see you tonight, Thayer," he muttered, and jumped back into the cutter without a backward glance.

That was it, she thought, as she strode inside. She could make it right tonight. He'd never say he loved her now, but *she* could say it. She could say, "I love you, Andy". . . .

But, walking to the desk for her key, she ran into Daphne Moffett following a bellboy with bags. "Surprise, surprise," Daphne drawled, without astonishment. "I thought you were a city girl."

"What are *you* doing here?" Thayer demanded suspiciously, and her heart was doing only down-beats.

"I flew up," Daphne said calmly. "Where's Andy? Shall we be seeing you tonight?"

The bottom seemed to fall away from Thayer's stomach this time. She thought dully, "Andy *knew* she was coming up here. He's going to have dinner with *her* tonight. With Daphne."

It had never been so hard to smile. "Why, no, darling," she said. "I've just had a telegram. Such a bore being a working girl. I've got to go back to town on the evening train." . . .

There was a message from Andy at her apartment in the morning. It said, "Please, would you let me explain?"

Thayer shook her head grimly. She knew when she'd had enough. She wired, "Chatter for Cousin Terry's final balloon. Quote I never take explanations seriously. End all quotes." . . .

JANUARY turned out to be a lonely month. Molly had dragged Eric off on a West Indies cruise. Freddie was still busy with his play. It opened the middle of January, and the critics were enthusiastic. But Thayer wasn't going to marry Freddie Vincent.

They had it out one evening in her apartment. "Why can't we?" he asked, distressed. "What is it, darling?"

"I wish I knew," she said. "I adore you, really. You're sweet and you're clever and you're everything I've always wanted. Maybe our chemistry isn't right."

Freddie perched on the arm of her chair. "I ought to sweep you up in my arms and carry you off to a marrying parson."

Thayer shook her head. "You can't be impetuous in New York State," she said soberly. "They make you wait seventy-two hours." She paused. "Maybe that's the trouble with *us*. Life is sort of an act with sophisticated dialogue. We never let ourselves get carried away. Even if we want to, the state says, 'Pull over to the curb for three days.'" She got up and walked to the window. . . .

Molly called up the afternoon they got

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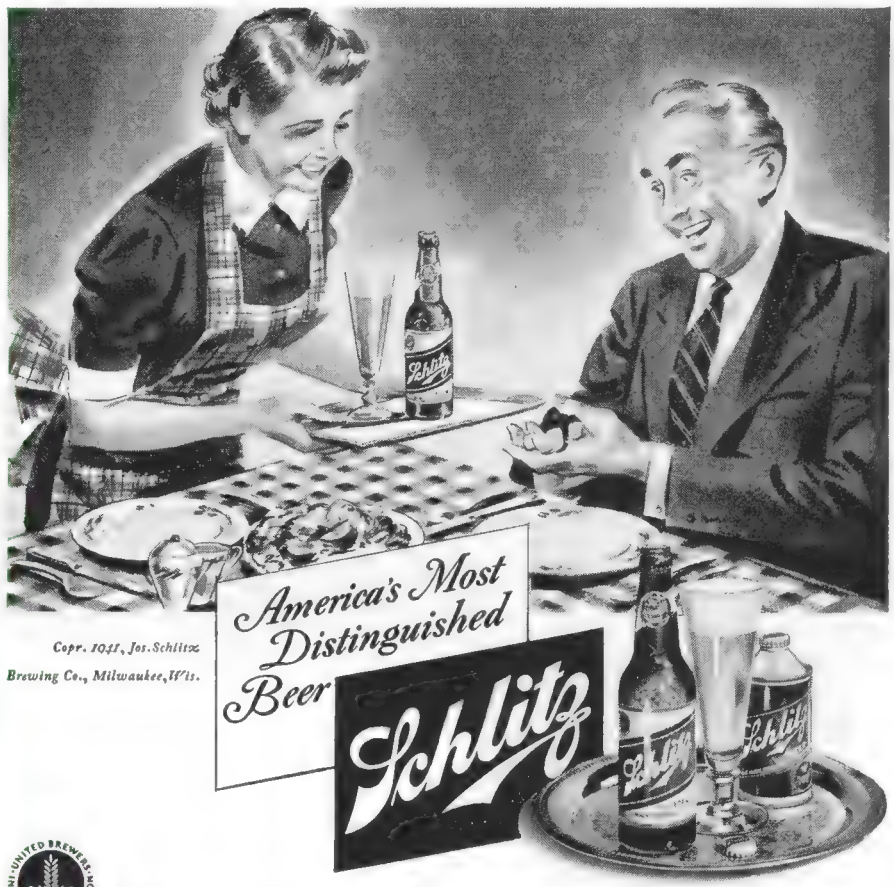

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THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

back. "Come to dinner," she urged. "Eric's bound to bury himself in his office."

Thayer said, "I'll come if you won't mention Andy."

Molly kept her promise, so Thayer finally had to talk about Andy. She poured out the whole story curled up on a sofa, angrily first, then letting the tears come because she couldn't keep them back. Molly refused to comfort her. "You don't deserve it," she said grimly. "Andy knew you were going to Franconia. He went up there to make you marry him."

"B-but what about Daphne Moffett?" Thayer sniffed. "She—she acted as if she *owned* him."

"Andy couldn't have expected to see her," Molly said. "He told me she'd asked him to a party at the Raven. She must have canceled it at the last minute to chase after him."

Thayer buried her head in the pillows miserably. Because she couldn't fool herself any longer. She was very much in love with Andy. She heard Eric come in. She heard him say, "Is that ostrich on the sofa Thayer Crosby?" Then, "What have you been doing to Andy Bishop?" he demanded angrily.

Thayer sat up. "That's the trouble; I—"

Eric flung a release of Lora Lovely at her. She spread it out to look at the proofs of a set of strips that had been completed while Eric was away. "Look at it!" he roared. "I don't mind cartoonists using personal gags now and then. But I won't have them fixing up their private lives in a comic strip!"

THAYER dabbed at her eyes and looked, and then she smiled. There was Andy's hero, Sim Wyman, telling Terry that he adored her, no matter what she said. "This fellow Wyman's supposed to be the heart interest for Lora," Eric fumed. "Bishop's changed the whole angle of the strip!"

Thayer looked up happily. "But don't you see?" she cried. "Andy's trying to tell me that he loves *me!*"

Eric exploded. "He can't do it in a comic strip. Do you understand? So will you please get out of here so he can do it sensibly and make me a new set of strips?"

Molly soothed, "I'm sure she's just going, dear." . . .

The offices of Magnet Features were dark, but there was a blue bulb burning in the lamp over Andy's drawing board. He wasn't working. He was making doodles in the empty panels of the paper in front of him. He didn't hear her come in.

"I just saw Eric," she said hesitantly.

He turned the lamp so it shone on her, and jumped up quickly. "Look. I love you, Thayer," he said, grasping her arms.

"I love you, too," she said promptly, "and I thought we were never going to make it."

His face was incredulous and then happy.

"See? I took you seriously, Andy," she whispered. It was sort of heaven feeling the tip of her nose scratch against his cheek. After a while she said, "You have to work, darling. I told Eric I'd let you."

"He's making me cut out Terry entirely," Andy remembered belligerently. "You know, I liked that girl."

She'd found a nice place in the curve of his shoulder. "Cousin Terry didn't enjoy life in the comics much," Thayer confided. "She's going to like this much better."

There was a funny accent of discovery in his voice. He said, "Thayer. You're so darned lovely!"

THE END ★★

IT PAYS TO BE A poser

(*Continued from page 21*)

the rate of pay for beginners at that time was $18. It was the beginning of a theatrical career which lasted 10 years and included more than 200 plays. In 1921 he made his first motion picture, with John Barrymore in *Sherlock Holmes*, and never again left the screen.

Today he is, I think, the least understood man in Hollywood. He is the one actor nobody really knows.

I was talking about him with a group in a theatrical club in Hollywood one day. I asked a famous character actor what he thought of Powell.

"Think of him?" he echoed. "My friend, before you can form an opinion of a man, you first must know him. Unfortunately, I do not feel that I know Mr. Powell. I have only worked with him in nine pictures, and he has never spoken a word to me when the script did not demand it."

TRYING to break through his wall of reserve, I asked him point-blank one day why he did not mingle with his colleagues. Sighing deeply, he said, "It's my health," in the manner of one confiding a dire secret. "I simply do not have the strength."

That is another of his best poses—the chronic invalid. He is forever coming down with aches and pains which baffle medical diagnosis. His doctors, most patient men, are often summoned in the middle of the night to assure him his newest twinge is nothing serious. He never believes them. It was a great relief to them, in 1938, to discover that he really had something. Three operations fixed it, and now he worries constantly about breaking his stitches.

His health gives him a magnificent excuse for getting out of things he doesn't want to do, although in Hollywood he has the reputation of being an unusually docile star. A producer told me, "Powell has never turned down a story." A little later he mentioned a story in which Powell was scheduled to appear but didn't. I asked why. "He became ill," said the producer, adding confidentially, "The poor fellow isn't strong, you know."

He may not be strong in the body, but he is certainly strong in the head. Observers have noticed that the pictures he turns down —because of his health—usually turn out to be flops.

His health, too, is a splendid excuse for failing to appear in public. He seldom attends night clubs or theaters, and is held in no great esteem by the local autograph hunters, whom he tries to ignore. This, he explains, is because crowds of strangers give him a weird sinking sensation, a singular phobia which must also apply to crowds of acquaintances, for he defies Hollywood custom by refusing to give elaborate parties for his bosses. Curiously enough, this only increases their respect for him. They frankly don't understand him, and therefore regard him as a moody genius.

Shortly before the defense emergency arose, Powell discovered, to his horror, that he was paying taxes equivalent to more than six months of his earnings. He considered this a personal indignity. Why, he demanded, should he have to work six months for nothing?

Hollywood has long made it a practice to tread softly in the presence of Uncle Sam. The staid gentlemen in the studios' business offices were first amused, then shocked, finally alarmed, when Powell began swinging punches at Washington. They counseled him to pipe down, but his hackles were up.

"I'll win this fight!" he boasted.

After some months his staff of experts reported they could do nothing about it; the law was the law, and that was that. But Powell, now posing as the indignant citizen, was not to be so lightly defeated! If he had to work six months for nothing, he wouldn't work those six months at all! He went on a sit-down strike to think it over.

Cockeyed as it sounds, it really worked out pretty well—for Powell, at least. During his "strike" he studied his income and its potential taxes, and rearranged his contracts and working schedules to make fewer pictures annually, thus earn less money, thus pay less disproportionate taxes. During this time he learned to talk glibly of debits, debentures, and disbursements. Nowadays his employers hesitate to quibble about salary with a man who apparently knows so much about finance. His pose is good enough to fool the experts; a banker told me he considered Powell one of the shrewdest of Hollywood's stars.

HIS most recent pose, and the one he seems to be enjoying most, is that of benign Prince to his bride, some twenty years his junior. She was Diane Lewis, a vaudeville child. In his home life Powell plays for her the role for which he is most famous on the screen—the unorthodox wooer, the whimsical zany, gallant, capricious.

Even their meeting was like a scene from a movie. The studio had borrowed his living-room as a setting for publicity photographs of Miss Lewis, a newly signed contract player. While the pictures were being made, with Miss Lewis very young and frilly in the halo of a baby spot, Powell walked in.

Instantly he became the suave Lothario, remarking easily, "As I live and breathe, a little mouse has come to my house!"

Whereupon he walked into the spotlight and took Miss Lewis's hand, and school was out. From that moment she has been "Mousie." That afternoon he entertained her (and the thoroughly glum photographer, who knew he was going to be bawled out for not getting more pictures) with a set of Caruso records which sent Miss Lewis into raptures. Next day she received the records,

with a note which said, "Have a tune on me. Bill Powell."

On January 5, 1940, one month and two days after their meeting, they dumfounded Hol'ywood by eloping to a dude ranch near Las Vegas, Nevada, where they were married by a justice of the peace beside a bridge table set under a pearl-gray smoke tree. The wedding ring cost $11, and was so large the bridegroom had to pad it with adhesive tape. And since then Mrs. Powell has lived in a fairy-tale world not excelled by Cinderella, Scheherazade, or Peaches Browning.

One evening he criticized her gown. "It lacks something," he said. Fishing through his pockets, he produced "a little something," an exquisite jeweled wedding ring, exactly the proper size, and a square-cut solitaire approximately the dimensions of a locomotive headlight. In the first seven months he brought home 65 bottles of perfume. For each gift, he thinks up a gag.

Preparing to dress one night for the theater, Mrs. Powell found a sheet hung across her bathroom door. The upstairs maid, Eva, tittering, pointed out a small hole cut in the sheet and persuaded Mrs. Powell to thrust her hand through the hole. Instantly, something cold and hard was snapped about her wrist. She shrieked and recoiled, dislodging the sheet, which fell dramatically to disclose her husband grinning impishly. Upon her wrist was a diamond bracelet.

ONE morning she said they ought to have a bathroom scale. Before noon it was delivered, wrapped as a gift, with this note: "With scales of love to Mrs. Poo, who just must have her own weigh." To a sparse handful of intimates Powell is known as "Willie Poo, the man of many faces," a pseudonym which dates from a time he played a leering Oriental.

On her birthday anniversary last September 18th, Mrs. Powell was given one end of a piece of string. She had to follow the string through all the rooms of the house, through the garden and the neighbor's hedge, and finally up to her own bedroom, where she found her birthday gift—a set of jewelry.

In his rare moments of self-analysis, Powell himself knows he is a poser—in more ways than one. He proved it when he said to me, with a chuckle, one afternoon, "It must be damned monotonous to be one person all the time." The knowledge, though, will never change his way of life, for he has made his posing pay big dividends.

He never considered himself a lady's man and paid little attention to girls until he had won success on the stage. Then he married Miss Eileen Wilson, with whom he appeared in *Within the Law*. Their son, called Young Bill, lives with his mother not far from Powell's home in Beverly Hills. His second wife was Carole Lombard. They were divorced. The present Mrs. Powell is his third.

Of his future, the only thing Powell could tell me for certain is that he will never voluntarily quit acting. "When I leave," he said, "it will be feet first." I hear whisperings that he is to be offered a directing job in a few years. I don't think he will take it.

There is a venerable saw in show business which goes: "Crack an actor and you'll find an actor." I don't know who thought it up, but he could have meant nobody on earth more typical than the man of many poses, Mr. Willie Poo Powell.

THE END ★★

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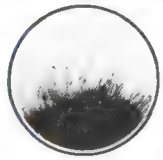

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RIGHT GUY

(*Continued from page 48*)

insolence. He said he would in a minute, only no C.P.O. wants to admit to the commissioned officers that there's any recruit he's unable to take in his stride. He tapped his chest and said he was no guy to buck. He said I'd learn that damn' quick."

"Listen, Johnny," I said. "Why make it tough for him? He's got a lot of guys to train. Why not just let the thing ride?"

"To hell with that. The chief's got a bug in his bonnet, and we're going to have one sweet time before we're through." He paused. "Do you know what he had the guts to tell me? That *he* was a tough guy at the station. That he had a reputation for being the hardest C.P.O. on duty here. But—and get the laugh—we'd go to the fleet better men, and one day we'd thank him for it!"

"That's hot," I said.

"It stinks on ice," said Johnny, "and so does Tom Lewis."

Quite suddenly he began playing piano. He sat very still and played *Liebestraum*. It was a quiet night and the gym was dark. He's hurt, I thought, and sore. I wondered about his life. He was a funny combination. Barrooms in Idaho. Steel girders high in the air. A cheap prize ring: "Fites tonight." And in the evening perhaps sitting alone and playing the piano. . . . I listened to the beauty of his music, and it struck me all at once that this was the way a guy like Johnny cried. . . .

THE word got around in Company A-4 that it was Johnny Bell versus Tom Lewis.

It was impossible not to be impressed with Lewis. The C.P.O. was relentless. He was kingpin. He was hearty. He'd laugh with you. But the moment something went wrong he'd mete out guard duty ruthlessly. He was twenty years older than any of us, but his energy was boundless. It filled him with fierce pride that the station looked upon him as tough, and he said over and over that he lived his life for one thing: the satisfaction of bringing the snappiest companies through their entire training, quarter after quarter. He had only scorn for his fellow C.P.O.'s whose units could not compete with his own well-drilled men.

"You'll look back and be damn' glad you had Tom Lewis to break you in," he said.

Johnny brooded bitterly. The C.P.O.'s conceit sickened him. To fan the flame Lewis picked on Johnny every chance he got. He made him take off his leggings and relace them. He found fault with the way he carried his gun. He assigned him jobs sweeping out the washroom or cleaning up trash. He ended making Johnny a spectacular figure. Men came around to our shack at night just because they wanted to look at him.

"It isn't like this on a ship at all," said Johnny. "But then, that's the real navy."

"Sure," I said; "a ship's fine duty."

"The station isn't bad," Johnny said. "It's our Tom. Why, the guys in A-3 and A-5 have a wonderful time."

Johnny's bitterness was infectious; more and more cadets dropped around for an evening chat. They liked listening to him talk. They went out of their way to be friendly. Then one night Johnny got an idea. He *went after* friendship. He campaigned. He loaned dollar bills. He didn't smoke, but he carried cigarettes, and anybody in the company could borrow one. He was generous at the gedunk canteen, and on Sundays he played piano in the gym and had the whole bunch of us in. He'd play anything you wanted.

People went around saying, "Johnny's swell." He was terrific. But this wasn't enough. He knew men respected fists like nothing else, and he baited the biggest man in Company A-5. He got him into a fight. Afterward everybody told about it. There'd never been a fighter like Johnny. His right hand was a wicked thing, his left deadly.

Johnny became a hero.

He had at last found a way to fight the C.P.O. Lewis was still picking on him, and, a few days before we were graduated out of the Detention Camp and into the Main Unit, Johnny began to retaliate. He mocked Lewis. He did ridiculous impersonations of him. He scoffed at the idea that the C.P.O. was tough. "I wish he'd lay a hand on me."

He tore down Tom Lewis's glamour as a big shot. Without this the discipline was shabby. He subtly robbed the C.P.O. of the weapons, fear and respect. In the beginning the change in the men was scarcely noticeable. But our morale was full of holes. The cadets were listless. They marched loosely. Yet to anyone outside of A-4 none of this was apparent. The company wasn't bad. But it was a long cry from the crack, arm-swinging troop that Lewis, to maintain his prestige, was laboring to develop.

Lewis knew nothing of Johnny's sudden, overwhelming popularity and he was baffled. He redoubled his efforts. He drilled us after hours. He bellowed until he was hoarse. But he put himself in the ridiculous position of yelling at men who were quietly laughing up their sleeves at him.

The day the company graduated from the D Camp into the Main Unit it was no better. We filed through, our bags over our shoulders, into the immaculate paved streets, and Tom Lewis loped along beside us. He looked haggard and badly worried.

"You'll look smart here," he said, "if I have to kill you with my bare hands!"

THE entire station branched from the Main Unit. It was beautifully laid out with wide, sweeping lawns and huge mess halls; there were a dispensary, a post office, and a dozen smaller shops. The main parade ground faced the harbor. A number of companies were already in the Main Unit under intensive training, and the competition between them was sharp; there were weekly inspections and parades where pennants were awarded. The whole atmosphere was solemn and yet exciting; there was a marked difference in the seasoned cadets. They drilled as though they were proud of the precision of their unit.

"I've always had the pennants," Lewis said, "all of them."

We were assigned a barracks, and for the next few days we were too impressed with the Main Unit to carry on the feud. In our first dress parade we were in complete awe of the reviewing stand of authentic commissioned officers. We whipped past at company front looking as good as the more experienced companies. A lot of us got a thrill of pride out of that. But Lewis was disappointed. He said we were sloppy. He lined us up in front of the barracks and spewed shame into our faces.

Roland Coe

"It is not necessary to come in and salute me good night, Private Smith"

But the men resented it. There was grumbling in the barracks afterward. They'd all been sure the parade had come off good and they'd expected a word of praise. But praise wasn't Tom Lewis's dish.

"You see what a heel he is," said Johnny.

We were still ruffled when we set about the tedious task of rolling our uniforms for bag inspection. You roll them into a small and neat packet and tie them with stops. It's a trick to do it really good and it takes hours to learn.

Yet I don't think any of the men realized until the day when bag inspection came off that we hadn't done a particularly diligent job of clothes rolling. We stood lined up on the balcony of the barracks, our bags laid out in front of us, and the inspecting party of commissioned officers passed, one by one. Now and then they stopped and stared up and down the line. They talked among themselves. A chill fell over the place.

It turned out that A-4 received a bad last in the official rating among companies. I saw Tom Lewis. His scarred face was red and his thick neck was scarlet. A lieutenant spoke to him but he could scarcely catch his breath. He said only that he had given us the best training he knew how to give. He said this would never happen again. When the inspecting party was finally gone he turned on us. He was certain we had double-crossed him intentionally. His eyes were hot.

"You'll be sorry for this," he said, "every damn' one of you!"

His voice was harsh. His manner was unpleasant. It wasn't the same as his good-natured bellowing. It was plain Lewis meant to devise some punishment.

WE SPENT a bad night waiting. It was unjust. Feeling ran high. We hadn't, as he thought, deliberately made a poor showing. It was simply that he expected too much. But now he had us worried. A lot of guys went sour. Some of them tried to blame Johnny. But this was one incident in which Johnny's hands were clean.

It was probably inevitable that some guy would turn yellow. We didn't know who it was. The punk went running to Lewis and told him that Johnny was the rotten egg. We didn't even know how this information got back to the company. Tom Lewis had said nothing. But the rumor spread the next morning that he was out for Johnny's hide. Yet he realized that, by and large, Johnny was still popular in the company, and he had to go carefully.

"Let him try something," said Johnny. "There's nothing he can do to me that I can't give him back double. I didn't engineer that bag inspection, but now I wish to hell I had."

The thing was out in the open.

At first nothing happened. There was speculation. Rumor. Johnny was officially innocent, but maybe he'd be framed into a court-martial. Lewis would strike. But no one knew how.

Monday came. It was a dull, sultry day. But still nothing happened. Tom Lewis acted perfectly natural. He was bland. Johnny was nervous. This damned waiting made an ache in my guts. Hour after hour went by. We followed our routine schedule. But Lewis seemed scarcely aware that Johnny existed. It rained that night and I lay awake, and I heard Johnny tossing. I remembered the piano, that he was an emotional guy. This was grueling torture for him. The rain fell thick and black through

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the night, and the sound of a bugle playing Taps echoed down the long corridors.

It was a swell navy. I didn't want anything to happen to Johnny. . . .

It came the next day.

We were off at the gym for swimming examination or instruction. The ability to swim at least fifty feet is required of every recruit, and when we returned Tom Lewis was waiting for us. His hands were on his hips and his face was white and hard. His voice had a funny ring:

"You're a flock of incompetent yokels." Now he fixed his eyes on Johnny. Nobody missed it. He continued to address the company: "When a man fails to pass bag inspection he washes his clothes and rolls them all over again. You men will find a job for each and every one of you behind the barracks. That is all. Dismissed."

He looked Johnny up and down, then he walked off. There could be no mistake. Tom Lewis was putting the finger on Johnny.

WE BROKE ranks and rushed through the barracks and out back. For a moment everyone stared. There was some swearing. Tom Lewis had carefully taken the rolled white uniforms of every man in the company and scattered them on the muddy ground. He had then turned a heavy pressure hose on them. The blue uniforms were left in their bags but the whites were soaked and muddy and smeared. It would be a two days' job washing, drying, and rolling them. Eyes were turning toward Johnny.

Johnny's cheeks were red. If Lewis had struck at him alone I'm sure he would have been content. But he had never expected a move of this sort. Lewis had turned the company on him by making the whole company suffer. Johnny's eyes were hard on the clothes, and a crowd gathered around. Johnny licked his lips; he glanced up at the dark faces. "He can't get away with this."

"He has," somebody said.

"Listen," I said; "the bag inspection wasn't Johnny's fault."

But nobody was interested. They were positive Johnny was directly responsible. Hadn't Lewis made that obvious?

"You'll wash them," a cadet officer said; "you'll wash every damn' stitch."

I had an idea this was the informer.

Johnny looked at him. "Yeah? Who's going to make me?"

There was solid silence.

"What's the matter?" said Johnny. "Are you guys yellow? Are you going to let that windbag get away with this? You aren't going to grovel, are you? You aren't going to take it lying down?"

But what was there to do?

Johnny glanced from face to face. He had a proposal. For guys that weren't chicken. He laid it down. There was a murmur of surprise. There was discussion. The thing seemed fair. But there was beefing this way and that until the bugle sounded Soupee. We had to fall in for chow, but before anybody left Johnny took a vote.

He won. . . .

We scrubbed clothes that night and all of the next day; once Lewis came over and walked among us and we were very industrious. He watched to see if the lesson had done any good, and when he left he seemed pleased. On Thursday there was dress parade. A staff of commissioned officers was in the company street and other units were lining up. The men wore whites and canvas leggings. Company A-4 was, deliberately, the last to begin to form. Tom Lewis was in front of the barracks, his shiny old blues spick-and-span, his cap deep on his head.

"Nothing . . . that I can't give him back double," Johnny had said.

I watched Lewis carefully as the guys came out of the barracks. His battered face, shaved and scrubbed so clean, went utterly blank. He stared with dumb, incredulous wonder. He looked at recruit after recruit. The color left his cheeks. He opened his mouth to yell at us but nothing came out. He didn't know what to do. He was all mixed up. He glanced behind, and saw that the gold-braid officers were too close for him to raise a fuss. It was too late. The parade was ready to start.

What we had done was *rinse* the clothes instead of washing them. Mud was stained into the white cloth of every uniform. It showed in faded brown shadows of streaks and blotches and spots. We were crummy. Our excuse for this was to be that under the pressure hose the mud had been so deeply ground into the cloth that a first washing hadn't taken it all out; and of course there hadn't been time to wash the clothes twice. Lewis had yelled incompetence at us. Now he had something on his hands; he had the crummiest hundred guys in San Diego.

He stood speechless in front of the company. He pretended that nothing at all had occurred. His shoes glistened, and the polished brass buttons on his uniform shone against the sun. We did Squads Right and Column Left. We weren't a bit scared, somehow. We fancied Lewis had brought this upon himself. But when we hit the parade grounds and saw the fine, seasoned companies, in perfect step, in spotless whites, marching against the background of the harbor, warships anchored all up and down it, some of us were sick.

The band was loud and I don't recall any of the maneuvers that day. I remember company front at the reviewing stand. The entire battalion came to a halt and there was a sudden and terrible silence. It was Company A-4 that was directly in front of the staff officers. Excitement rippled up and down the line. A lieutenant moved toward Lewis. The C.P.O. straightened to attention and saluted as the officer arrived.

Every man in A-4 watched Tom Lewis. His back was rigid. "It's entirely my fault, sir."

The lieutenant replied that that was ridiculous. He said we were an arrogant lot and there would be a discussion to decide the proper discipline.

Tom Lewis shook his head. "As long as I'm in charge I couldn't permit it, sir. They're my boys, and I can't see them getting in a jam. Every sailor I've ever trained has gone to the fleet with a clean service record. These fellows couldn't help it about their clothes."

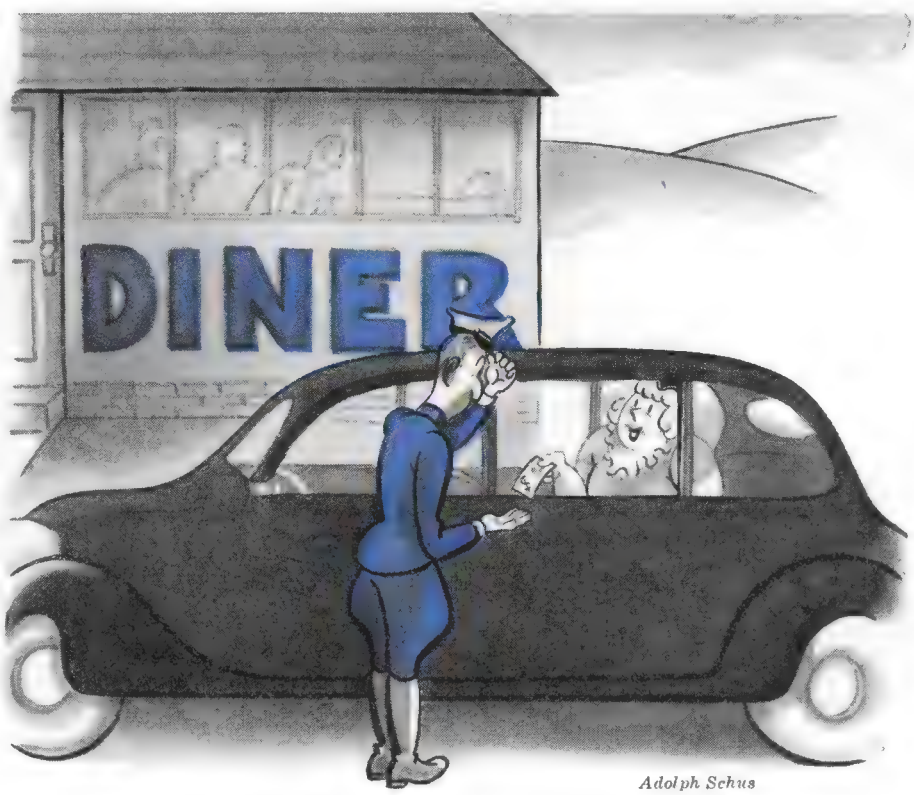
"What do you mean?"

"I made an error in judgment, sir; and I request the right to accept responsibility."

THE lieutenant regarded him for a moment. Tom Lewis had always regimented the crack outfits. He was not a family man, and he was intensely devoted to the efficiency of his cadets. He always possessed the station pennants. It must have been that in order to do this he acted in strange ways; and, that being so, the company was his own business. I don't believe another C.P.O. in the place could have gotten off with the same consideration. The lieutenant said, at last, "Very well," and moved away.

I glanced at Johnny. He was staring at Lewis, and for a moment there was a curious, hurt expression on his face. Then we were marching again. We were taken out of the parade. . . .

Afterward, in the barracks, we stood around gloomily. There had been no elation



Adolph Schus

"Get me a beef sandwich and a glass of milk, Janson . . . and play a dollar's worth of nickels in the slot machine for me"

in the victory. We felt pretty cheap. It was very quiet, and outside we heard the roll of drums and the quick martial music, the call of a bugle. The Navy was out there. The Navy was damn' fine. We felt like deserters. We were stupid misfits wearing crummy uniforms. We were dirty, and empty. . . . A recruit came in.

"Lewis has been asking the commandant something. Now he's on his way over."

I glanced at Johnny. He was sitting down, his hands between his legs. His young face glistened with sweat. I don't know why; I thought of *Liebestraum*. "Maybe the chief's coming for *you*," I said.

Everybody looked at Johnny.

"Nobody lays a hand on me," said Johnny. His voice was tight. "Nobody in the world!"

The door opened and Tom Lewis came in. His face was full of seams, like old bread, but his eyes blazed. He was unbuttoning his tunic. He took it off, and laid his cap aside.

"Come on, Bell," he said. "I've just got permission to trounce the hell out of you."

Johnny rose slowly; he seemed bewildered.

"I ought to warn you," said Lewis, "I fought some in Shanghai."

Johnny found his voice. It was bitter. "I'm laughing at you!" he said.

Lewis nodded toward the back door.

The men piled through the door and outside. A few cadets stood on the second floor and looked down. Some climbed poles. A lot of them stood up on wash racks. Cadets in whites were perched at every point, craning their necks. I was appointed sort of unofficial referee, only there were to be no rounds.

Johnny had shed his jumper and skivie top, and Lewis had taken off his shirt. He was heavy and flabby. He faced Johnny. We could still hear the drums from the parade grounds. Suddenly Tom Lewis waded in. Johnny feinted, grinning impishly. His hands coaxed Lewis on. Lewis was flat on his feet. He was big and lumbering. Johnny let go a quick right to the face. He followed it with a vicious left, and a red welt splashed across Lewis's cheek.

JOHNNY was lithe: there was rhythm in the way he worked. Lewis kept coming after him, and Johnny hit him almost at will. But now Lewis closed in and began belting. Lewis was no boxer. He said he'd fought in the ring, but I couldn't believe it, not even a service ring. But, baby, how he could hit! I sucked for breath. The blows were lashing crisscross. They were solid and brutal. Johnny seemed surprised; then stunned. He kept his guard up; but he was no longer the aggressor.

Lewis's arms were swinging with tremendous force. Johnny lost ground. Then his guard dropped. His defense went to hell. He was beginning to take it. Lewis followed him like a big cat. His left whacked across Johnny's chin. He tried another, and when the shot missed and went over, Lewis ripsawed back, catching Johnny on the jaw with the butt of his elbow. I saw the blood trickle between Johnny's teeth.

The cadets made no sound. There was just the slamming thud of fists and the distant echo of drums. Johnny's legs were springs. For a moment he stood his ground, the legs recoiling every time he was hit. Now he held his head low and ripped into Lewis. I saw the punches in the stomach. I saw Johnny's quick right pummel under Lewis's heart. The C.P.O. was breathing hard,

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Johnny stepped back, as though he expected him to fall. But he got a surprise.

Lewis just followed him, almost blindly. His face was cut, and he was swearing. I could see the old man fighting in an alley in Shanghai with a broken beer bottle in his hand. Johnny knew nothing of this kind of fighting. It was as though he couldn't cope with Lewis. But this was the chief's style—a magnificent navy fury. He fought, the guys said later, like a sailor.

Rights and lefts smashed against Johnny's face. Johnny ducked, clenched; I broke them. Lewis whipped out a crushing left that turned Johnny halfway around; and then he moved in for the kill. It was a neat uppercut. It landed so hard that Lewis's knuckles spurted blood. Johnny went down, still swinging out with leaden arms. But when he hit the dirt his face was gory and he lay still.

Tom Lewis stood there and looked at him, and then glanced up and around at the cadets. He wiped his grisly face of blood, and grinned; he grinned at all of us.

"Better fall to washing clothes, sailors," he said. . . .

PERHAPS you've never heard of Company A-4. There should be some sort of a navy record. The neatest-rolled clothes a bag inspection has ever witnessed. The cleanest barracks in the station. The smartest-drilled company the parade ground has seen. Sharp, immaculate; arms swinging. Precision was the word for us. When they said, "Eyes Left," there were those who claimed they heard our eyes click. These things are but legend.

I remember the Monday morning Johnny arrived back from the sick bay. We looked so damned smug, with the pennants fluttering from the window behind us, that Johnny came into the ranks a little sheepishly. Tom Lewis was bellowing. He said winning pennants didn't mean a thing. Next week we had to be better. He wasn't going to send us out to the fleet half-baked. But his loud voice sounded kind of good.

"Listen, Johnny," I said. "You fooled the rest of them, but not me. I was in there. *I* saw you pull your punches! You stood there and let him beat the hell out of you as long as you could stand it. *Now*, look!"

"Shut up," said Johnny. "For my dough the guy's swell."

COMING SOON—Another of Clarence Budington Kelland's Scattergood Baines stories.

Big scare

(*Continued from page 25*)

of espionage in El Paso, Texas, may be part of a scheme that involves Cleveland, Ohio, and scores of other cities. Each case may be part of a gigantic jigsaw puzzle, which we are working on in every district of the nation. The premature exposure of a spy or saboteur in one place may wreck our whole scheme, and more than once it has interfered with us. Our policy is watching and waiting.

THIS job—of surveillance and delayed action—is being handled today by the best-equipped and best-trained group of law-enforcement bodies in our history. The FBI, the Military Intelligence Division, and the Office of Naval Intelligence all co-operate. Banded together in spirit, a vast force of more than 150,000 local county, state, and federal law-enforcement officers are working on our internal defense problem. If private citizens who suspect subversive activity will report their observations to the proper authorities, we may find that they fortify our work.

As an example of the delicacy of our work, let me give you a case which could have been handled only by well-trained men in co-operative branches of the government. I am taking this case from our files, though discretion forbids the use of actual names or the elaboration of certain details.

Several years ago an attractive woman, whom I shall refer to as Mrs. Noble, entered the United States from a foreign country on a student visa. For two years she attended a New York university and majored in Chinese literature and history. Upon receiving her master's degree she returned to Europe for about six months, then re-entered the United States and resumed her studies. On the surface her conduct was exemplary. We know this, because, from the time of her re-entry, she was under surveillance most of the time. A special agent of the FBI was assigned to live in the same rooming house.

Soon after Mrs. Noble's return to the United States, a man whom I shall call Mr. Strange appeared in New York. His first move was to get in touch with a mechanic employed by a concern manufacturing materials for the Navy. This mechanic, a loyal American citizen, informed the authorities that he had been approached. If the mechanic had taken his story to a hysterical and inexperienced vigilante committee, Mr. Strange might have been frightened away before we had time to explore his contacts and fit them into the jigsaw of the enemy's system in America. As it was, working with the Office of Naval Intelligence, we arranged for the mechanic to continue his meetings with Mr. Strange, who offered him a large sum of money for certain confidential plans.

Special agents of the FBI observed these meetings, at the first of which Mr. Strange paid the mechanic $100 for plans to be delivered in the future. Ultimately the "secret plans" were delivered to Mr. Strange, who was allowed to return to Europe with them. These plans had been prepared especially for him and were utterly worthless. And he had paid heavily to get them, too.

But the point is this: While Mr. Strange waited for the plans, we watched him make contacts with fellow conspirators, among them Mrs. Noble, the university student, who turned out to be an important figure in the spy ring. In the interest of public safety, I cannot disclose more about our discoveries, but by our experience in their case I can give you some idea of what expert surveillance involves.

First of all, it requires well-trained men, and a lot of them. Mr. Strange complicated matters by taking up residence, under various names, in a number of hotels and apartments. For six months we had to watch each of his abodes and keep special agents shuttling between them when he went from one to another. He was not easy to follow, either. He knew all the tricks. In one afternoon and evening the job of "tailing" him required 13 special agents.

On this particular afternoon, Mr. Strange left one of his apartments for what appeared to be a harmless stroll—alone. But he had company—our company. Three times, in his effort to shake off any pursuit, he suddenly darted into restaurants, from the windows of which he could scan the streets, and each time emerged and resumed his stroll. Then he entered a large hotel and for thirteen minutes wandered around, observing everyone closely. When he left the hotel we were still with him, but he was determined to be alone. So he headed for a subway station and circulated through the crowd, letting three trains pass. When the fourth one pulled in, he waited until the automatic doors were about to close and got aboard. As the door slid shut behind him, he turned, pushed it partly open, squeezed out, and jumped to the platform. The door closed, and the train started up before two special agents who had followed him into the car had time to get out.

Knowing that he might try such a ruse, other special agents were waiting on the platform. They were with him when he left the station. He walked a block, entered another subway station, allowed two trains to pass, and boarded the third. Ten minutes later he left the train, boarded another, and rode for a few blocks. When he left the train again, he entered a department store, walked out another entrance, and hailed a taxi. The taxi took him to a street corner near one of his residences. Again he set out on a little stroll. And who should be strolling down the street from the opposite direction but Mrs. Noble! Our agents were present at their informal meeting, and when the two spies sat down at last in a restaurant together over a quiet cup of coffee, special agents were having theirs at a table near by.

WHEN that involved adventure was concluded, another began—a long chase on subways, at the end of which Mr. Strange unwittingly introduced us to another of his keymen, one of many we turned up in this long investigation. *We would not have turned up any at all if we had arrested Mr. Strange at the outset, or if some outsider had sprung the trap.*

Some time ago a large metropolitan newspaper, with the best of intentions, exposed the activities of a representative of a foreign government. The newspaper's accounts of the man's intrigues made exciting reading, but they threw a monkey wrench into our carefully laid plans to thwart his schemes.

We had been investigating this foreign agent for weeks. We knew everything he did, knew who visited him, his line of attack, where he was getting his information. Then came the exposé. He left the country before our work was done. I do not imply that the public should not be fully informed, but spies, like criminals, love publicity when they can be told by print, radio, or the hue and cry of vigilantes that their whereabouts and activities are known.

Before you become hysterical over wild reports circulated these days, consider first the possible motive of the agitators—the fearmongers. Sometimes it is merely the base desire of someone to destroy a business competitor.

NOT long ago we investigated the case of an Italian shoe-repair man, who was being persecuted and ruined by a whispering campaign. Although he was from the old country, he was a good American citizen. The proudest moment of his life was when he took his oath of allegiance and received his citizenship papers. But his business was too good to suit his competitors. They circulated rumors that he was an agent for a foreign government. One report had it that he had become so brazen as to have a swastika painted on his window. But the painting was done by others, who apparently were endeavoring to "smear" his good character. His business declined; his friends avoided him on the street.

Finally the stories reached us. Our agents interviewed persons who had been spreading them. None could substantiate any of the wild tales. When we set them right, and told them where the innuendo had originated, the rumors ceased. But this was no compensation for the poor fellow, who had been not only ruined financially, but disillusioned about the land for which he was ready to bear arms and, if necessary, die.

Sometimes the motives of the fearmongers are traitorous. Communist agitators, who seek to create confusion and unrest among the populations of the so-called "capitalistic democracies" for the purpose, as some of them state it, of turning "imperialist war into civil war," have been responsible for part of the hysteria. Next time you hear a wild story, consider whether it would profit somebody to have you believe it.

On the West Coast a well-organized whispering campaign against the FBI has been going on for months. Here is the way it works: A woman goes into a department store on a sales day, for example, and begins looking at goods, making sure that she is in the midst of a fairly large crowd.

Presently she is greeted by another woman, her confederate, who exclaims, "Why, Bessie, I haven't seen you for weeks! Where on earth have you been?"

"It's good to see you, too," says Bessie gravely. "We've sort of been keeping out of sight, Mary. My husband is a laborer, you know, and we're afraid the FBI will come and take him any day."

Mary, shocked, says, "Why, your husband hasn't done anything, Bessie. I'm surprised to hear you say a thing like that."

"Of course, he hasn't done anything," Bessie says indignantly, "but the FBI is arresting everyone."

Perhaps, if you had overheard the story, as you were supposed to, you would have thought Bessie a victim of delusions. Unfortunately, a lot of persons hear such stories and repeat them. Their faith in their government is undermined, and they undermine the faith of others.

Recently stories of mass arrests have been based on nothing but rumor set afloat to damage public morale. In one city, newspaper headlines announced a spy hunt and the arrest of three spies. Soon a report reached the FBI that special agents in that city had seized 40 employees of an aircraft plant and carried them off in a truck. There was nothing to it, but it was serving somebody's interests to excite the public.

True vigilance these days demands caution by everyone to see that loyal workmen in defense industries, and their families, are not unduly alarmed. There have been literally hundreds of scares which, if considered as a whole, become a serious matter.

Pandemonium broke out in an Eastern airplane factory when an object which appeared to be a bomb with a long fuse was seen rolling on the floor. Workmen dropped their tools and left their jobs on the run. The bomb continued to roll, then bounced against a wall. Nothing happened. It was found that some prankster had merely covered a large rubber ball with black tape and attached a fuse. This knowledge, however, did not cure shattered nerves, and, as a result, one full day of production was lost.

This is no time, of course, to minimize the menace of foreign agents and would-be saboteurs. However, we must be equally vigilant against public jitters and hysteria, which are their allies. No one can afford to withhold from the constituted authorities any information he may possess regarding suspected enemies. But, once he communicates it to the authorities, his job is done, and it is his duty to use the utmost care not to spread damaging rumors.

Many citizens have aided us immeasurably by their reports to us. And we have the invaluable co-operation of the American Legion, Veterans of Foreign Wars, Jewish War Veterans, many splendid women's organizations, civic clubs, and other groups of patriotic citizens. Through such organizations the vigilante spirit can be kept from mobilizing. We of the FBI have no desire to witness a recurrence of the more than 200,000 vigilantes that moved into action in 1917, most of whom were sincere but worked in an atmosphere of almost hopeless confusion.

IT IS well to remember always, I believe, that no man should be suspected simply because he is foreign-born or has a foreign name or accent. Americans, unlike other nationals, are not a race. Americanism is an idea. He who believes in that idea and defends it is an American, regardless of his race. Our national strength lies in unity around the American idea of Democracy.

Just because the chief of the Nazi Foreign Organization has made the wild boast that "a German abroad is today a National Socialist," this does not mean that every person of Germanic descent is a Nazi. On the contrary, the overwhelming majority of persons of German descent in this country are opposed to everything that symbolizes Nazism. The same applies to the loyal Americans of Italian descent.

A friend of mine with a German name, whose family has been American for several generations, told me not long ago that a member of a vigilante committee had called upon him one night to state whether or not he was an admirer of Hitler and an enemy of the community.

Irked by this unwarranted intrusion on his private life, my friend said, "I presume you people are defending something. Just what do you think it is?"

"Democracy and liberty," replied the vigilante.

"Obviously," said my friend, "you do not believe in either. Democracy elects its representatives, who, in turn, select able men to protect the commonwealth. You apparently do not trust your law-enforcement officers, or you wouldn't take it upon yourself, a salesman by profession, to investigate me. And, second, you are violating my personal liberty by your effrontery. Now, I would like to have you leave."

I think there is something to what my friend said.

ARNOLD SPILKA

"Now when I yell 'Go,' catch a fish!"

THE END ★★

"Forget the eeny, meeny, miney, mo!"

MAN: Eh? What's that? Wait till I get this blindfold off! My heavens, a camel!

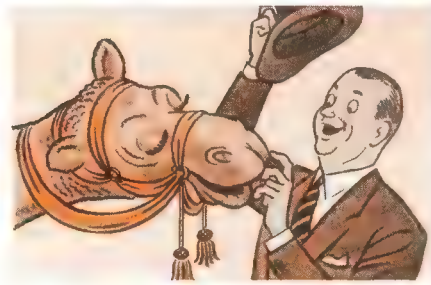
CAMEL: Obviously, sir. But a very wise camel that knows a better method of picking whiskey than that eeny, meeny, miney, mo stuff. In fact, I'm the symbol of one of whiskey's finest qualities.

MAN: Oh, I know. You stand for dryness ... the lack of sweetness that lets the real whiskey flavor reach your taste undistorted!

CAMEL: Sahib, you have the wisdom of Solomon. Why, then, do you hesitate?

MAN: Shucks, I can't afford a really fine, *dry* whiskey.

CAMEL: Mourn not, brother—there *is* such a whiskey of exquisite taste—and *dryness*—and at its modest price—a *buy!* The name is PAUL JONES!



MAN: Say, thanks a lot, pal. I could have used advice like that a long time ago.

CAMEL: Did not the wise man say, "It is never too late to learn?" That's why PAUL JONES' popularity has increased five times in two years!

The very best buy
is the whiskey that's dry

Paul Jones

THE STRAIGHT WHISKIES IN PAUL JONES ARE 4 YEARS OR MORE OLD

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore

in the
American Scene

PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT TOWERS FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

Beany

ROBERT A. BOYER, of Dearborn, Mich., has developed America's first all-plastic automobile body made from soybeans. It's so tough you can't dent it with an ax. Experts say its manufacture will accomplish two important objectives: (1) open up vast new markets to farmers, and (2) release thousands of tons of steel for Uncle Sam's national-defense program. Because Boyer solved the problem of how to "grow" an automobile body instead of "mining" it, the Junior Chamber of Commerce recently voted him the "outstanding young man of the year," and awarded him its Distinguished Service Award. Now only 31 years old, he started work with a staff of kid assistants on the plastic-body problem ten years ago. From start to finish, all the research was done by Boyer and his 25 young Edisons, whose average age is only 24. Their inspiration was the motto Thomas Edison himself scribbled for them during his last visit to the lab in 1930: *If you want to get results, experiment, and Nature will talk to you. Don't experiment with a lead pencil.*

FULL-COLOR PHOTOGRAPH BY SCOTTY WELBOURNE FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

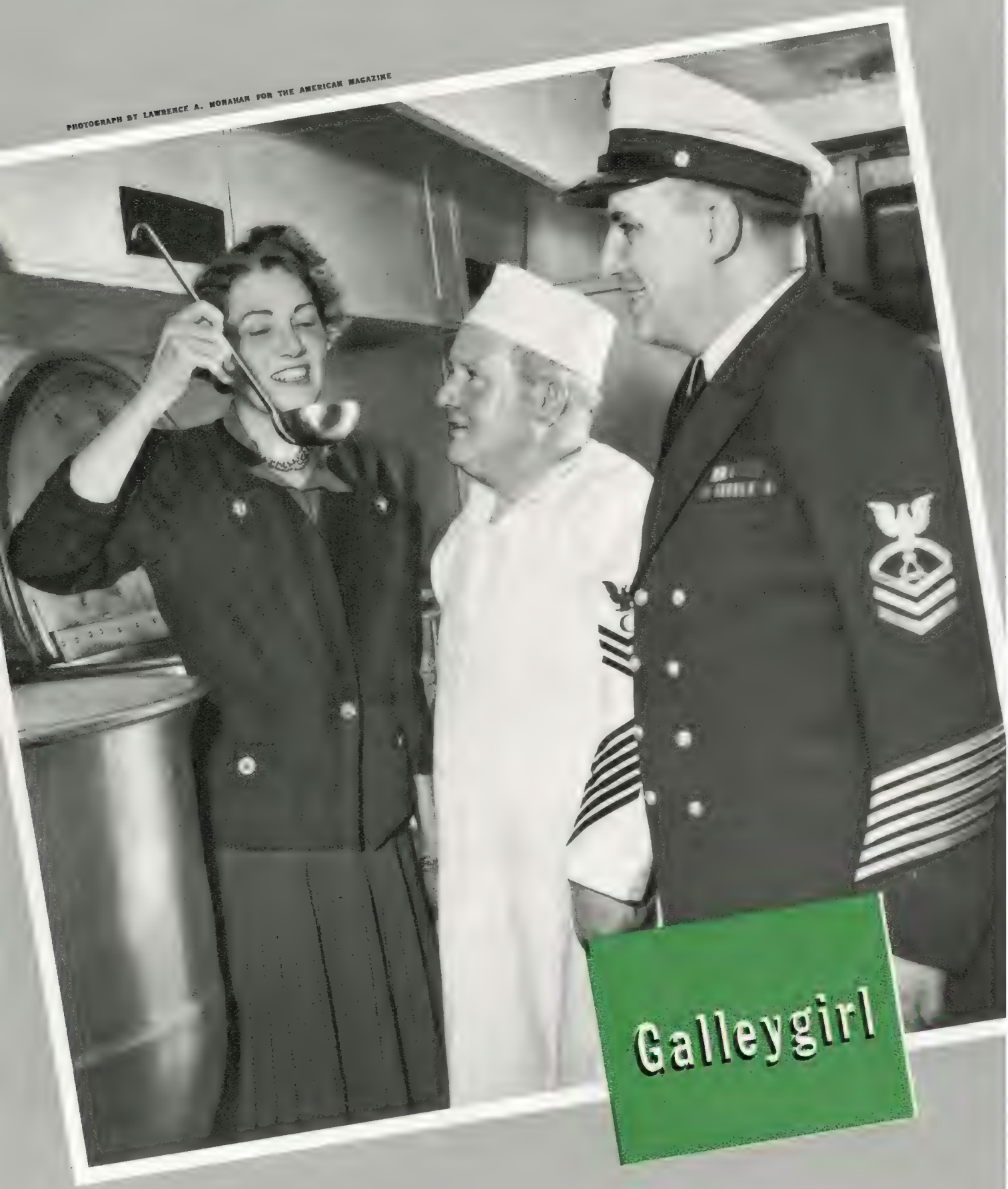
Cousin

MOST ambassadors make speeches, but here's one who makes love—before a movie camera. Mona Maris, newest South American star in Hollywood, is unofficial adviser to the movie makers who want to spread good will among our South American cousins. Keeps them posted on South American customs, so they can avoid offensive boners. Also talks up her home land so persuasively that many other stars are popularizing Uncle Sam by vacationing there. On the screen, she is very, very Latin. Producers claim her torrid love-making is starting a new vogue for the Theda Bara-ish siren roles of the old silent days. A 100 per cent internationalist, daughter of French and Spanish parents, she spent her childhood shuttling between Buenos Aires and Bordeaux, where she studied in a convent. Mona says she's hopelessly jealous, like the sultry sirens she plays in the movies. She has fourteen favorite perfumes—one for each of her changing moods.

PAGE Nero Wolfe! Here's a man who's engaged in what looks like one of the world's most sinister occupations—raising poisonous plants and making them even more deadly than nature intended. But William J. Bonisteel, professor of botany at New York's Fordham University, uses his lethal garden, not to take human lives but to save them. In the 28 plants he raises are such medicinal poisons as digitalis, belladonna, and aconite. Because prices of poison plants, formerly imported from Europe, are soaring, Dr. Bonisteel aims to improve domestic varieties and reduce the costs for hospitals and patients. In the foreground of our picture are 7 types of aconites, and in the background is digitalis, both poisonous plants used in treating heart ailments. The large plant on the right is wolfsbane, mentioned in *Dracula*. One gram of poison extracted from his plants would kill 750 people. Dr. Bonisteel claims he's immune to the touch of vicious plants, particularly poison ivy. For quiet on his farm in Pine Plains, N. Y., he retires to a deck chair he keeps in a poison-ivy patch.

FULL-COLOR PHOTOGRAPH BY BARRETT GALLAGHER FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

MARY BRYAN, of New York, is busy rewriting the Navy's cookbook for the first time in 35 years. Purpose: to provide Uncle Sam with bigger and better-fed sailors. Named chairman of the Cookbook Revision Committee eight months ago, Mrs. Bryan rounded up 19 food experts to chip in menu suggestions, crisscrossed the country picking up new recipes. Then tried them out in galleys and at mess tables on 25 warships. Most popular dishes appear in the streamlined cookbook, to be launched this summer. Added to the menus by popular vote: more fish, more vegetables, half a dozen new ways to cook beans—still the Navy's favorite food. A trained dietitian, Mrs. Bryan served Uncle Sam during World War I. Once, in France, she prepared, singlehanded, 300 dinners. A shell had ripped away half her kitchen, and all her cooks had fled. In the picture she's sampling a Navy cook's favorite soup, while he and the chief commissary steward look on. Did she like it? She certainly did.



PHOTOGRAPH BY LAWRENCE A. MONAHAN FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

Galleygirl

Interesting People in the American Scene

PHOTOGRAPH BY MAXWELL FREDERIC COPLAN FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

Speak Easy

ALFRED DIXON, of New York, is America's foremost accent-axer. His business is to break people of sectional and foreign accents, teaching them to speak good, honest American. Formerly a radio actor, he used to imitate as many as seven different American dialects in one day's broadcasting. If I can create an accent, he thought, why not reverse the rules for others and remove an accent? Has de-accented 4,000 people since he opened shop four years ago. Today he is swamped with frantic appeals from people who want to shed German accents. A patriotic doctor was losing business recently because his thick gutturals convinced hysterical patients he was a Fifth Columnist. Ten weeks with Dixon made him sound like a Bostonian. A girl from Atlanta couldn't land a job as a waitress because employers thought the customers wouldn't understand her Southern drawl. In five weeks Dixon cleared every "you-all" out of her system. Says you hear best American speech in San Francisco. Our picture shows him working with artists' model Timmy Kilner. Her Park Avenue accent sounded too high-hat, so Dixon toned it down to earth. Now she talks just plain American and likes it.

Diamond

HERE'S a gal who could double for any hard-riding, heartbreaking heroine of Western romance. She is Cherrie Osborne, who galloped away with the world's amateur championship at the Madison Square Garden rodeo in New York last fall. Outrode the lady champs of six bronco-busting states, then streaked back to the great open spaces because she was late for school. Just graduated from Arizona State Teachers College, Cherrie is working right now as No. One "cowboy" on her father's Diamond 2 Ranch in Kirkland, Ariz. She's a real chip off the old diamond. Prefers roping and branding calves to prom-trotting any day. Born to ranch life 20 years ago, Cherrie first climbed on a horse when she was three. Competed annually during her teens as the only girl in the Boys' Pony Race at the local rodeo and always copped the blue ribbon. Won all the co-ed prizes in the Inter-Collegiate Rodeo last year, and turned in better performances than most of the men. But, for Cherrie, competition can't hold a candle to real, honest-to-gosh ranching. Raises and breaks her own ponies and rides the range with her own herd of cattle, which bears her personal brand—the "Wineglass."

PHOTOGRAPH BY ESTHER HENDERSON
FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

PHOTOGRAPH BY VALENTINO SARRA FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

Boss

EVERYBODY who works for Otto Eisenschiml, of Chicago, Ill., swears he is the finest boss in America. O. E., as employees call him, runs his vegetable-oil processing company as if it were a big, cheerful family with all the comforts of home, and then some. Each working day starts off genially with a free breakfast served at the office. O. E. always sits at the head of the table and listens sympathetically to any complaints from his 25 workers—usually no more disturbing than a kick about the coffee. In the basement he has fixed up a gameroom, where everyone knocks off for ping-pong or poker when business is slack. The boss supplies his girl employees with books and candy, plus cosmetics and three pairs of stockings a month. Once a year he writes each employee a candid letter telling him just what he doesn't like about him or her. The employee is expected to reply—in kind. Since he started his business, in 1911, O. E. has never cut a salary, never laid anyone off. Understandably, no one has ever quit in a huff or gone out on strike. Going to work for O. E. is like joining an exclusive club. One blackball from any employee keeps you out. But to every prospect he interviews Otto gives $1 for his trouble. Cost him $53 to hire his last new employee, because the first 52 applicants were turned down. O. E. spends his spare time writing history books. Evidently it pays to be a benevolent boss. He insists his business never sees red ink.

NO GREAT artist with a brush ever painted a landscape more artistically than does John Kabel (above), of Dayton, Ohio, with his camera. He is dean of America's nature photographers. In the last 40 years he has sold more than 20,000 lens portraits of native scenery to publishers and private collectors across the country. Here is his secret: While most photographers search for exciting drama, he looks for peace and serenity. He studies the byways rather than the highways of the American scene. Here, in full color, is the cream of Mr. Kabel's latest photographic crop.

At the right, a fisherman stands at peace with the world in a trout stream in Glacier National Park, one of Kabel's favorite photographic haunts. His picture of the most photographed trees in the world—California's famous cypress trees in Carmel—appears on the opposite page. Visiting Carmel this year, he was so charmed with their beauty that he spent two weeks studying them. Finally he hit on this effective composition. Above it is a scene he stumbled on during a jaunt through the Navajo country in New Mexico. When he came on these sheep and goats grazing together on a hummock, Kabel was struck with the Biblical quiet of the scene—a page out of the Old Testament. Feels it's the most peaceful picture he has ever snapped.

Kabel's father taught him a deep love of nature. Every Sunday he was aroused before dawn for a 10-mile tramp through the Ohio woods. When neighbors snickered at his early efforts to paint, he set up a cellar darkroom to try his hand at photography. A few months later he took first prize in a national photographic contest, and promptly quit his job as a printer's devil to free-lance as a photographer. Still uses the same darkroom. Advice to shutterbugs: Use equipment you understand; look for effective angles in obvious settings.

Artist

FULL-COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN KABEL FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

Kiddycop

HERE'S a playground with a purpose. Built by Frend Boals, a Mansfield, Ohio, traffic cop, it has cut in half the number of accidents to Mansfield youngsters in the last four years. It is a miniature village 120 feet square, called Safety Town, where children play safely at safety, and it can be set up on most any playground, complete with model buildings, street crossings, stop signs. and traffic lights. It's been such a hit that 3 other towns have adopted the idea, and 35 more are considering it.

Officer Boals got the idea for Safety Town one day after reading about a little girl who was killed by an automobile on the way to her first day at school. This accident shocked him into the realization that pre-school kids couldn't be taught rules of safety like oldsters. They have to form safe habits, he decided, through play. Why not give them a play town where they could learn all in fun?

Boals constructed the miniature Safety Town buildings himself, painted stop signs, and persuaded a fireman and electrician to build a traffic light, which works on schedule like the real signals. Then he talked the local auto club into giving him 25 foot-pedaled play cars. Mansfield schools welcomed the idea, and when the completed "town" first unloaded at a playground four years ago, kids turned out as though it were circus day.

Since then it has gone the rounds of playgrounds during the summer months, making a two-weeks stand at each. More than 2,000 children from 2½ to 6 have learned safety the Boals way. The pictures on these pages show Safety Town in action.

In addition to practicing safety habits, youngsters memorize a safety rule daily. Samples: "The traffic light is your friend—obey it." "Cross streets at intersections only." Boals's advice to parents for teaching youngsters to be careful is this: "Never say 'Don't.' Kids remember only positive commands."

Though Boals and his wife have no children, he is the idol of Mansfield's youth. Local cases of juvenile delinquency are paroled to him, and not one of his charges has ever been returned to court or broken his parole. On Saturdays you'll find Boals just where you'd expect him to be—in a sand-lot ball game with the kids.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY R. O. RICHARDS

At a busy intersection in Safety Town, Officer Boals (always in uniform) impresses on Mansfield's pre-school tots the meaning of his toy traffic lights. To the drivers in their play cars and the pedestrians crowding the corner it's a game

An assistant shows a little girl how to handle the wheel in a stream of cars rounding a corner, while youngsters on foot learn to wait until the last car has passed before trying to cross. Below: Officer Boals explains the meaning of the stop sign in terms of a Mickey Mouse story-picture

Interesting People in the American Scene

Insigneer

HERE'S the fellow who's drafting Walt Disney's comic menagerie to serve in Uncle Sam's armed forces. Gag-man Roy Williams is assigned to the full-time job of designing martial insignia for Army, Navy, and air units from Alaska to Puerto Rico. With another artist, Hank Porter, he has already turned out 25 eye-catching designs. First one was a comic sketch of a mosquito clinging to a streaking torpedo—obviously for the Navy's new fleet of mosquito boats. For the Alaska Defense Forces they drew a laughing seal, balancing the initials, "ADF," on his nose. For the American Eagle Squadron in England, an eagle wearing boxing gloves. Williams is a flier himself, working for a commercial pilot's license. He fathered many of Disney's best belly-laughs—thought up the magnet-swallowing gag that got that hound Pluto into trouble with a barrel of nails.

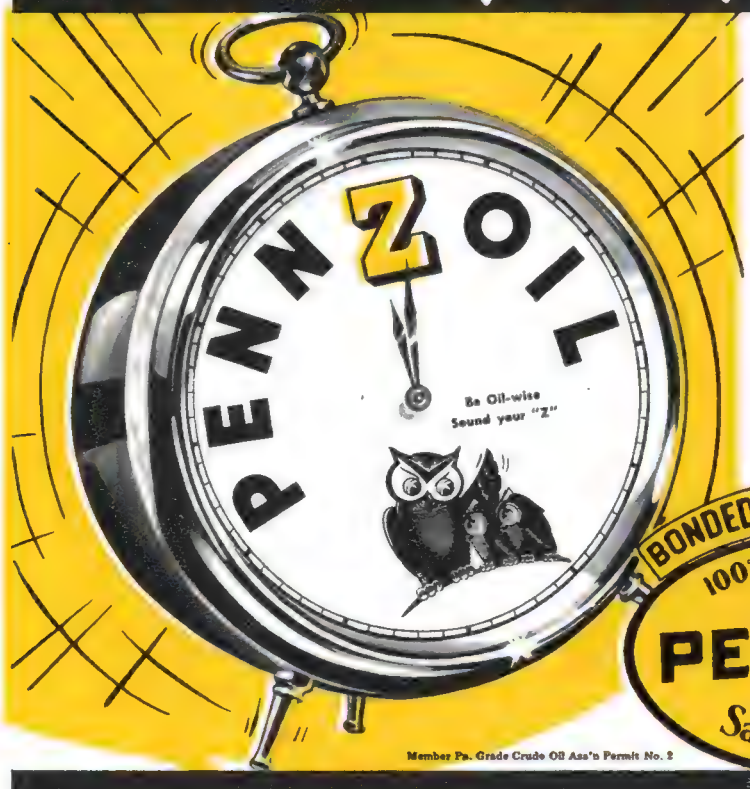
FULL-COLOR PHOTOGRAPH BY CHARLES E. KERLEE FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

FULL-COLOR PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT CRAWFORD FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

HOUSEWIVES often moan they have no opportunity for a career. But here's a girl who started one right in her own kitchen—a sweet little business. A year ago, Joyce Lang Robinson, of Sacramento, Calif., was a disillusioned dress designer. Visited her parents' ranch near San Francisco one week end and, just for the fun of it, whipped up some caramels. Friends found them so toothsome that they talked her into making more for them to buy. Joyce saw a chance to become a candy queen and she took it. In the last ten months she has turned out more than 100,000 pounds and sold them all. Claims to have the nation's largest mail-order candy business, selling direct to thousands of customers in the 48 states. Hobbies are tracking down unusual recipes (she has about 600), and eating her own caramels. The photo shows her cutting a batch of them in her kitchen factory.

Sweetie

Wakes up Lazy Engines!



Auto engines, like people, get fagged out when poisons spread through their systems.

To fight engine poisons—sludge, varnish, grit and water—oil, the lifeblood of an engine, has to be replaced regularly.

It is important to specify a tough-film, clean-running oil that resists these engine poisons. You'll get it when you ask for PennZoil, and be sure to . . .

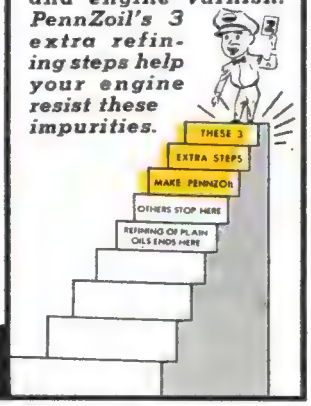
Sound your "Z" for this top PENN STR. VARNISH OIL!

BONDED PENNZOIL DEALER
100% Pure Pennsylvania
PENNZOIL
Safe Lubrication

Member Pa. Grade Crude Oil Ass'n Permit No. 2

STEPS UP ENGINE PEP!

Modern engines have more pep when they are free from sludge and engine varnish. PennZoil's 3 extra refining steps help your engine resist these impurities.



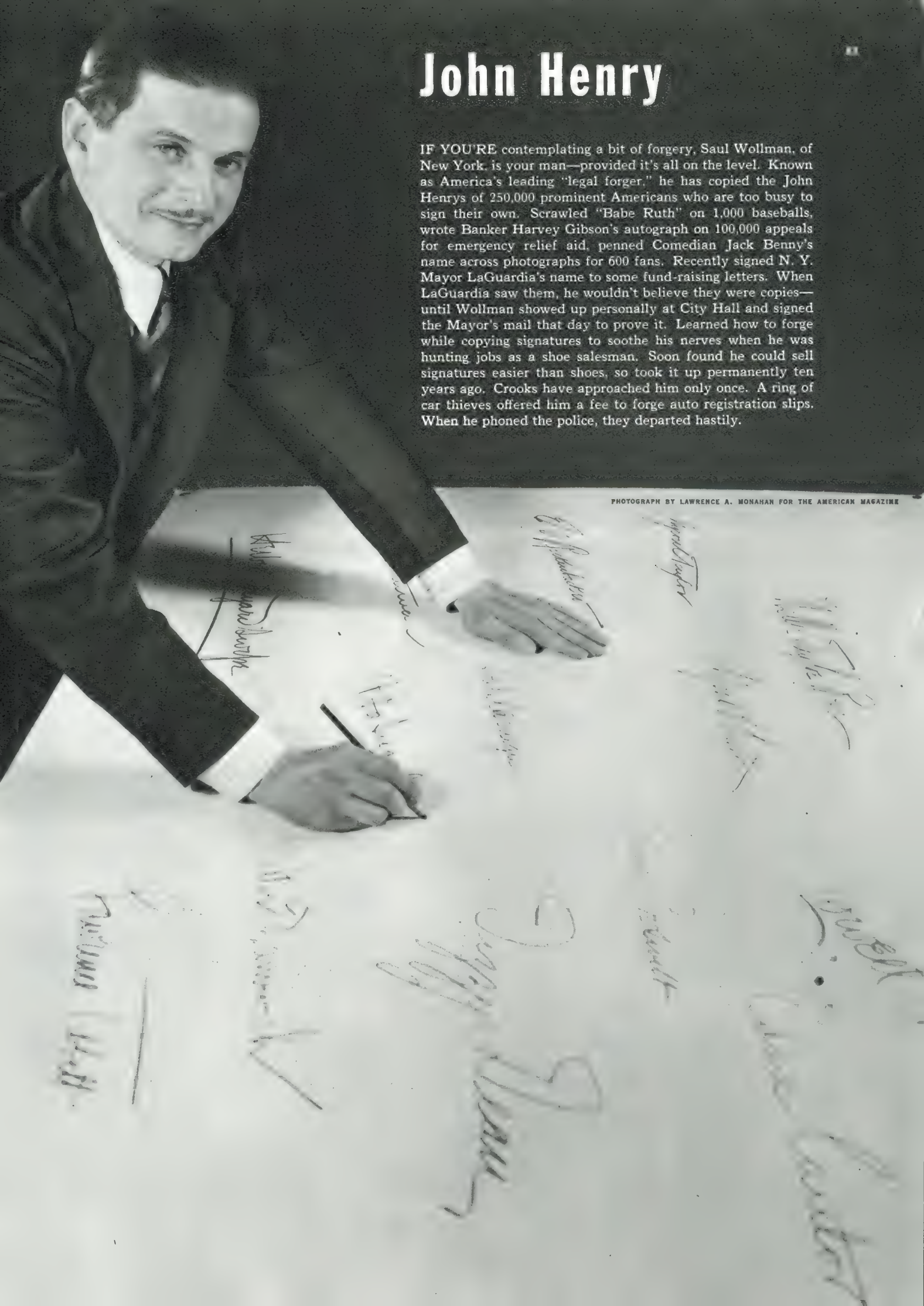
GIVES YOUR ENGINE AN EXTRA MARGIN OF SAFETY

Stenog

DEMURE Patti McCarty sat at her typewriter day after day, typing fan mail for Dorothy Lamour. Patti was trying hard to make good in the overawing atmosphere of Hollywood. Then one day last year some spark of hidden talent in Patti caught the eye of Glenn Ford, the actor. He and Dorothy conspired to talk the girl out of her shyness. They took her places, forced her to meet people. Finally Ford prevailed upon his director to give Patti a screen test. It hit the jack pot. And today Patti is one of Hollywood's most promising starlets. Favorite person is her mother, a seamstress, who supported her from childhood and put her through business college. Pet sport is roller skating. Favorite role so far was in *The Officer and the Lady*. Patti played a stenog.

John Henry

IF YOU'RE contemplating a bit of forgery, Saul Wollman, of New York, is your man—provided it's all on the level. Known as America's leading "legal forger," he has copied the John Henrys of 250,000 prominent Americans who are too busy to sign their own. Scrawled "Babe Ruth" on 1,000 baseballs, wrote Banker Harvey Gibson's autograph on 100,000 appeals for emergency relief aid, penned Comedian Jack Benny's name across photographs for 600 fans. Recently signed N. Y. Mayor LaGuardia's name to some fund-raising letters. When LaGuardia saw them, he wouldn't believe they were copies—until Wollman showed up personally at City Hall and signed the Mayor's mail that day to prove it. Learned how to forge while copying signatures to soothe his nerves when he was hunting jobs as a shoe salesman. Soon found he could sell signatures easier than shoes, so took it up permanently ten years ago. Crooks have approached him only once. A ring of car thieves offered him a fee to forge auto registration slips. When he phoned the police, they departed hastily.



PHOTOGRAPH BY LAWRENCE A. MONAHAN FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

PHOTOGRAPH BY BARRETT GALLAGHER FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

Jumpy

IF YOU think that dancing is a softy's sport, take another look at those bulging muscles of Barton Mumaw, of Eustis, Fla., whose kangaroo-style leaps and twists remind critics of Nijinsky, greatest of all ballet dancers. His training schedule makes you think of Joe Louis. Every morning: four hours of back-breaking exercises, followed by 50 or 60 five-foot leaps into the air. Every afternoon: four more hours of practicing program dances and developing new routines. For relaxation, he chops wood, digs in his vegetable garden. Bored with the pretty, birdlike motions of classic ballet, Mumaw developed his own style, which earned him a nation-wide reputation as America's most virile dancer—"a football player with wings." His dances have ringing titles, like "God of Lightning," "Earth Forces," and "Hellas Triumphant." This picture shows a dramatic instant in his Dyak Spear Dance, a ceremonial rite of the natives of Borneo. To catch the swift action, the photographer used an extraordinarily high-speed lamp developed by Harold E. Edgerton, inventor of the stroboscopic method of photography. This shot was taken in one-thirty-thousandth of a second.

AMERICAN PARADE

WHEN a woman looks at a man she spends most of her time gazing at his tie, collar, and shirt. This is revealed by recent tests conducted by a large Chicago department store, in which a male model was given a quick once-over by feminine customers. During the 16 seconds that the average woman looked at the model, her eyes made four trips over his figure, and seventy-five per cent of that time was spent looking at his head and shoulders.

DON'T be surprised if your sticks of chewing gum hereafter are wrapped in wax instead of metal foil. The new wax wrapper is a step in national defense. More than 500,000 pounds of aluminum, the whole inventory of one chewing-gum manufacturer, is now being made available for defense work. It is estimated that the change will divert enough aluminum to produce 996 airplane wings.

THE old barter system is being given a merry tryout in Anniston, Ala.: The Anniston Electric Company recently offered to trade electrical appliances for livestock and produce. Before the week was over the company had swapped a refrigerator for a horse, a waffle iron for a bulldog, a washing machine for a cow. The traded merchandise was then sold at auction.

ALTHOUGH the number of families in the United States increased about one sixth between 1930 and 1940, the size of the average family decreased from 4.1 persons to 3.8, reports the Census Bureau. This is the biggest drop in 50 years.

GOOD news for the youngsters! The Office of Production Management has placed castor oil on the list of critical priorities needed for defense. It is used as an aviation lubricant.

TALK about reducing diets! Manhattan Island weighs 400,000 tons less since Rockefeller Center was built. The buildings are that much lighter than the soil and rock they replaced.

UNITED STATES rice farmers are being helped by Japan's "new order" in the East. American rice exports are up about 30 per cent, the greater part going to Cuba, whose customary shipments from the Orient have been curtailed.

CLEANLINESS pays. Operation of a potato-washing-and-brushing laundry at Gilcrest, Colo., has resulted in premium prices for the 32 potato farmers of that district.

THE fingernails of the Statue of Liberty weigh 100 pounds each. No lady to get fresh with. GEORGE BIJUR

GENUINE *California Pottery*
INDIVIDUAL
Entree and Salad Plate

Yours for only 25¢
each and 6 labels from Chicken of the Sea Brand Tuna or White Star Tuna

START NOW to build up a set of 4 or more of these unusually beautiful 10-inch "mat white" California Pottery plates; add new glamour to your table! Not sold in stores, they are available *only* to users of these quality tunas . . . America's favorites for 29 years, because only the tender *light* meat is packed. Containing Vitamins "A" and "D" and Iodine, effective preventive of nutritional goiter, it's a healthful, delicious food . . . and an *economical* food . . . any way you serve it.

Get six cans of this famous quality tuna today . . . and serve it often. Your family will *love* it! Some like it *Hot*... some like it *Cold*... but all agree it's "tops" in delicate, flavor-ful goodness.

Send 6 labels, with 25c in cash, M.O., or check (postage stamps not accepted) for each Entree and Salad Plate you wish. Simply write "Send me ____ Entree and Salad Plates" and print your name and address plainly. Send to Van Camp Sea Food Co. Inc., Terminal Island, California.

See outserts on top of tuna cans for other valuable pottery offers

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41

Second Award. By Roy Chamlee, 16, Atlanta, Ga.

drawings on the theme: *What My Community Contributes to the Nation*. The recipients of the three major awards are:

FIRST AWARD—$1,000: Fred Gong, age 18, senior, Lincoln High School, Portland, Ore.; sponsored by Miss Ruth E. Halvorsen.

SECOND AWARD—$500: Roy Chamlee, 16, junior, Boys' High School, Atlanta, Ga.; sponsored by Mr. Paul F. Farmer.

THIRD AWARD—$50: Charlotte Margolis, 18, senior, Roosevelt High School, Dayton, Ohio; sponsored by Miss Caroline Schaeffer. Names of the 675 other recipients of Art Division Awards appear elsewhere in this issue of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE. These include twenty-five $10 awards; one hundred and fifty $5 awards; and five hundred Certificates of Honorable Mention.

Awards for the Article Division of the competition will be announced in the September issue.

First award this year goes to an American-born Chinese boy, to whom art has always been second nature. When he was four years old he started drawing animated pictures of lions, monkeys, dogs, and kittens on the sidewalk in front of his father's barbershop. This unorthodox activity caught the attention of several art teachers, and the boy received some early training at the Portland (Ore.) Art Museum. At the Lincoln High School in Portland, he specialized in art studies, and this year served as art director of the high-school Year Book. He plans to continue his art training in college next fall, although he has not yet selected any particular institution.

THE judges were unanimous in their choice of his entry for first place. A charcoal drawing with thin layers of oil, it captures with remarkable vigor the spirit of the American Northwest and its contributions to the national destiny. Three rugged workers represent the principal industrial activities of the area: lumbering, fishing, and farming. In the background, a dam symbolizes the Northwest's new hydroelectric projects which are tapping nature's energy for the service of mankind. A mine shaft, an ocean-going vessel, and a factory suggest how the inhabitants of the region are working together today for their own and the national welfare. An old-time covered wagon, appearing as a vision on the horizon, makes clear that the pioneer spirit which opened up the Northwest has not been forgotten.

Roy Chamlee, of Atlanta, Ga., recipient of second honors, chose for his theme one of Atlanta's chief contributions to America—Negro education. His tempera painting, reproduced on the opposite page, is a forceful, symbolic representation of the activities of the Negro in the fields of science, art, and music. In an age when racial minorities are being persecuted in other nations, the judges felt that this entry high-lighted the freedom of opportunity which democracy offers all its citizens.

Charlotte Margolis, of Dayton, Ohio, received the third award for her oil painting of a giant four-motored bomber. Holding the plane aloft are two gnarled hands, symbolizing the contribution of Dayton, home of the Wright brothers and site of mammoth Wright Field, to the defense of democracy throughout the world.

The judges for the Art Division of the competition were: Dr. Everett V. Meeks, dean, The School of Fine Arts, Yale University; Norman Rockwell, widely known illustrator, and Albert Lefcourte, art director, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

Like its predecessors, the 1940–41 competition aroused a keen interest in the aims and accomplishments of American democracy among the younger generation from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Art teachers and supervisors have written us that the preparation of entries taught their students a deeper appreciation of their own communities and their functions as vital parts of the American commonwealth of villages, towns, cities, and states.

MORE students devoted themselves to the problem of defense than to any other subject. About one out of every five entries dramatized soldiers and weapons of war, but an equal number pointed out that industry was making vital contributions to the task of defending America.

Most of the entrants chose water colors for their artistic medium, although there were large numbers of oils, pastels, drawings, and photographs.

A total of 7,006 schools registered in this year's competition, 500 more than in the 1939–1940 competition. Following is a list of the 675 additional recipients of Art Division Awards:

ADDITIONAL AMERICAN MAGAZINE YOUTH FORUM ART AWARDS

TEN DOLLARS

Gerald McDonald, Phoenix Union High School, Phoenix, Ariz.
Douglas DeWitt, East Bakersfield High School, Bakersfield, Calif.
Wallace Freeland, Fullerton Union High School, Fullerton, Calif.
Jim Krieg, San Jose High School, San Jose, Calif.
Ginger Gantt, Robert E. Lee High School, Jacksonville, Fla.
Martha Dasher, Technical High School, Miami, Fla.
Alice Crossland, Sullivan High School, Chicago, Ill.
Mary Editha Webster, Cathedral High School, Sioux City, Iowa
Jack Lazar, Northern High School, Flint, Mich.
Eleanor Annis, Maple Rapids High School, Maple Rapids, Mich.
Robert Huck, Flathead County High School, Kalispell, Mont.
Dick Chamberlain, Malta High School, Malta, Mont.
Leon Morgen, Weequahic High School, Newark, N. J.
David Cohen, Bennett High School, Buffalo, N. Y.
Donald E. Nichols, Fosdick-Masten Park High School, Buffalo, N. Y.
Roger Mackin, East Rockaway High School, East Rockaway, N. Y.
Marjorie Freedman, Washington Irving High School, New York, N. Y.
Ben Lindsey Armstrong, Broughton High School, Raleigh, N. C.
Harold Olinger, Roscoe High School, Roscoe, Ohio
Barbara Gill, Central High School, Chattanooga, Tenn.
Robert Mosley, Amarillo Senior High School, Amarillo, Texas
Robert F. Sherertz, Woodrow Wilson High School, Roanoke, Va.
Dick Knapp, Roosevelt High School, Seattle, Wash.
Bill Werrbach, Roosevelt High School, Seattle, Wash.
Jean Neel, Huntington Central High School, Huntington, W. Va.

FIVE DOLLARS

Mary Elizabeth Breidenbach, Ensley High School, Birmingham, Ala.
Juanita Harris, Ensley High School, Birmingham, Ala.
Janie Mitchell, Fort Smith High School, Fort Smith, Ark.
Maxine Carlyle, Beverly Hills High School, Beverly Hills, Calif.
Katherine Gianaclis, Hollywood High School, Hollywood, Calif.
William J. Lucia, Hollywood High School, Hollywood, Calif.
Jewel Beatrice Backes, Jordan High School, Long Beach, Calif.
Logan Fleming, Polytechnic High School, Long Beach, Calif.
Hanako Okamoto, Santa Ana High School, Santa Ana, Calif.
Dorothy Elliott, South Denver High School, Denver, Colo.
Virginia Hutchinson, South Denver High School, Denver, Colo.
Kay M. Hendricks, Merino High School, Merino, Colo.
Leon Carter, Vona High School, Vona, Colo.
James Harris Fannon, The Choate School, Wallingford, Conn.
Judy Merrill, Central High School, Fort Lauderdale, Fla.
Joe Busciglio, Hillsborough High School, Tampa, Fla.
Joe Lombardero, Hillsborough High School, Tampa, Fla.
Hazel Imogene Kinsey, Valdosta High School, Valdosta, Ga.
Chisato Mukai, Hilo High School, Hilo, Hawaii
Kosuke Iizaki, Farrington High School, Honolulu, Hawaii
George Ishida, Farrington High School, Honolulu, Hawaii
Moses Kealamakia, Konawaena High School, Kealakekua, Hawaii
Wayne Parks, Lewiston Senior High School, Lewiston, Idaho
Emily Lou Service, Pocatello Senior High School, Pocatello, Idaho
Donald Gerald Durborow, Alton Senior High School, Alton, Ill.
Duane Cooper, Bloomington High School, Bloomington, Ill.
Colette Lundy, Gregory High School, Chicago, Ill.
Ellis W. Bell, Hyde Park High School, Chicago, Ill.
Rosemary Grundei, The Immaculata High School, Chicago, Ill.
Robert Hedmark, Tilden Technical High School, Chicago, Ill.
Marion Clybourn, Woodruff High School, Peoria, Ill.
Alva Hodson, Woodruff High School, Peoria, Ill.
Marjorie Olson, New Trier Township High School, Winnetka, Ill.
Frances Carter, Central High School, Fort Wayne, Ind.
Edwin Sabotka, Lew Wallace High School, Gary, Ind.
Richard Serafin, George Rogers Clark High School, Hammond, Ind.
Robert Pickering, Ben Davis High School, Indianapolis, Ind.
Richard Swift, Ben Davis High School, Indianapolis, Ind.
Jack Weber, Dubuque Senior High School, Dubuque, Iowa
George Paul, Roosevelt High School, Salina, Kans.
David Johnson, Henry Clay High School, Lexington, Ky.
Carl Ratcliff, Henry Clay High School, Lexington, Ky.
George Hubbuch, Louisville Male High School, Louisville, Ky.
Nell Whitman, L. E. Rabouin Vocational High School, New Orleans, La.
Elizabeth Miller, Westminster High School, Westminster, Md.
Olga Prone, Lawrence High School, Lawrence, Mass.
Adam Todd, Jr., Lawrence High School, Lawrence, Mass.
William C. Parker, New Bedford Vocational School, New Bedford, Mass.
Walter Pasieka, New Bedford Vocational School, New Bedford, Mass.
Stephen Davidek, Northern High School, Flint, Mich.
Dorothy M. Scott, Marine City High School, Marine City, Mich.
Robert Eaton, Pontiac Senior High School, Pontiac, Mich.
Duane Deal, Greenway High School, Coleraine, Minn.
John F. Wallin, South High School, Minneapolis, Minn.
Harvey F. E. Meihack, Shakopee High School, Shakopee, Minn.
Marie Villaret, Starkville Junior High School, Starkville, Miss.
Helen Spackman Ayers, John Burroughs High School, Clayton, St. Louis, Mo.
Lon S. Heuer, John Burroughs High School, Clayton, St. Louis, Mo.
Suzanne Teasdale, John Burroughs High School, Clayton, St. Louis, Mo.
Robert Greco, Hadley Technical High School, St. Louis, Mo.
Gilbert Partegyl, Hadley Technical High School, St. Louis, Mo.
Albert Wade, Hadley Technical High School, St. Louis, Mo.
Alta Allen, Gallatin High School, Bozeman, Mont.
Bill Hagan, Hemingford High School, Hemingford, Nebr.
Chester Sepanak, Bayonne Senior High School, Bayonne, N. J.
Roger Mellion, Belleville High School, Belleville, N. J.
Ray Anderson, Thomas Jefferson High School, Elizabeth, N. J.
Frank Cerillo, Thomas Jefferson High School, Elizabeth, N. J.
Salvatore Militello, Thomas Jefferson High School, Elizabeth, N. J.
Albert Schardien, Thomas Jefferson High School, Elizabeth, N. J.
Frank T. Stanton, Jr., Montclair Academy, Montclair, N. J.
Hamilton Rapicana, Arts High School, Newark, N. J.
Jose C. Herrera, United States Indian School, Santa Fe, N. Mex.
David Keevana, United States Indian School, Santa Fe, N. Mex.
Balardo Neito, United States Indian School, Santa Fe, N. Mex.
Joe A. Quintana, United States Indian School, Santa Fe, N. Mex.
Cipriana Romero, United States Indian School, Santa Fe, N. Mex.
Mary Tyler, Batavia High School, Batavia, N. Y.
Betty Gottlieb, Fosdick-Masten Park High School, Buffalo, N. Y.
Lena M. Badame, Lafayette High School, Buffalo, N. Y.
Jean E. Monblatt, Lafayette High School, Buffalo, N. Y.
Evelyn Saville, Lafayette High School, Buffalo, N. Y.
Esther Sellers, Lafayette High School, Buffalo, N. Y.
Richard H. Williams, Lafayette High School, Buffalo, N. Y.
Shirley Manhart, Henrietta High School, Henrietta, N. Y.
Martin Porter, Lake Placid High School, Lake Placid, N. Y.
Barbara Randel, Julia Richman High School, New York, N. Y.
Frank Mainiero, Rye High School, Rye, N. Y.
George C. Meyer, Jr., McKee Vocational High School, Staten Island, N. Y.
Santo Santangelo, McKee Vocational High School, Staten Island, N. Y.
Rose Donato, Tonowanda High School, Tonowanda, N. Y.
Faye Coursey, West High School, Akron, Ohio
Robert Anderson, Canton Township High School, Canton, Ohio
Nick Balbier, West Technical High School, Cleveland, Ohio
Donald Brenyns, West Technical High School, Cleveland, Ohio
John Lonero, West Technical High School, Cleveland, Ohio
Julius Melinis, West Technical High School, Cleveland, Ohio
Robert Nunney, West Technical High School, Cleveland, Ohio
Marilyn Worrell, Fairview-White High School, Dayton, Ohio
Patricia Ostendorf, Julienne High School, Dayton, Ohio
Richard Ahlman, Mentor High School, Mentor, Ohio
Emil Seman, Rossford High School, Rossford, Ohio
Earle Ramsdall, Jr., Shaker Heights High School, Shaker Heights, Ohio
Lois Hirtzinger, Springfield High School, Springfield, Ohio
Virginia Powell, De Vilbiss High School, Toledo, Ohio
Kay Weller, De Vilbiss High School, Toledo, Ohio
Clarence Simon, Libbey High School, Toledo, Ohio
Joe Swaskee, Macomber Vocational High School, Toledo, Ohio
George Updyke, Macomber Vocational High School, Toledo, Ohio
Louie Wilusz, Macomber Vocational High School, Toledo, Ohio

Eddie Gasiorowski, Woodward High School, Toledo, Ohio
Dan Kozak, Woodward High School, Toledo, Ohio
Mauro Scali, East High School, Youngstown, Ohio
Velma Polley, Woodward High School, Woodward, Okla.
Robert William Campbell, Grant High School, Portland, Ore.
Marvin Mangus, Altoona High School, Altoona, Pa.
Clarence Baker, Bok Vocational High School, Philadelphia, Pa.
Edward Jacobs, Bok Vocational High School, Philadelphia, Pa.
Joseph Sheeran, Bok Vocational High School, Philadelphia, Pa.
Albert Schwab, Overbrook High School, Philadelphia, Pa.
Joseph W. Carroll, St. Joseph's Preparatory School, Philadelphia, Pa.
Seymour Remenick, South Philadelphia High School, Philadelphia, Pa.
Alyce A. Cuddy, Phoenixville Senior High School, Phoenixville, Pa.
Theodore Rosenfeld, Fifth Avenue High School, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Arthur Burns, Schenley High School, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Theodore Stepien, Schenley High School, Pittsburgh, Pa.
James Ponter, Pottsville High School, Pottsville, Pa.
Paul Bennett, South Williamsport Junior-Senior High School, South Williamsport, Pa.
Bruce Smith, South Williamsport Junior-Senior High School, South Williamsport, Pa.
Victor R. Stephen, Hope High School, Providence, R. I.
Benjamin Weiss, Hope High School, Providence, R. I.
Everet Allred, Knoxville High School, Knoxville, Tenn.
Roy Henson, Middleton High School, Middleton, Tenn.
James Finklea, Hull-Daisetta High School, Daisetta, Texas
Carl Jennings Rigney, Thomas Jefferson High School, Port Arthur, Texas
Olden Budwine, Woodrow Wilson Junior High School, Port Arthur, Texas
Demetres Catacalos, San Antonio Vocational and Technical High School, San Antonio, Texas
Ignacio B. Flores, San Antonio Vocational and Technical High School, San Antonio, Texas
Gus Quiroga, San Antonio Vocational and Technical High School, San Antonio, Texas
John Carl Farrell, Talco High School, Talco, Texas
Ray Edvalson, Ogden High School, Ogden, Utah
Elso L. Mattivi, Carbon Senior High School, Price, Utah
Harold Burovec, Chehalis Junior High School, Chehalis, Wash.
Bruce Steffan, Vancouver High School, Vancouver, Wash.
Kathleen Kingston, West High School, Green Bay, Wis.
Jack Tiffany, West Senior High School, Madison, Wis.
Walter Bover, Mercer High School, Mercer, Wis.
Norma Edith Halonen, Superior Central High School, Superior, Wis.
James Francis O'Brien, Superior Central High School, Superior, Wis.
Ellen Stansbery, Hudson High School, Hudson, Wyo.

HONORABLE-MENTION ART AWARDS

Certificates of Honorable Mention have been awarded to the following:

ALABAMA

Joe Braswell, Edgewood Junior High School, Birmingham
Jakie Coplin, Lanett High School, Lanett
Barbara Frommel, Bishop Toolen High School, Mobile
Sara Frances DeMent, Montevallo High School, Montevallo
Helen Gardner, Montevallo High School, Montevallo
Mildred Lovelady, Montevallo High School, Montevallo
Flossie Lucas, Montevallo High School, Montevallo
Jean Rogers, Montevallo High School, Montevallo

ARIZONA

Jeanie Wootton, Buckeye Union High School, Buckeye
Lionel Ballesteros, Clarkdale High School, Clarkdale
Charlene Bisch, Phoenix Union High School, Phoenix
Arthur Reichenberger, St. Mary's Boys' High School, Phoenix

ARKANSAS

Craigton Dunn, Fort Smith Senior High School, Fort Smith
Robert Parker, Star-City High School, Star-City

CALIFORNIA

Jacqueline Banman, East Bakersfield High School, Bakersfield
Betty Harvey, East Bakersfield High School, Bakersfield
Betty Jean Thody, East Bakersfield High School, Bakersfield
Bill Warner, Jr., Kern County Union High School, Bakersfield
Pearl Leach, Dinuba Union High School, Dinuba
Rudolph Ramirez, Edison Technical High School, Fresno
Leonard R. Grassi, Mother of Good Counsel High School, Hollywood
Jim Haener, Inglewood Union High School, Inglewood
Lloyd Austen, John Dewey Vocational High School, Long Beach
Bonnie Hamann, Jordan High School, Long Beach
Juanita Kinslow, Jordan High School, Long Beach
Floranell Peters, Jordan High School, Long Beach
Norman Treon, Jordan High School, Long Beach
Ethel Melvinia Woodman, Jordan High School, Long Beach
Sophia Baglas, Los Gatos Union High School, Los Gatos
Rosemary Muth, Modesto High School, Modesto
Matthew Moore, Mountain View Union High School, Mountain View
Cisco Okada, Mountain View Union High School, Mountain View
Anna May Ball, Napa Union High School, Napa
Glenn Peavey, Sweetwater High School, National City
Gordon Russell, Sweetwater High School, National City
Marilyn Anders, Emerson Junior High School, Pomona
Arthur James Armstrong, San Bernardino Senior High School, San Bernardino
Felipe Contreras, San Bernardino Senior High School, San Bernardino
Jane Corhan, San Bernardino Senior High School, San Bernardino
Leo Estrella, San Bernardino Senior High School, San Bernardino
Dick Ruben, San Bernardino Senior High School, San Bernardino
Lafaye Stites, San Bernardino Senior High School, San Bernardino
Betty Basley, Santa Ana High School, Santa Ana
Mary Danielson, Santa Ana High School, Santa Ana
Kenneth Lloyd, Santa Ana High School, Santa Ana
Bill McGrath, Santa Ana High School, Santa Ana
Robert Clay Penn Minnix, Santa Ana High School, Santa Ana
Bob Perryman, Santa Ana High School, Santa Ana

COLORADO

Robert Vigil, Boone High School, Boone
Betty Ella Geiser, Colorado Springs High School, Colorado Springs
Anita Austin, East High School, Denver
Alice Guerber, East High School, Denver
Lorraine Jensen, East High School, Denver
Carol Wickham, East High School, Denver
Ray Williams, East High School, Denver
Lloyd Giffen, North High School, Denver
Robert De Vries, South High School, Denver
Mary Belle West, South High School, Denver
Gloria Palmer, West High School, Denver
Marijayne Parker, West High School, Denver
Carol Tepfer, Fort Collins High School, Fort Collins
Robert Briggs, Greeley High School, Greeley
Alan Stephens, Greeley High School, Greeley
Helen Unrein, Montrose County High School, Montrose
Betty Jean Ross, Platteville Consolidated High School, Platteville
Joe Filler, Central High School, Pueblo
John R. Sanders, Sterling High School, Sterling

CONNECTICUT

William Hanic, Roger Ludlow High School, Fairfield
Tony Zytka, New Britain Senior High School, New Britain

DELAWARE

William Grimmer, Alexis I. du Pont High School, Wilmington

FLORIDA

Alice Bondy, Bradenton High School, Bradenton
Audrey Aulta Mills, Bradenton High School, Bradenton
Betty Dwiggins, Lakeland High School, Lakeland
Charles Clarke, Out-of-Door School, Sarasota
Frank Pupello, Hillsborough High School, Tampa
Tony Provenzano, Hillsborough High School, Tampa

GEORGIA

Marian Blair, A. L. Miller High School, Macon
Ruth E. Lewis, Moultrie High School, Moultrie
Norma Genevieve Kitchens, Savannah High School, Savannah
John D. Smith, Savannah High School, Savannah
Pierson Stell, Winder High School, Winder

HAWAII

Wilfred Kekoanui, Farrington High School, Honolulu
Judith Stevens, Punahou School, Honolulu
Asahi Moriwaki, Waimea High School, Waimea, Kauai
Masao Okazaki, Waimea High School, Waimea, Kauai

IDAHO

Vida Marie Baugh, Gooding High School, Gooding
Kathryn Borton, Pocatello Senior High School, Pocatello
Willard Kowallis, Pocatello Senior High School, Pocatello
Darrel Garner, Madison High School, Rexburg
Earl Landruc, Spirit Lake High School, Spirit Lake
Vera Babbel, Twin Falls High School, Twin Falls
Ruthann Hayes, Twin Falls High School, Twin Falls

ILLINOIS

Evelyn Armstrong, Bloomington High School, Bloomington
Marilee Gregg, Bloomington High School, Bloomington
Edward McConnell, Bloomington High School, Bloomington
Phyllis Sue Mockert, Bloomington High School, Bloomington
May Robertson, Bloomington High School, Bloomington
May Wegel, Bloomington High School, Bloomington
Helen Lackner, Alvernia High School, Chicago
Adam F. Kasper, Crane Technical High School, Chicago
Anna Pielis, Hyde Park High School, Chicago
Mary Ellen Burke, The Immaculata High School, Chicago
Margaret Drummond, The Immaculata High School, Chicago
Rosemary Eiden, The Immaculata High School, Chicago
Rita Ratschlag, The Immaculata High School, Chicago
Fred Berger, John Marshall High School, Chicago
Irving Mark, John Marshall High School, Chicago
Lenore Marshak, John Marshall High School, Chicago
Alfred Zimentstark, Tilden Technical High School, Chicago
John Herr, East St. Louis High School, East St. Louis
Sulo Arola, Freeport High School, Freeport
Audrey Anne Peterson, Galesburg Senior High School, Galesburg
Carl Kendall, Harrisburg Township High School, Harrisburg
Ruth Long, Central High School, Peoria
Robert Travers, Woodruff High School, Peoria
Robert Rowe, Pittsfield Community High School, Pittsfield
Arlene Klene, Notre Dame High School, Quincy
Jack Boge, Quincy Senior High School, Quincy
LeRoy Harrison, West Senior High School, Rockford
Clyde Saltzgiver, West Senior High School, Rockford
Thomas M. Hoyne, New Trier High School, Winnetka
Warren D. Mackenzie, New Trier High School, Winnetka
Charlotte Wilds, New Trier High School, Winnetka

INDIANA

Richard Riordan, Reitz Memorial High School, Evansville
Bob Cottingham, Central High School, Fort Wayne
Calvin McNutt, Jr., Central High School, Fort Wayne
Margaret Brower, South Side High School, Ft. Wayne
Lester Oppeneander, South Side High School, Ft. Wayne
John Spirios, Froebel High School, Gary
Donald Hawkins, William A. Wirt High School, Gary
Robert MacLeod, William A. Wirt High School, Gary
Robert Seth, George Rogers Clark High School, Hammond
Richard Waicunas, George Rogers Clark High School, Hammond
Mary Zimmerman, George Rogers Clark High School, Hammond
Keith Coghill, Ben Davis High School, Indianapolis
Dale R. Davis, Ben Davis High School, Indianapolis
Herschel Ellis Fullen, Ben Davis High School, Indianapolis
Helen Golay, Ben Davis High School, Indianapolis
Richard Hawley, Ben Davis High School, Indianapolis
Shirley Ruth Morgan, Ben Davis High School, Indianapolis
Gordon Kelly, Richmond Senior High School, Richmond

IOWA

Elmer Kelly, McKinley Senior High School, Cedar Rapids
Helen Navratil, McKinley Senior High School, Cedar Rapids
Thomas S. Pugsley, McKinley Senior High School, Cedar Rapids
Wayne Whitmer, Wilson High School, Cedar Rapids
Lowell Grundmeier, Abraham Lincoln High School, Council Bluffs
Dick Knudson, Abraham Lincoln High School, Council Bluffs
Paul Conrad, Roosevelt High School, Des Moines
Jim Carney, Dubuque Senior High School, Dubuque
Merlin Jungers, Dubuque Senior High School, Dubuque
Donald Trierviele, Dubuque Senior High School, Dubuque
Eileen Uhlrich, Dubuque Senior High School, Dubuque
Eleanor Uhlrich, Dubuque Senior High School, Dubuque
Don Heitzman, Jefferson Junior High School, Dubuque
Jerry Welty, Jefferson Junior High School, Dubuque
James Hayes, Loras Academy, Dubuque
Dorothy Sherman, Central High School, Sioux City
George Buntley, East High School, Sioux City
Shirley Sellon, East High School, Sioux City
Shirley Taintes, East High School, Sioux City
C. C. Van Deusen, Van Horne High School, Van Horne

KANSAS

Joan Justice, Neodesha High School, Neodesha

Kenneth Anderson, Ottawa Senior High School, Ottawa
Roy Goedde, Roosevelt High School, Salina
Bob Hinde, Roosevelt High School, Salina
Patricia Lanahan, Roosevelt High School, Salina
David Markley, Roosevelt High School, Salina
Irwin Rickel, Roosevelt High School, Salina
J. F. Thomas, Roosevelt High School, Salina
Della Woolard, Roosevelt High School, Salina

KENTUCKY

Carl Ratcliff, Henry Clay High School, Lexington
Margaret Reynolds, Henry Clay High School, Lexington
Vincent Clements, Owensboro Senior High School, Owensboro
Bobby Rowe, Owensboro Senior High School, Owensboro
Mary E. Troutman, Owensboro Senior High School, Owensboro
Charles Whitme, Jr., Owensboro Senior High School, Owensboro

LOUISIANA

Walter Davis, St. Paul's College High School, Covington
Sarita Alba, L. E. Rabouin Vocational High School, New Orleans
Hilda Aufdemorte, L. E. Rabouin Vocational High School, New Orleans
Dorothy Druhan, L. E. Rabouin Vocational High School, New Orleans
Denise Freeman, L. E. Rabouin Vocational High School, New Orleans
Betty Hartman, L. E. Rabouin Vocational High School, New Orleans
Shirley Hayden, L. E. Rabouin Vocational High School, New Orleans
Helen Lai, L. E. Rabouin Vocational High School, New Orleans
Elizabeth Lefebvre, L. E. Rabouin Vocational High School, New Orleans
Rosary Marchese, L. E. Rabouin Vocational High School, New Orleans
Ellen Pierre, L. E. Rabouin Vocational High School, New Orleans
Hilda Planchet, L. E. Rabouin Vocational High School, New Orleans
Audrey Sarrat, L. E. Rabouin Vocational High School, New Orleans
Emily Straughan, L. E. Rabouin Vocational High School, New Orleans
Shirley May Kramer, Sophia B. Wright High School, New Orleans
Margaret M. Krause, Sophia B. Wright High School, New Orleans

MAINE

Gardner Hutchins, Fort Fairfield High School, Fort Fairfield

MARYLAND

Charlotte Virginia Garrettson, Aberdeen High School, Aberdeen

MASSACHUSETTS

Wallace J. Satas, Hudson High School, Hudson
Eileen Connolly, New Bedford High School, New Bedford
Alice Languerand, New Bedford High School, New Bedford
Fred Beaumont, New Bedford Vocational High School, New Bedford
Robert Cooper, New Bedford Vocational High School, New Bedford
Forrest Miner, Beal High School, Shrewsbury
Ada Alegi, Taunton High School, Taunton

MICHIGAN

Robert Peter, Adrian Senior High School, Adrian
Elsie Rickerd, Adrian Senior High School, Adrian
Meribah Westcott, Adrian Senior High School, Adrian
Fred Samuelson, Baldwin High School, Birmingham
Betty Pearl, Cass Technical High School, Detroit
Bernice Booker, Beecher High School, Flint
Ellen Hooper, Grosse Ile High School, Grosse Ile
William B. Matthews, Highland Park Senior High School, Highland Park
Gilbert McMickens, Central High School, Kalamazoo
Clyde Channells, Washington Junior High School, Kalamazoo
Ruth West, John D. Pierce High School, Marquette
Arlene Huss, Muskegon Senior High School, Muskegon
Ralph H. Scharf, Jr., Muskegon Senior High School, Muskegon
Edward Young, Pontiac Senior High School, Pontiac
Ruth Pearson, Port Huron High School, Port Huron
Richard Martin, River Rouge High School, River Rouge
Virginia Parkhurst, Royal Oak Senior High School, Royal Oak
Angeline Goodwyn, Arthur Hill High School, Saginaw
Geneva Olmsted, Arthur Hill High School, Saginaw

MINNESOTA

Karin Kallberg, Albert Lea Junior High School, Albert Lea
Bennett Holmen, Washington Junior High School, Fergus Falls
Roy Gjertson, South High School, Minneapolis
Jason Kieffer, Roosevelt High School, Virginia
Richard Kishel, Roosevelt High School, Virginia

MISSOURI

Dorothy Hively, John Burroughs High School, Clayton
Anne Niemeyer, John Burroughs High School, Clayton
Mildred Wallach, Eureka High School, Eureka
Morton Walker, Northeast Senior High School, Kansas City
Ralph Lundberg, Westport High School, Kansas City
Doris Schroder, Westport High School, Kansas City
Wilma Jarnagin, Kirkwood High School, Kirkwood
Thaddeus Suits, Kirkwood High School, Kirkwood
John Grandison Martin, Normandy High School, St. Louis
Russell Todd, Washington Technical High School, St. Louis
Robert Stanley Fadem, University City High School, University City
Galen Erwin, Webb City High School, Webb City
Edna Irwin, Webb City High School, Webb City
Betty Dale Russell, Webb City High School, Webb City

MONTANA

Rose Frankovich, Anaconda High School, Anaconda
Ray Brooks, Gallatin County High School, Bozeman
James Robert Gray, Gallatin County High School, Bozeman
Signe Evenson, Carlyle High School, Carlyle
Harriet Hartse, Carlyle High School, Carlyle
Marjorie Jones, Missoula County High School, Missoula
Dorothy M. Oleyar, Polson High School, Polson

NEBRASKA

Ray Bellows, Blair High School, Blair
Louis Carpentier, Boys' Town High School, Boys' Town
Ruby Cyriacks, Gothenburg High School, Gothenburg
Donna Belle McNeal, Gothenburg High School, Gothenburg
Mary Rist, Wymore High School, Wymore

NEVADA

Hope Bartmess, Reno High School, Reno

NEW HAMPSHIRE

M. McKittrick, St. Mary's-in-the-Mountains, Littleton

NEW JERSEY

Robert Valentino, Belleville High School, Belleville
Virginia Lucht, Cliffside Park Senior High School, Cliffside Park
Richard G. Muller, Cliffside Park Senior High School, Cliffside Park
Frank Cerillo, Thomas Jefferson High School, Elizabeth
Salvatore De Cesare, Thomas Jefferson High School, Elizabeth
Frank Garibaldi, Thomas Jefferson High School, Elizabeth
Jack Sellers, Thomas Jefferson High School, Elizabeth
Benjamin Jones, Jr., Dwight Morrow High School, Englewood
Ellsworth Kelly, Dwight Morrow High School, Englewood
Vernon L. Wood, Frenchtown High School, Frenchtown
James W. McLaine, Manasquan High School, Manasquan

NEW MEXICO

Chester Nez, Gallup Junior High School, Gallup
Max Garcia, Gallup Senior High School, Gallup
Emma Harter, Gallup Senior High School, Gallup
Mary Lee McKim, Gallup Senior High School, Gallup
Gene Lucero, Pecos High School, Pecos
Horacio Romero, Pecos High School, Pecos
J. Paul Francis, Portales High School, Portales
Leo Ortiz, Santa Fe High School, Santa Fe
Timothy Begay, Santa Fe Indian School, Santa Fe
Lucy Cruz, Santa Fe Indian School, Santa Fe
Ignatius Palmer, Santa Fe Indian School, Santa Fe
Eugene Silva, Sante Fe Indian School, Sante Fe

NEW YORK

Richard Heritage, Philip Livingston Junior High School, Albany
Dorothie Branham, Bainbridge Central High School, Bainbridge
Arda Whitacre, Batavia High School, Batavia
Sam Amato, Wellington C. Mepham High School, Bellmore
Dick Hoskins, Binghamton Central High School, Binghamton
Ruby Jaba, Binghamton Central High School, Binghamton
Esther Krauss, St. Joseph's Commercial High School, Brooklyn
David Halvorsen, East High School, Buffalo
Melvin Wistner, East High School, Buffalo
Mary L. Brannstein, Fosdick-Masten Park High School, Buffalo
Irving LaCroix, Fosdick-Masten Park High School, Buffalo
Peggy Rieske, Holy Angels Academy, Buffalo
Sylvia Marie Bailey, Lafayette High School, Buffalo
Marjory Helstrom, Lafayette High School, Buffalo
Helena Joyce Hoffman, Lafayette High School, Buffalo
Douglas Williard McOlive, Jr., Lafayette High School, Buffalo
William Sims, Lafayette High School, Buffalo
Charlotte Loretta Thomas, Lafayette High School, Buffalo
Frank Casullo, Herkimer High School, Herkimer
William Rosenfeld, Herkimer High School, Herkimer
Mary Ellen Dorler, Lincoln Junior High School, Jamestown
June Kellogg, Lincoln Junior High School, Jamestown
Joyce Sheldon, Lincoln Junior High School, Jamestown
Morton Heilig, Long Beach Junior-Senior High School, Long Beach
Leo Storch, Long Beach Junior-Senior High School, Long Beach
Mary R. Koska, Middleburg Central High School, Middleburg
Lois Marie Johnson, Newcomb Central Rural High School, Newcomb
Warren Walton, New Hartford High School, New Hartford
Wallace R. Bretz, Jr., Ripley High School, Ripley
Hallock N. Young, Riverhead High School, Riverhead, Long Island
Hayden Tracy, Nott Terrace High School, Schenectady
Dorothy Delelys, Mynderse Academy, Seneca Falls
Bernard Reding, Griffith Institute, Springville
Jack Romanink, Griffith Institute, Springville
William Bange, McKee Vocational High School, Staten Island
Cedric M. Watson, McKee Vocational High School, Staten Island
Carl W. Lesch, St. Peter's High School, Staten Island
James Griffin, Whitesboro Central High School, Whitesboro
John Lubey, Whitesboro Central High School, Whitesboro
Gregory Lysum, Yonkers High School, Yonkers

NORTH CAROLINA

Stanley Harris, High Point Senior High School, High Point
Laura Ellen McDaniell, Grainger High School, Kinston

NORTH DAKOTA

Philip Frank, Central High School, Devils Lake
Jerrold Isaacson, Central High School, Devils Lake

OHIO

Mary Jane Evans, West High School, Akron
Margaret Josten, Athens High School, Athens
Dorothy Rowekamp, Mother of Mercy Academy, Cincinnati
Gustav Enyedy, John Adams High School, Cleveland
Woodrow Ketchum, John Adams High School, Cleveland

WINNERS OF FIRST THREE ART AWARDS

$1,000
Fred Gong
Lincoln High School
Portland, Ore.

$500
Roy Chamlee
Boys' High School
Atlanta, Ga.

$50
Charlotte Margolis
Roosevelt High School
Dayton, Ohio

Willard Moore, Central Senior High School, Cleveland
Bette Jayne Herman, West High School, Cleveland
Raymond Janos, West High School, Cleveland
Mary Jane Kenney, West High School, Cleveland
Florence Rullo, West High School, Cleveland
Rose Viccarone, West High School, Cleveland
Jane Wilkinson, West High School, Cleveland
Jack Centanni, West Technical High School, Cleveland
Myron Kopacka, West Technical High School, Cleveland
Anne Popovich, West Technical High School, Cleveland
Alan R. Cripe, Fairmont High School, Dayton
Doris Lida Eshbaugh, Fairmont High School, Dayton
Bill Epstein, Oakwood High School, Dayton
Janet McKinney, Oakwood High School, Dayton
JoAnn Rider, Eaton High School, Eaton
Lee Fulton, Leavittsburg High School, Leavittsburg
Robert Albertin, Port Clinton High School, Port Clinton
Clarice L. Dietrich, Port Clinton High School, Port Clinton
Paul M. Molnor, Port Clinton High School, Port Clinton
Tommy Eaton, Roscoe High School, Roscoe
Patty Overholser, Springfield High School, Springfield
Dorothy Frech, De Vilbiss High School, Toledo
Don Cotner, Macomber Vocational High School, Toledo
William Chapman, Macomber Vocational High School, Toledo
Ray Fassler, Macomber Vocational High School, Toledo
George Gahan, Macomber Vocational High School, Toledo
Paul Happ, Macomber Vocational High School, Toledo
Harry Heath, Macomber Vocational High School, Toledo
James Hintz, Macomber Vocational High School, Toledo
Robert Keller, Macomber Vocational High School, Toledo
Jack Kolow, Macomber Vocational High School, Toledo
Ted Leszczynski, Jr., Macomber Vocational High School, Toledo
Deo Lewton, Macomber Vocational High School, Toledo
Barton Moss, Macomber Vocational High School, Toledo
Julius Orosz, Macomber Vocational High School, Toledo
Floyd Walker, Macomber Vocational High School, Toledo
David Wendt, Macomber Vocational High School, Toledo
Warren Williams, Macomber Vocational High School, Toledo
Robert Charles Woeller, Macomber Vocational High School, Toledo
Joe Zuelke, Macomber Vocational High School, Toledo
Eleanor Segur, Scott High School, Toledo
Mary Elizabeth Myers, East Junior High School, Warren
Dona Harris, Warren G. Harding High School, Warren

OKLAHOMA

Maxine Law, Drumright High School, Drumright
Vernon Steffen, Elreno High School, Elreno
Dorothy Friday, Emerson Junior High School, Enid
Robert Henderson, Classen High School, Oklahoma City
Iva Trix Miller, Shattuck High School, Shattuck
Bill Holland, Central High School, Tulsa
Joan Gilmore, Will Rogers High School, Tulsa
Harriet Monroe, Will Rogers High School, Tulsa
Tyler Tennelly, Will Rogers High School, Tulsa
Christina Lou Teten, Woodward Junior High School, Woodward

OREGON

Ira Darrell Otley, Crane Union High School No. 1, Crane
La Verne Erickson, Molalla Union High School, Molalla
Anna Mae Schiedler, Mt. Angel Academy, Mt. Angel

IN FOUR years The American Magazine Youth Forum has become the greatest single organized activity in which the teen-age youth of the nation finds expression.

IN THE 1940-41 competition just closed, 1,600,000 young people participated; 655,-898 completed entries were submitted; 23,507 teachers in 7,006 secondary schools gave their co-operation.

DETAILS of the new and even greater 1941-42 competition will be announced in an early issue.

Maryle Carter, Holy Child Academy, Portland
Patricia McMahan, Holy Child Academy, Portland
Jenelyn Gaston, St. Helen's Hall, Portland

PENNSYLVANIA

Harry Mandell, Altoona High School, Altoona
John Rudy, Altoona High School, Altoona
Romeo Mele, Arnold High School, Arnold
Mary Astorino, Carnegie High School, Carnegie
Priscilla Baird, Penn Hall School, Chambersburg
Robert Dickey, Clarks Summit–Clarks Green Joint High School, Clarks Summit
Mary Fray, Clarks Summit–Clarks Green Joint High School, Clarks Summit
Mollyruth E. Parker, Mount Aloysius Boarding School for Girls, Cresson
Kenneth A. Murray, Dubois High School, Dubois
Max Miller, Penn Junior High School, Greenville
Frank Torok, F. D. Roosevelt High School, Kulpmont
Edward George Kuhn, Matamoras High School, Matamoras
William Bourne, Norristown High School, Norristown
Frank Monastero, Norristown High School, Norristown
Frank Dreger, Bok Vocational High School, Philadelphia
Geesche Bright, Lankenau School, Philadelphia
Rose De Bello, Little Flower Catholic High School, Philadelphia
Ernest Smith, Allegheny High School, Pittsburgh
Reuben Chaitin, Fifth Avenue High School, Pittsburgh
Marguerite Phillips, St. Rosalia High School, Pittsburgh
Willie Chambers, Schenley High School, Pittsburgh
Doris Franz, West View High School, Pittsburgh
Carl Schmidt, Technical High School, Scranton
Harry Billman, South Williamsport High School, South Williamsport
Phyllis Simpson, Swarthmore High School, Swarthmore
Joe Petrick, Sykesville High School, Sykesville
David Mirro, West Pittston Junior High School, West Pittston
Gretchen Wehler, William Penn Senior High School, York

RHODE ISLAND

Donald Arabian, West Warrick Senior High School, West Warrick

SOUTH DAKOTA

Harry Bayne, Deadwood High School, Deadwood
Marietta Haney, Rapid City High School, Rapid City

TENNESSEE

Fritts Thomas, McMinn County High School, Athens
Richard Camp, Central Junior High School, Chattanooga
Mary Anne Rainey, Knoxville High School, Knoxville
Clarence Reeves, Knoxville High School, Knoxville
Frank C. Griffith, Central High School, Murfreesboro

TEXAS

Clarence Kincaid, Central Junior High School, Amarillo
Ruth Williams, Dallas Technical High School, Dallas
Joaquin Saenz, San Felipe High School, Del Rio
Portia Carlson, Edinburg High School, Edinburg
Bertha Mae Lee, Edinburg Senior High School, Edinburg
Leonard Brownlow, El Paso High School, El Paso
Robert Lopez, El Paso Technical Institute, El Paso
Andres Ramirez, El Paso Technical Institute, El Paso
Al Ortiz, St. Patrick's School, El Paso
Russell Byther, Polytechnic High School, Fort Worth
Anita Pickard, Polytechnic High School, Fort Worth
Doris Stroud, Polytechnic High School, Fort Worth
Lois Davis, Horace Mann Junior High School, Goose Creek
Catherine Marie Estes, Monahans High School, Monahans
John J. Scully, Jr., Thomas Jefferson High School, Port Arthur
Gloria Henry, Our Lady of the Lake High School, San Antonio
Ruben A. Sanchez, San Antonio Vocational & Technical High School, San Antonio
Kathleen Tiller, San Marcos Academy, San Marcos
Delburt Durwood Eaves, Vernon High School, Vernon
John Ring, Weslaco High School, Weslaco

UTAH

Karl Gunn, Delta High School, Delta
Theon Kess, Ogden High School, Ogden
Joe Cannariato, Price Junior High School, Price
Chester Bailey, Granite High School, Salt Lake City
Harold Berg, Granite High School, Salt Lake City
Ray Eakle, Granite High School, Salt Lake City

VERMONT

Edward Richards, Rutland High School, Rutland

VIRGINIA

Douglas Bunn, George Washington High School, Danville
Mary Covington, George Washington High School, Danville
Bruce Griffith, George Washington High School, Danville

WASHINGTON

Herbert Ellis, Bothell High School, Bothell
Clifford McLean, Camas High School, Camas
Jens Adolphsen, Chehalis Junior High School, Chehalis
Alice Bogdan, Issaquah High School, Issaquah
Mavis Goldsmith, R. A. Long High School, Longview
Evan Sharer, R. A. Long High School, Longview
Jack Danby, Broadway High School, Seattle
Anne Carlander, Roosevelt High School, Seattle
Kathryn Hoffman, Sunnyside High School, Sunnyside
Roger Downing, Vancouver High School, Vancouver
Irwin Jolliver, Vancouver High School, Vancouver
Mathias Maas, Vancouver High School, Vancouver

WEST VIRGINIA

Paul Clemons, Boyd Junior High School, Charleston
Janice Lenore Cook, Huntington High School, Huntington
Margaret Annette Sawyer, Huntington High School, Huntington
Bobby Lee, Logan Senior High School, Logan
Mary Miller, South Charleston High School, South Charleston

WISCONSIN

Kenneth Frank, Fort Atkinson High School, Fort Atkinson
Jane Craig, West High School, Green Bay
Dolores Martin, Ladysmith High School, Ladysmith
Emil Pratt, Ladysmith High School, Ladysmith
Isaiah Carthron, Jr., Central Junior High School, Madison
Paul Duesler, Central Junior High School, Madison
Clara Kaiser, Central Junior High School, Madison
Raymond Ray, Central Junior High School, Madison
Iona Wheelock, Central Junior High School, Madison
Mary Delwiche, West Senior High School, Madison
Marvin Matranga, West Senior High School, Madison
Robert O'Meara, West Senior High School, Madison
Robert Butler, Lincoln High School, Manitowoc
Walter Lund, Peshtigo High School, Peshtigo
William Abstetar, Central High School, Sheboygan
Stella Anderson, Blaine Junior High School, Superior
Hartwick Hansen, Blaine Junior High School, Superior
Maralyn Holcomb, Blaine Junior High School, Superior
Virginia Meader, Blaine Junior High School, Superior
Floy Jeanne Benson, Superior Central High School, Superior
Marjorie Mae Benson, Superior Central High School, Superior
John Walter Bergman, Superior Central High School, Superior
Carole Marjorie Larsen, Superior Central High School, Superior
Vivian Esther Le Mier, Superior Central High School, Superior
Dorothy Lillian Martin, Superior Central High School, Superior
George Mertes, Superior Central High School, Superior
Anna Mae Murphy, Superior Central High School, Superior
Evelyn Marie Nelson, Superior Central High School, Superior
Mary Georgia Okasl, Superior Central High School, Superior
Eleanor Olson, Superior Central High School, Superior
Frances Myrtle Paquette, Superior Central High School, Superior
Charlotte Eola Smith, Superior Central High School, Superior

WYOMING

Jim Hajuy, Glenrock–Parketon High School, Glenrock

WINNERS OF ARTICLE AWARDS WILL BE ANNOUNCED NEXT MONTH

BEAUTY CONTEST
MISS TEXAS
MISS RHODE ISLAND
Gregory d'Alessio

Hero stuff

(*Continued from page 43*)

draw her away. But there were still the photographers, who were buzzing around her now. She always submitted to them. Mal would have wished it, even without his golden, reckless charm to pose beside her. Mal had liked publicity. She smiled patiently as the clamor of instructions began:

"Now, Mrs. Orde, just a few snaps. Here, with this tree behind you. Look this way, please. Hold it. . . . Again. . . ."

Then one of them said, "How's for a shot with the little girl? That'd be a wow. Just a coupla takes and we'll call it a day. Okay?"

She nodded. Mal would have wanted that, too. Bridget was his daughter, though she did look so exactly like her mother. Bridget was seven years old. She wore her new reefer and the flat sailor hat which sat so firmly on her yellow Dutch-cut hair. She was quite self-possessed.

"Mum," she announced as she approached, "I would like to walk home with Annie, and you go in the car. I can do it, easy."

Mary hesitated, glancing at the nurse. "Come and get your picture taken, first," she temporized. "I don't know about the walk. It's pretty far for your short legs."

"My legs," Bridget corrected, "are long. I asked The Man, and he said so."

"Oh." Her mother smiled and Annie shrugged. They had been hearing about The Man, authoritatively like this, ever since Bridget learned to talk. Mary let it go. She turned her daughter gently toward the cameras. It surprised her a little to find Harry Nichols sticking close beside her. The touch of his shoulder was faintly possessive.

"Harry?" she thought, startled. "Going romantic on me? Heavens!" But she kept smiling.

Suddenly one of the newsmen said, "Hey, little girl! What's the big idea?"

THE little girl, her mother saw in a quick glance, was staring up at Harry, scowling. Her pink tongue protruded as far as it would go. "You go 'way!" she muttered. "You stop coming around us!"

"Bridget!" Mary exclaimed. "Behave!"

She obeyed, and stood docile for the last quick exposures. It was over. The press hurried away.

Mary gave her daughter a small push. "I'm ashamed of you! I don't want such a rude girl in the car with me, so you're to walk home, after all. I think you'll be sorry before you get there." She smiled apologetically at the nurse. "Take the shortest way, Annie."

Annie sighed and murmured, "Yes'm." Bridget gave a pleased, unsubdued hop. "Goody!" She moved away, then glanced back severely at Harry. "You stop coming around my Mum!" she warned. "You better. The Man will get after you!"

Harry glanced at Mary, his face even more florid than usual. "What man?" he asked blankly.

She smiled as she started toward the reserved space where her car was parked.

"The Man," Mary explained, "is just a creature Bridget made up. Years ago, when she was tiny. She talks to him by the hour, and asks his advice about everything. It's a little disconcerting sometimes—like today. I hope you'll forgive her rudeness, Harry."

"Well, of course!" he said heartily. "Poor little fatherless tyke! She's got some image of Mal in her head, probably."

"Perhaps. I've asked, but it's hard to make sense out of what she says."

They were at the car. He had come with her to the ceremony. Now he paused a moment, before helping her in. "Poor little fatherless tyke!" he said again. "Mary, I've been wanting—"

She interrupted by sliding behind the wheel and closing the door. "Harry, could you take a taxi back and let me drive myself? I'd like to be alone for a while. Would you mind awfully?"

He stared, then answered heavily, "Not at all, my dear. Go along, and I'll come to see you later. I quite understand."

Mary sighed as she drove slowly down the avenue toward the street where her big house stood. It wasn't only as a punishment that she had dismissed her daughter just now. The child's antagonism to Harry, coming at the precise moment when she, herself, first felt his ardor, had startled her so that she really did want to be alone, to think about it. Because it wasn't the first time it had happened. There had been other times since Mal's death when she had sensed someone's deepening interest and had shrunk from it. Always—as the thought entered her head, not before—some echo of it seemed to enter Bridget's head, too. She turned upon the startled male, announcing a sudden dislike, just as she had done today.

Mary sighed again. What if small Bridget should some day set herself blindly against the one who did matter? That was the frightening thing. For there was one.

Instantly she was thinking about him. About Bill Dykes, Mal's flying partner. She had met them at the same time, and she had known at once that one of them was meant for her. Not the fair, dazzling one who was growing famous already, but the other, with the shy eyes and the gangling figure. She had waited happily for Bill to propose. He never did. Mal wanted her, and he worshiped Mal with a fervor that drowned out everything else. Mal got her. Why not, if he loved her and Bill didn't?

She had been Mal's wife for four years, hardly ever seeing Bill until the day when they took her to him at the hospital, to hear his tortured story of the crash which killed his friend and spared him. There was an inquiry, of course. He went away immediately afterward, leaving no word. And she had not seen him since.

She drove on, letting the thoughts come. They weren't disloyal to Mal. She had made him a good wife, had his child, been an utterly devoted mother. She was even dutiful as his widow. But the other was her own. No one knew of it.

It didn't surprise her very much when she saw him. He was walking along the outer edge of the pavement, near the curb. He wore a shabby suit and run-over shoes, instead of the good clothes she remembered. Yet she knew his bent, hatless, untidy head instantly, even from the back. Her brakes took hold with a squeal and she swerved in beside him. "Bill! Bill Dykes!"

He looked around. How thin he was! Something like panic came into his brown eyes as they met hers. Then he smiled. "Hello, Mary. I saw you back there in the park, but I didn't want to butt in. How are you?"

She ignored that. "Where have you been, Bill? What have you been doing all this time?"

"Nothing much. Bumming around, seeing the world. I always wanted to, you know. I came in on a tramp steamer last night, and I'm taking another one out in three hours."

Three hours! She kept staring at him, frightened by the small time and the huge things she had to say. She opened the car door. "Get in. I want to talk to you."

He held back. "That boat—" he began.

"I'll take you to it. There's plenty of time for a talk. Please get in, Bill. You can't go off like this!"

Perhaps he really couldn't, for he nodded and slid into the seat beside her. . . .

BRIDGET'S legs were tired. Her new coat felt heavy and the way home seemed very long. She didn't like to say so, but she was glad to see a bench ahead. "Oh, well," she remarked, looking up at Annie as they reached it. "I don't care if you want to sit down and rest. I guess you're kind of tired."

Annie wasn't fooled. She went right on rustling along in her neat white uniform.

"Sure, I'm tired. Both of us is ready to drop. It was you wanted this walk."

"Not me," Bridget said. "The Man."

"You and that Man of yours! It's time you forgot about him, I say!"

"Why?"

"Because you're a big girl now. Big girls don't make people up out of their heads and go around acting like they was real."

"I'm big, all right. Remember those marks Daddy made on the wall? I'm almost up to the top one!"

"Don't I know it? And you still going on about some fey creature! What would a grand, famous hero like your Daddy think of that?"

"He'd think it was all right. He's in heaven, and everything's all right there. The Man says so."

"Does he, now?" Annie frowned. "There! You got me talking like I knew him. It's enough to give a person the creeps!"

"I don't see why. He's nice, The Man is."

"Humph! What's he like? I mean, what d'you think he's like?"

"But, Annie, I've told you and told you!"

"And each time different."

Bridget shook her head. It was hard to explain how The Man had different ways of being wonderful, and yet stayed the same. "He doesn't exactly change," she said slowly. "I just find out more things. Like"—she paused to remember the best things she had found out lately—"well, he's big. He plays in gutters if he wants to. He has an ocean steamship of his own."

"You don't say!"

"I do, too." She looked down at her own bare legs. "And he wears long, black stock-

ings," she went on. "He has a flock of goats."

"No!"

"He has, too. And—and he's very nice to my Mum and me."

"Nice, eh? I suppose it was him told you to be fresh to Mr. Nichols, in the park?"

"Yes. But I wasn't fresh. I only said—"

"You only said he was to go away. Like you said it to the old general last year, and to Mr. Corliss, too! I see what it is now. This Man of yours—he's just your own naughtiness, that's what!"

Bridget blinked. "It's not naughty to tell them to go away. The Man doesn't like them."

Annie looked as though she might burst. "I'm the one to say what's naughty, and we'll leave The Man out of it. The idea, you talking up to your mother's friends! Your poor mother, that's so lonely and needs a good, strong arm! Seems to me she's stood enough, without having one of them nasty, jealous daughters, like in books."

"What's 'jellis'?"

"It's—well, it's bad. It's wanting to keep a person all to yourself, and driving everybody else away from her."

"But The Man—"

"Drat The Man! You want your Mum to turn into a dried-up old woman?"

Bridget gasped. The thought made tears come to her eyes. "Oh, no! I don't want her to turn into anything!"

"Well, you better mend your ways, or she will!"

The gates of home were before them now. They turned in and went up the gravel driveway to the big, white house. Bridget knew her mother had arrived before them, for her car stood at the steps.

Annie bent and took off the stiff sailor hat and fluffed up the damp, straight hair under it. Her hand felt hard but gentle. "There, child," she said again. "Don't mind me. Maybe I'll fix up a little treat for your tea." She lumbered up the steps and into the house.

Bridget stood still. The sun felt good on her bare head. Birds were hopping near the fountain on the lawn. After a while she went and climbed in behind the wheel of her mother's car. It was locked, but you could jiggle things and make believe drive.

It was quite a drive, there before the house. The Man was in the seat beside her. She went fast and far and didn't slow for the corners, but he never protested. They talked.

"Jellis," she reassured him, swinging the wheel hard, "is when I stick out my tongue and get fresh. It's not your fault. You want Mr. Nichols and all those to keep away from my Mum. But that's not jellis. You wouldn't go around turning people into dried-up old women! I'm going to tell Mum you wouldn't. We'll take this drive for about a hundred miles. Then I'll tell her, when we get back."

But it was nice in the sun, on the hot leather, and they stayed there for some time. . . .

MARY ORDE looked at her guest. They were in her sitting-room, cheery with flowers and bright chintz. She sat on the couch, behind the tea table; he perched on the window seat. He was haggard in the strong light and his shoulders drooped. She didn't like the droop. Nothing seemed to affect it.

"But you're a flier, Bill!" she was insisting. "It's your work, just as it was Mal's.

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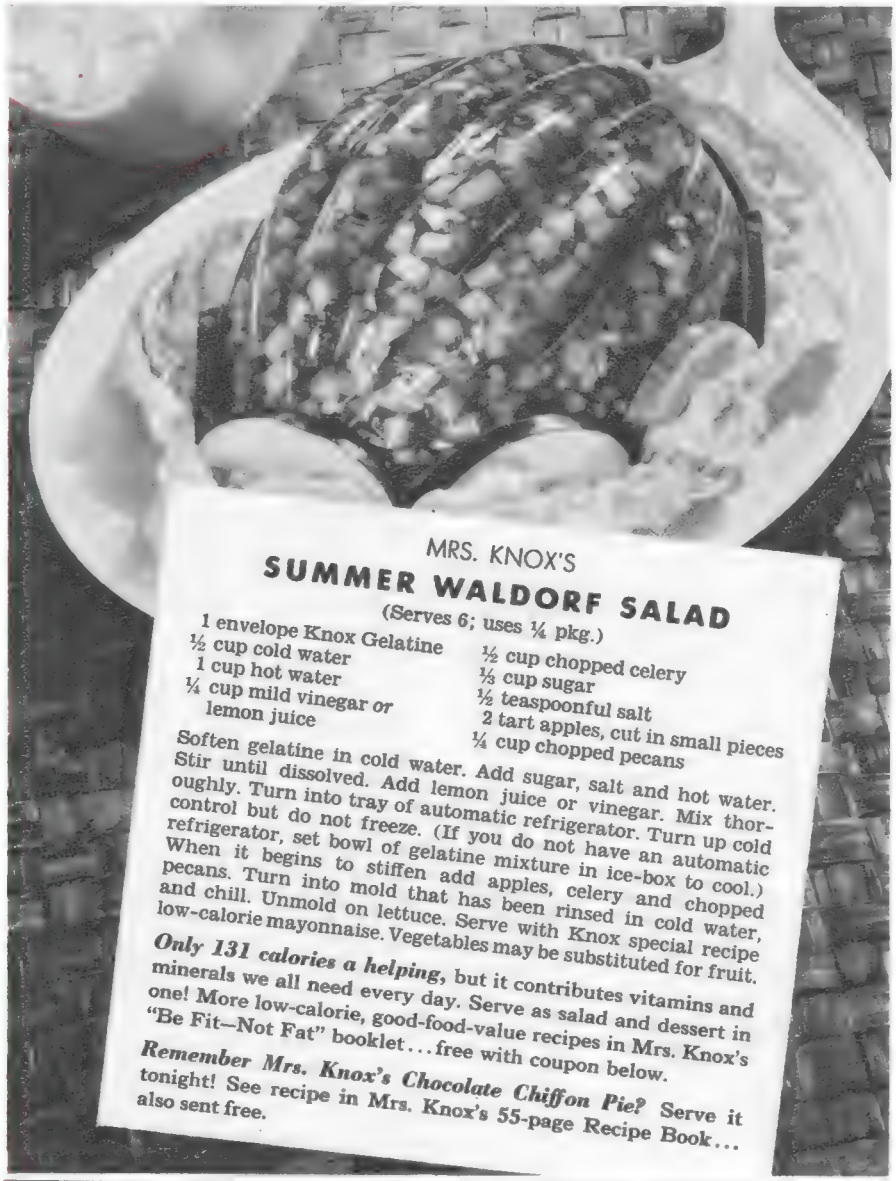

MRS. KNOX'S

SUMMER WALDORF SALAD

(Serves 6; uses ¼ pkg.)

1 envelope Knox Gelatine
½ cup cold water
1 cup hot water
¼ cup mild vinegar *or* lemon juice
½ cup chopped celery
⅓ cup sugar
½ teaspoonful salt
2 tart apples, cut in small pieces
¼ cup chopped pecans

Soften gelatine in cold water. Add sugar, salt and hot water. Stir until dissolved. Add lemon juice or vinegar. Mix thoroughly. Turn into tray of automatic refrigerator. Turn up cold control but do not freeze. (If you do not have an automatic refrigerator, set bowl of gelatine mixture in ice-box to cool.) When it begins to stiffen add apples, celery and chopped pecans. Turn into mold that has been rinsed in cold water, and chill. Unmold on lettuce. Serve with Knox special recipe low-calorie mayonnaise. Vegetables may be substituted for fruit.

Only 131 calories a helping, but it contributes vitamins and minerals we all need every day. Serve as salad and dessert in one! More low-calorie, good-food-value recipes in Mrs. Knox's "Be Fit—Not Fat" booklet . . . free with coupon below.

Remember Mrs. Knox's Chocolate Chiffon Pie? Serve it tonight! See recipe in Mrs. Knox's 55-page Recipe Book . . . also sent free.

HUSBAND FEELING TIRED? ***Maybe He Should Take More Knox!***

MAN: This swell Knox salad makes me forget how tired I am.

WIFE: Perhaps *drinking* Knox would help you *actually feel* less tired!

WIFE: This magazine says when men in tough jobs tried drinking Knox regularly, 2 out of 3 noticed they were less tired.

MAN: How come?

WIFE: Lessened stamina often can result when you don't get enough protein. Drinking Knox is an easy way to get supplemental protein.

MAN: I'll try drinking Knox.

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Name .....

Address .....

You're not a world traveler. You're not"—she paused and brought it out deliberately—"not a bum!"

He did not wince at the word. "A bum is just what I am. Flier, hell! Sure, I could pilot a ship. But I was never more than a kind of glorified grease-monkey for Mal. He had the gift, the—the spark. I'm all washed up with it, now he's gone."

"That's not true," she contradicted. "You could never be washed up with it. You can still come back, even after three years. Why don't you, Bill?"

"You know why. You know what happened."

She met his look without wavering. "I know. But it's no reason. The inquiry cleared you."

"Cleared me!" He sat up straight, pressing his hands between his knees. "I had the stick. I'd just taken over, at a thousand feet. Then the wing tore off and we were in the spin, and I couldn't get her out of it. Next thing I knew, I was alive and Mal was dead—Mal, the greatest guy in the world! Who's going to clear me of that?"

"I am," Mary said.

The pale face jerked toward her. Then he relaxed and smiled faintly. "You're kind. I always knew you'd be kind and generous. But it's no use, Mary. You can't belittle what happened—you, of all people, Mal's wife!"

"I don't belittle it," she answered gravely. "I don't ask you to. I only want you to go on living. I have. I'm not Mal's wife now. I'm his widow."

That did make him wince. "Exactly. He's gone, and I'm left. A lug like me. You must hate the sight of me."

"Oh, stop it!" she cried. It came out shrilly. She could understand his self-reproach, though she didn't like it. But this terrible, stubborn humility set her teeth on edge. "I don't hate the sight of you," she went on more quietly. "I just hate your quitting like this. So would Mal. He didn't go for sentimentality."

"No." He looked away, out of the window. "But there's more to it than that. You don't understand."

MARY put her teacup down and clasped her hands in her lap. She knew what she had to say, though the words were hard to get out: "Maybe I do understand. You're running away from something. It can't be the past, because you take that with you in your head. What is it?"

He did not answer.

She swallowed. "Are you running away from me, Bill?"

Still no answer.

She waited as long as she could. "Have you always been running away from me—ever since Mal and I were married? Is that why you never came here, never talked to me alone if you could help it? Are you afraid of me?"

"Yes!" he burst out. He stood up and faced the window with his back to her. "Damn it, yes! I'm afraid of you because I love you. I always have. I knew it was hopeless. I couldn't compete with Mal, of course. But there it was—me wanting you, me thinking if it wasn't for him I might have had you! What else could I do but stay away, with that on my conscience?"

She tried to answer above the pounding in her head. But he rushed on:

"Do you get it? Do you understand that I sometimes thought, 'If it wasn't for Mal'? really thought it, in words! And then it happened. He's dead. You're a widow. I wished it on my best friend. That's all. Now do you see what keeps me on the move? Now will you let me get started for that boat?"

"No," Mary said. "I'll never let you."

His shoulders hunched up defensively. "Don't!" he begged. "You're kind, but you overdo it."

"I'm not kind. I'm fighting for what I want. I want you to stay here, Bill—with me."

THE bald, difficult words fell between them. He did not move. Then a clear voice floated through the window. "Mum!" it called. "Mu-um!"

Mary would have ignored it, but it sang out again.

Bill stirred. "The kid," he muttered, clearing his throat. "The kid's down there, shouting for you."

He sounded glad of the interruption, and she, herself, wasn't sorry.

Mary leaned through the window. "Yes, dear. What is it?"

"*There* you are!" The round face beamed at sight of her. "I would like to come up and tell you something, Mum."

"Not just now, Biddie. In a little while."

"But The Man wants to tell you, too."

"Ask The Man to wait. It won't be long. I'm sure he won't mind."

"All right." She seemed to speak into the air beside her. "He says it's all right. He says in a little while."

"That's a good girl." Mary drew her head back into the room.

Bill was looking down at Bridget, smiling a little. "She's cute," he murmured. "Why don't you let her come up?"

She couldn't tell him why—that she was afraid of Bridget's clairvoyance, and of her voice saying, "You go 'way!" She said, "I will, later."

"Who's this man she was talking about?"

She explained. She had done it so often that the phrases said themselves: "Imaginary playmate. . . . Out of her own head. . . . Very devoted."

He was still smiling when she finished. "I've heard of kids making things up like that. . . . Look at her! Is she talking to him now?"

Bridget was making motions below them which vaguely suggested driving a car. She was conversing pleasantly as she slid about on the seat. Mary nodded. "Yes. She seems to be taking him for a drive. She never does anything without him."

"Doggone, she *is* cute! I'd like to meet her before I go."

She turned to him quickly, seizing the cue. "Don't go, Bill! Stay!"

He sighed and sat down on the window seat again. He looked up at her. "I know what you're trying to do. I appreciate it. But I'm taking that boat today. There's nothing for me here."

"There's me," she said, like a child. "There's marrying me."

Their eyes held. His were strained, and they opened wider and wider. "What is this? A joke?"

"No."

"But you said 'marry.' You've been married to Mal—to a hero. No one can live up to that. Besides, I just told you—"

"You told me you love me, Bill. . . . I love you, too."

"Mary! Please! I'll buck up, if it means this much to you. Honestly! But not here. Don't make a fool of me! Don't expect me to believe you've grown to love me in a few hours!"

She leaned forward. This was the crucial moment. "Look, Bill. You know Mal was happy with me. You know I never did anything to let him down. He wanted a wife to back him and do him credit and reflect him. I did. . . . But I loved you. From the beginning."

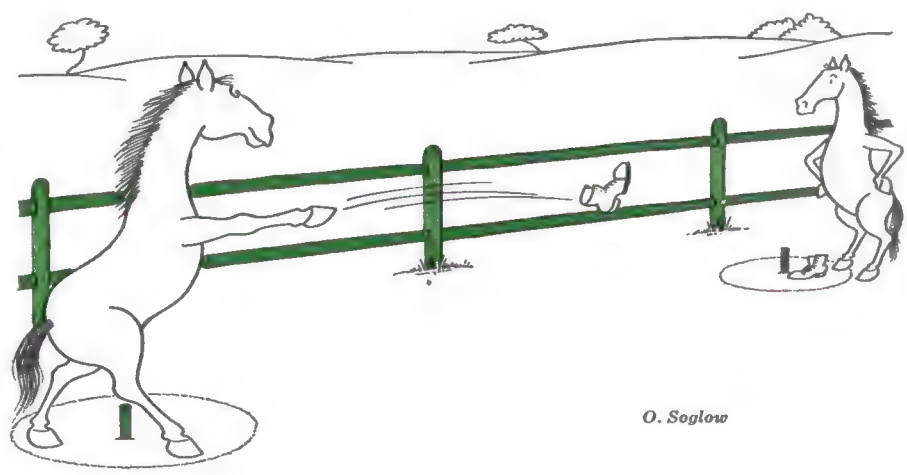
IT WAS out. His silence might mean anything—shock or joy or even anger. She hurried on: "It wasn't disloyal. It didn't take anything away from Mal. Everyone has an inner self that can't be shared, and that was mine. I couldn't help it."

He *was* more erect. He wet his lips. "You never told me!"

"You never asked me. You never even came near me. I was young then, and I had that silly kind of pride. I have a different kind now. You've got to stay here and justify it, Bill!"

She stopped. She thought she had won. He was staring at her, his face growing brighter and harder. For a moment he looked the way he used to, the way he could again. She played her last card: "Mal would want it. He'd want to be proud of you, too."

Bill stood up. His eyes still shone, but the dawning wonder had gone out of them. He crossed the room and stood looking down at the large framed photograph of Mal on the piano. "Yes," he said, staring at the pictured face. "Mal would want to be proud of me. I get it now, and I'll snap out of this tailspin. You're a wonderful woman, Mary.



O. Soglow

You risked everything to wake me up. It worked."

"Worked?" she repeated. "Risked?"

The words, answering her tense effort, made her feel faint. But he was strong now. He nodded crisply.

"I've been a weak sister. I've been in a fog. But I'm out of it now. You knew how to get through it and pull me out. You'll see how grateful I am! You'll see I can stand alone from here on!"

"Alone? And what about me?"

"You're safe. You went the limit to buck me up, and I know you'd have followed through if you had to. But you won't have to."

"I want to follow through. I meant it."

He shook his head. He was still looking at the photograph. "Forget it, my dear. I'm all right now. The greatest guy in the world loved you. I'm glad and proud I love you too, but I know better than to try to fill his shoes. Look!" He held the picture up and turned toward her, smiling. "You can't care for a mug like me, after him. You can't expect me to think so."

It was the smile that defeated her. That, and Mal's too-handsome, too-confident face looking at her. Perhaps it was true that she couldn't care for Bill after him. She wouldn't be allowed to. It was as if the spell of his success, with work, with his friends, and with her, came back to isolate her, even now. She said—but it sounded beaten already, "So you don't believe me. You think I've been lying."

"Not lying. Just giving me a shot in the arm. For Mal's sake."

She could have screamed, "For your sake! I love you!" The hysterical impulse did rise in her throat. But what was the use? She was tired.

Bill came back and stood beside her at the window. "And now," he said gently, "I really must go. But first—couldn't we have the kid in to say hello? I'd like to meet her. I'd like to remember you both when I'm gone."

"All right," she said listlessly.

She leaned out and called Bridget, and saw her start eagerly up the steps to the door. Her feet sounded in the hallway below.

Mary sank down on the window seat. Let the child come. Let her scowl and mutter, "Keep away from my Mum!" Bill would go. He was going anyway, since he loved her but wouldn't let her love him. Let Bridget come. It would hurry him.

"NOT," Bridget was repeating as she climbed the stairs, "not jellis. Not turning people into old women. Just nice. Kindlike. I'll tell her, all right. Don't you worry."

The door of the sitting-room was closed. She pushed the door open and went in. Her mother was sitting at the window, stooped over a little. She went directly toward her. "You don't haf to worry, Mum. It's not the way Annie thinks. It's— Oh!"

She broke off. A tall figure stood there. A deep voice said, "Hello."

"Hello."

She wasn't exactly surprised, though she hadn't quite expected what she saw. He looked big, awfully solid, but not strange. "Well, that's all right, then," she said. "I'm glad if you found out already."

Mum looked blank. "Found out what, Biddie?"

"About not being jellis. About you don't haf to be an old woman. *You* know."

"But I don't know. What are you trying to say?"

"Didn't he tell you? I thought he would. We talked about it and talked about it."

They both stared at her.

"Darling," Mum murmured, "make sense! Didn't who tell me?"

"Him." Bridget nodded at her companion. "The Man."

"The—? *What?*"

"The Man." She turned to him. "You wouldn't turn Mum into a dried-up old woman. Why don't you tell her you wouldn't?"

He made a queer sound in his throat. "Look, kid. You've got me wrong. You don't know me."

"Of course not!" Mum said quickly. "This is Mr. Dykes, Bridget. Say how do you do. You've never met him before."

She glared. "I have too met him. I guess I know The Man, don't I?"

HE SAT down, as if he needed to. He leaned toward her. "What gave you that idea?"

"Nobody gave it to me. I had it. I always had it. Why do you want to act like this? It's crazy!"

"Something is!" He was pale.

Her mother said in a shaking voice, "But Biddie—The Man—you said he keeps goats and sails steamships and things like that. Mr. Dykes is different. Can't you see he's different?"

Bridget stared at them, feeling her face begin to work. It was awful to feel them against her suddenly, the two who had always understood. "No, I can't!" she wailed. "I don't care if he hasn't got his goats with him, or if he doesn't wear his stockings. He's not different. He's The Man! You stop saying he isn't!"

She thought she was going to cry. But he did something that startled her out of it. He turned and caught her mother's two arms and pulled her around to face him on the window seat.

"My God!" he gasped. "Mary! If this is so— Can it be so? Where could she have gotten it? Did you talk about me?"

She looked scared, and happy at the same time. "Never. But I thought. I told you that."

"You told me, and I didn't believe you. But this— Could your thought take shape in her head? How could it?"

"Oh, Bill, don't question it! We're very close, Biddie and I."

"Then it means— Then it was true, what you said. You weren't just trying to jolt me out of it. You do love me—from 'way back?"

"Yes."

"Gosh!" he said. "Oh, my good gosh!"

His face crumpled queerly and he bent his head to hide it. She put her hand on his mussed hair. They sat there like that for a while. They seemed to have forgotten Bridget. She didn't mind. She thought she had never seen her mother look so pretty.

Then it was over. They both turned and looked at her, smiling shakily. Mum slid her hand through his arm. "Darling Biddie!" she said. "Thank goodness, you recognized this person! What would you say if he should stay and live with us, from now on?"

Bridget sighed. It was a foolish question, but it didn't surprise her after everything else. "I wouldn't say anything," she answered sensibly. "He does live with us. He always has."

THE END ★★

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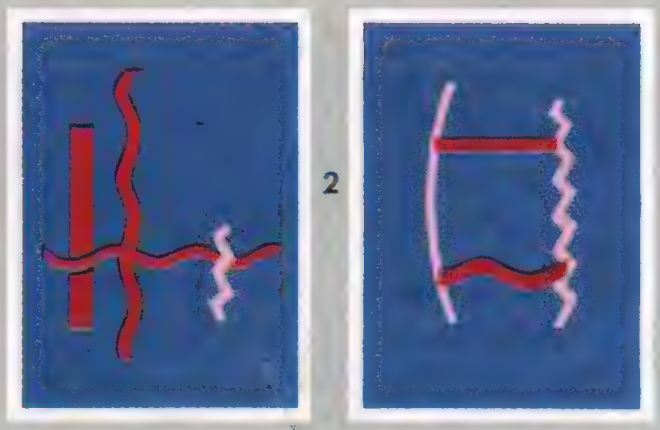

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These designs, arranged as a test by a widely known art authority, will answer the question:

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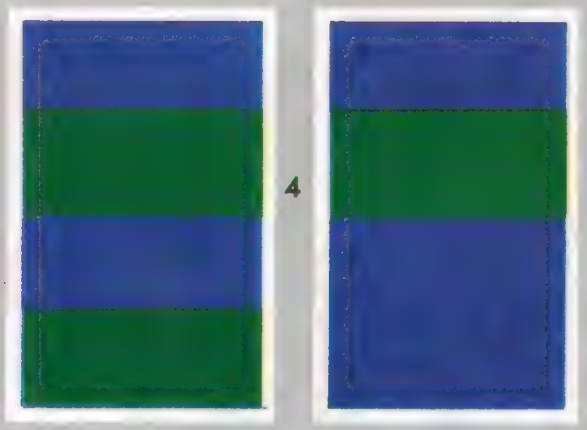
by Maitland Graves



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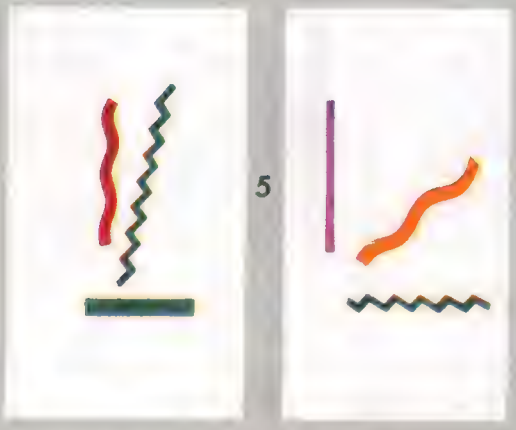

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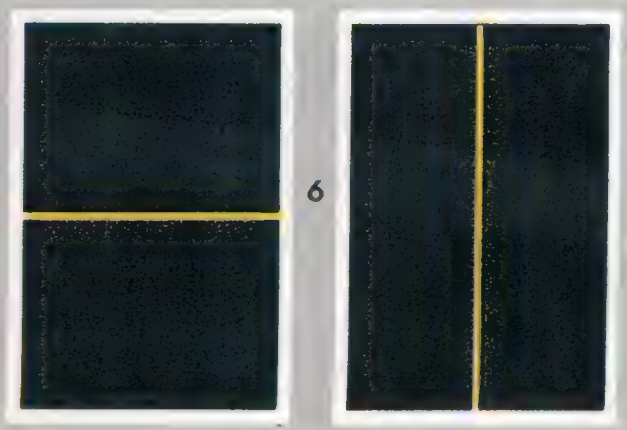

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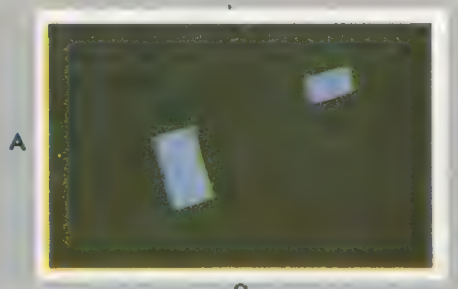
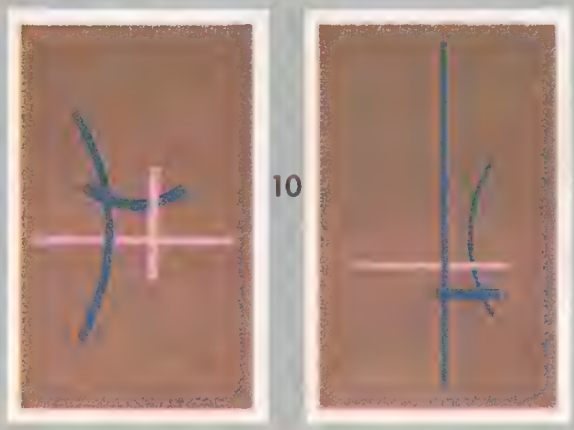
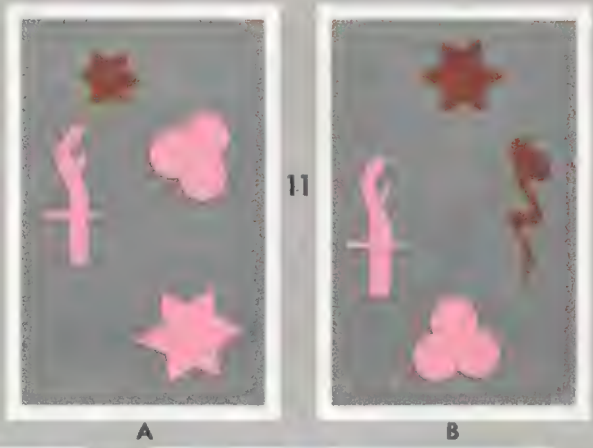


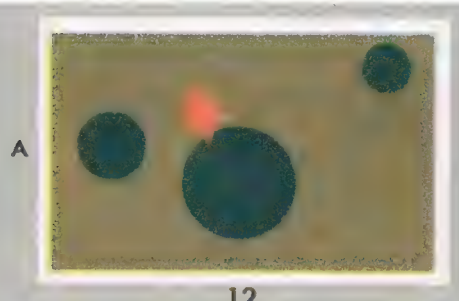
GOOD TASTE is important not only to professional artists, but to all of us who want to make our homes, our offices, our products, or our clothes attractive and appealing. Whenever we pick out a necktie, a new suit or dress, wallpaper for the living-room, or a rug for the upstairs hall, we face a definite problem in color, form, and design. Good taste can add pleasure and beauty to the everyday business of living.

Here is a test that will enable you to determine for yourself to what degree you are gifted with good taste. On these pages are 14 pairs of designs. Study each pair carefully and check the one, A or B, that appeals to you. Don't be too analytical about it. Just pick the one in each pair that strikes you as more unified, better balanced, or more appealing than its mate. Then turn to page 125, where you will find the correct answers and the method of scoring yourself.

These odd designs were chosen because they resemble nothing on earth and, therefore, can awaken no prejudicial associations in your mind. The validity of this test as an index to good taste has been substantiated by surveys in art schools throughout the country. A group of widely known interior decorators and architects averaged a score of 13 out of 14 correct, or about 93 per cent







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The romantic blighter

(*Continued from page 28*)

his breath was loud and panting in the quiet room.

Ernestine did not speak. All fear and excitement had vanished for the moment. Her hands were sure and steady as she poured water from the kettle into a basin. She went swiftly into the bedroom and returned with an old sheet and a bottle of iodine.

She worked rapidly, washing the smeared face and the deep gash on the head. She caught up a pair of scissors and clipped the hair around the wound. The blond boy did not flinch as she swabbed the wound with iodine. The only sound he made was the long hiss of his indrawn breath.

As she worked, she asked, "The four explosions. What were they? How did you come to St. Ouer?"

The blond boy chuckled thickly. "Forty of us came across on a bally little trawler. Made a raid on those blasted Big Berthas. Blew them higher than the stratosphere with dynamite. A few of the gang got back to the trawler. Most of us stayed here. But we made it a beautiful show."

He drank the glass of wine she gave him and got unsteadily to his feet. "Be on my way now before I get you in trouble. Got to find a chap. Maybe you know him—a dark bloke?"

SHE heard it before he did, and touched his arm, with a low-voiced, "Hush!"

The marching feet were coming back along the road from the beach. Everywhere, Ernestine knew, the feet of the conquerors would be marching, looking for any who, like the blond boy, might have been left behind. She watched him as he swayed on his feet, one hand at the pistol butt protruding from his holster. "Damned stupid of me, mademoiselle. Shouldn't have barged in and got you into this mess."

Ernestine whisked up the sheet, scissors, and iodine and stuffed them in a cabinet drawer; then she took the basin and pushed it far under the stove. She caught the boy's arm. "This way," she said crisply. Again she surprised herself by her own coolness.

She steadied him as he stumbled forward, and helped him through the bedroom to the tiny chamber beyond. In the room he collapsed. It took all her strength to guide his fall to the cot in the corner.

She halted as she came back through the bedroom. Tante Denise's eyes were open, questioning mutely. Their gaze traveled from Ernestine to the door of the inner chamber, then past Ernestine to the kitchen and beyond. It was as if Tante Denise were trying to warn her.

"It is all right," Ernestine said softly.

She was back in the kitchen when the imperative knock sounded again at the door. Von Hausen stepped into the kitchen as she opened the door. Two soldiers filed in behind him and stood rigidly at attention, their faces as wooden and expressionless as automatons. Von Hausen stood with the same stiff rigidity. Only his eyes were alive with that cold, thwarted rage. It edged his voice as he said, "Your pardon, Fräulein. This time I must search."

He stared at the door on the far side of the room. "That door, Fräulein?"

"It leads to the upper chambers. None of them is used now." Her voice was cool and level.

Von Hausen barked harsh gutturals at the two soldiers. They went through the door, their heavy boots clumping hollowly on the stairs.

Von Hausen's voice was full of cold suspicion: "You are up late tonight, Fräulein. It is unusual."

Ernestine drew a deep breath. "The noise," she said quickly. "Tante Denise—"

Von Hausen watched her silently.

THE feet of the soldiers thudded down the stairs into the room. The rifle butts thumped on the floor as they went stiffly into their rigid pose of empty attention.

Von Hausen glanced toward the door of Tante Denise's room. "I am sorry, Fräulein. But I must insist."

Ernestine could see the face of the boy on the cot in the inner chamber. She wondered who would care for Tante Denise when the soldiers had marched her away.

Her heart gave a cold lurch as the door of the bedroom swung slowly open. She clasped a hand across her lips to stifle a scream. Von Hausen stiffened. He barked a command, and the rifles leaped to a level with a metallic click. Then she froze, unbelieving, empty of all save devastating surprise as the scream came, shrill and high.

Tante Denise stood in the door, thin and wraithlike in the long, white cotton nightgown. Her eyes were open, dark and terrible in their fixity. Her lips moved but no sound came forth. She moved stiffly, three steps into the room, then swayed, her eyes closing.

Ernestine rushed forward, arms outstretched, in a fruitless effort to catch her as she fell. Failing, she dropped on her knees beside Tante Denise. She was cold as ice inside, cold with utter terror. The wail of her grief was passionately credible, even if she felt, not grief, but vast relief.

Struggling to her feet, she tried to lift Tante Denise. Von Hausen's gesture was customarily brusque as he pushed her to one side and picked up the old woman. Ernestine helped him put Tante Denise in the bed. Her shoulders were shaking with sobs. It was easier now to act. Terror was driving, with the door to the inner chamber so close.

She looked down at Tante Denise. The eyelids were grayer than ever. The closed lips were blue. "The doctor," she gasped. "I must have a doctor."

Von Hausen kept his eyes on Tante Denise, as he said, "It is the priest you need now, Fräulein." He saluted stiffly, backing out of the room. He seemed to have forgotten for the moment the object of his entry. "I will send the priest from the village."

After he had gone, she stood, trembling. Von Hausen was right. It was the priest who was needed now. Yet, exultant wonderment filled Ernestine. Before Tante Denise's life was completely extinguished she had risen and made one triumphant gesture.

She opened the door and glanced into the inner chamber. The blond boy was lying as she had left him. But his breathing was louder now. As she watched, he stared and muttered incoherently. Softly she closed the door and went back into the kitchen.

A little later she opened the door for the priest. He came in silently, a tall, gaunt man with somber eyes and a patient mouth. She followed him into the bedroom and stood with bowed head, eyes closed, as he intoned the Latin phrases above the dead.

Her head came up swiftly at the change in his voice as he spoke to her: "Daughter, should you be forced to go, do not fear. Your aunt will be laid to rest by those who knew and loved her."

He did not glance at the door of the inner chamber as he spoke. His deep-set, somber eyes did not change. Yet Ernestine knew that he knew. He knew, as the men of St. Ouer knew, all the strange and hidden things that went on beneath the dead and frozen surface of France.

"There is one," he said hollowly, "who can help you. Go to the blackberry thicket and you will find him." He paused at the door and made the sign of the cross. "The Boche will return to the house, daughter. You must not be here. You must not return. For these things will be known to them by morning."

Her hands did not tremble as she pulled the sheet gently over the still face. Then she picked up the candle and went into the inner chamber.

THE blond soldier was sitting up on the edge of the cot. He lifted his face from his hands and said shakily, "I drew a blank just when I was most needed. What happened?"

"Von Hausen has gone," she said steadily. "Now we must go before he returns. He suspects."

She removed a heavy coat from a hook, blew out the light in the kitchen before she opened the door to leave the house. She walked steadily away from the house, the fog closing about them.

Neither of them saw the German soldier until he loomed hugely before them. The bayonet point was at the breast of the blond boy as he barked his low-voiced, "Halt!"

She felt the man beside her stiffen. It was she who now swayed and caught at his arm for support. Her heart was pounding, her throat was suffocatingly full. Then she, too, stiffened. There was a blur of movement beyond the soldier—a blur as vague and formless as a segment of the fog. It came closer, became a form that moved soundlessly.

The form was at the German soldier's back before he was aware of it. The soldier whirled, a yell rising to his lips. The yell became a choked gurgle as the man behind him struck with something that glittered eerily in the fog. To their right in the direction of the

road someone yelled hoarsely in quick alarm.

The man who struck the soldier whispered, "It's run for it now. This way."

No word was spoken until they reached the blackberry thicket. Far beyond them feet were pounding along the road and across the field. The dark man—she knew surely that it was he—said, as he pulled the brambles aside, "After me. And don't yelp if the brambles scratch you."

On hands and knees Ernestine followed, the brambles tearing at her clothes like live fingers that would hold her back. Then she felt the grip of hard fingers on her arm and heard a voice that hissed, "Pop through that hole and down. Watch your head, and there are eight steps."

She heard the soft thud of the closing trap door. A match scratched beside her, and in its tiny flame she saw the face of the dark man, hard and lean. His eyes glittered like gun metal in the match flame. He touched the match to a candle, and slow light grew in the darkness, showing her the extent of the dugout—no more than eight feet square. There was a pair of folded blankets in one corner, a bed of sacking, an upturned box on which the dark man was fixing the lighted candle.

THE dark man eased the blond boy down on the bed of sacking. The boy's face was grayish white now. He closed his eyes and lolled back against the wall, his lips almost as gray as his face. The dark man took a flask from his pocket and held it to the blond boy's lips. The boy drank, and murmured something. But his eyes remained closed.

Squatting on his heels, the dark man smiled tautly. "He'll be all right." He glanced sideways. "If those swine don't step on that trap door."

The smile became wider and more ironical as he turned it on Ernestine. "It's a great game. Day after day I've sat down here, with those blighters tramping around over my head. Once they step on that trap door and get the hollow thump it gives, this is no more a hide-out. So far they have missed it."

His smile became real and warm. Ernestine felt strengthened and steadied by it. He wasn't afraid. She was of the opinion that anyone who was with him would not be afraid, no matter what the odds.

He went on, almost casually, "It was a nice show; one of the nicest. Fritzie is going to miss those four guns. He's going to miss a lot more before he's through." His manner became suddenly direct and challenging. "You've shown a lot of nerve, mademoiselle. I've often thought, watching you when you didn't know I was around, that you had courage. Now I know I was right. You're going to need it all tonight."

"You have courage," Ernestine said softly. "As for me, there was nothing else for me to do."

He stood up abruptly, and half turned as heavy feet thudded close overhead. He seemed to hold his breath for a long moment. Then he smiled again, easily. He looked down at Ernestine. "I'm leaving you, Mademoiselle Marianne. There are things to arrange if you and the boy are to get out of this with a whole skin. Keep the chin up while I'm gone."

With the going of the dark man, the blond boy seemed to pull himself together briefly. He grinned crookedly and squinted across the dugout entrance. "A romantic blighter," he said thickly. "A bally Scarlet Pimpernel in the flesh. Regular ferry service across the

SHE'S not ashamed of her FALSE TEETH SMILE

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channel for escaped prisoners, and that sort of thing. Got old Fritzie all of a dither trying to catch him these many months."

Ernestine crossed the dugout and sat beside him. He caught her hand and lolled against the wall. His voice became thick and broken again: "He called you *Marianne*. Good old Marianne. Good old France." He sagged a little. "Going to slip out again. Catch forty winks. Right as rain presently."

For what seemed endless hours Ernestine crouched beside him. Once her heart froze and her pulses slowed as heavy feet thumped near by, dull and distant. She waited breathlessly for the hollow thump of feet on the trap door, knowing that it would be the signal for the end of all things. She did not dare allow herself to think, to wonder what she would do should the dark man not return, should he be caught. She felt cold and dead, and aloof from all life, as all France was now. The dark man had called her *Marianne*. It meant little. France was so helpless and paralyzed.

The stir of movement at the dugout entrance stiffened her. She held her breath. But she was not afraid. No Nazi would enter in such a fashion.

She smiled at the dark man as he said, "Good girl."

HE GLANCED at the blond boy, and his lips thinned out. Squatting down beside him, he shook the boy's shoulder. The boy's eyes were feverishly bright. They were out of focus and wild-looking. But, as the dark man shook him, they lost their wild look. His voice was normal: "Got you, old chappie. Easy does it."

The dark man spoke crisply: "We're going out now. We're going out there where the night is crawling with the swine. Keep that tongue between your teeth, and you'll see Blighty tomorrow."

He turned his head to include Ernestine. "Out you go on your hands and knees. Outside, you've got to be quieter than a flock of graveyards. Understand?"

Outside, the dark man eased the trap door into place. The touch of his hand was a command. Silently she followed him out through the tangle of brambles to the road. Across the road Ernestine could feel the scant wiry grass underfoot. Around her the gray darkness was full of sound. She could hear the thud of marching feet, along the road and across the fields. As the dark man had said, the night was crawling with the swine.

They were halfway across the field when she heard the thud of feet very near them. She went down into the hollow beside the dark man. A flashlight stabbed eerily into the gray mist and a guttural voice cursed heavily. She knew that they would be found then. The feet were coming closer. She could hear the swish of grass against leather. She dug her fingers into the earth and bit her lips to keep from crying out in despair.

The thud of the feet grew fainter. The dark man's whisper was in her ear: "Keep going. We'll make it yet."

The touch of his hand stopped her when the wash of the waves on the beach was loud and sibilant in her ears. Through the slow wash she could hear the crunch of heavy feet on the pebbles as the shore sentry drew closer. Then she saw him, huge, gray, and formless, looming between her and the glimmer of the thin line of surf.

She didn't hear the dark man when he left her side—did not see him until he was on the sentry. One arm was across the man's throat, cutting off his yell of alarm, while the other hand struck twice. Easing the sentry to the beach, the dark man picked up a stone and threw it far out into the darkness. Ernestine could hear the faint, dull "*Chuck*" it made in the water.

The dark man came running back. Dry humor was in his voice as he said, "If you know how to pray, mademoiselle, you'd better start. We may need it."

She took him at his word, closed her eyes, and prayed silently. Somewhere out in the fog there was a faint creak as of wood against wood and a muted splash. She heard the breath of the dark man leave his lips in a long hiss.

THEY went down the beach together, the dark man with an arm across the blond boy's shoulder. A black segment of movement was sliding toward them out of the fog. They waded gingerly through the icy water to meet it. The dark man picked up the boy and eased him over the side of the boat, and someone there put sacking under his head.

Going over the side of the boat, Ernestine saw that it was just a tiny boat, one of the kind that had dotted the beach in the days before the Germans had seized them all. She wondered how this one had ever been hidden from them. Then she stopped wondering. The ways of these men who carried on their secret traffic was beyond even guessing.

The dark man leaned close to her ear as she sat down in the stern of the boat. He thrust a heavy oblong packet into her hand. "Take that with you. You'll have to care for it. The boy is beyond caring for anything. When a patrol boat picks you up, turn it over to the captain." He hesitated. "You'll make it, all right. But, just in case, the packet is loaded with lead. If they catch you, toss it overboard."

His hand caught hers for a moment in a warm, firm grip. The smile came into his voice: "They'll take care of you over there. One of these days I'll be seeing you. I'll look you up. It's a promise."

She clung to his hand for a second. She felt as though in letting it go she were letting something vital and necessary slip away from her. His withdrawal was a pain that filled her coldly.

"Cheerio," he whispered.

THE oars in the hands of the fisherman dipped silently and the boat slid outward. Ernestine turned and watched the dark man's form grow vague and dim and tremendous in size, then vanish slowly.

Then they were alone, in the great, vast emptiness of the fog. The blond boy on the sacking was muttering thickly and incoherently. The man at the oars said nothing, shoulders bowed to the long, monotonous pull of the miles ahead.

Ernestine gripped the heavy oblong in her hands and wept silently. But with her tears came a growing warmth and a kindling courage. The days of half-death were gone. She was alive once more. And, behind the dull, stolid façade, France was alive, was stirring once more.

There were men like the dark one alive in the world. Suddenly she realized that she didn't even know his name. But that didn't matter. She knew him; alert, keen, indomitable, sleeping by day in the chill dugout, moving by night like a wolf. All of the von Hausens in the world could not stamp out such as he, no matter how brutal the authority of their marching feet.

THE END ★★

Eric Ericson

"I feed him myself. I don't like him poking around the pantry!"

IRELAND WILL FIGHT

(*Continued from page 15*)

professions of democracy? It is fundamental in democracy that the people concerned shall have the right to decide the vital question of war or peace. The people of the free portion of Ireland, with full knowledge of all the circumstances, are practically unanimous for peace unless we are attacked by either side. Impartial American reporters who have been in Ireland bear me out in this.

Americans may reasonably approve or disapprove our decision. But, if I know the fair-minded American public, they will never countenance any attempt to force or blackmail the small Irish nation into a war opposed unitedly by its people.

Is there any chance, I have been asked, of our people changing their attitude toward this war? There is none. We took our decision with care, and neither economic pressure, nor threats of military aggression, nor promises of an Irish utopia after the war, are going to shift us.

AGAIN, I am asked, "But what would you do if Germany wins the war?" To this and other similar questions all I can say is that I do not know what would be our exact position if either side obtains a clear victory. In all eventualities, however, we will defend our independence to the utmost of our power. Our people are united upon this policy, and if we are attacked and overwhelmed we would go down together in good heart and with clear conscience, fighting for our own free democratic institutions and for the soil God gave us. We would consider this wiser and more honorable than fighting, torn by hateful internal divisions, in other nations' wars.

Here I may mention, without rancor, that we have been invaded and overwhelmed before, and that British troops of occupation still hold our six northern counties in Ulster. Since they are occupied by a belligerent, these six counties, by international law, are belligerent territory. The remaining twenty-six counties comprise free, neutral Ireland.

The partition of Ireland was carried out in 1920 against the sentiment of an overwhelming majority of the Irish people. I say, as a native of Ulster, that there is no good reason for it, geographical, racial, religious, or economic. God made it one island; its people are of the one race, including the Scottish Gaels who came to Ulster in the seventeenth century.

The vast majority of the Irish people ardently desire to get the British forces out of the six counties. But, long before the war, our leader, Mr. Eamon De Valera, announced that it was no part of our policy to settle partition by force, and that he relied upon the growing friendly relations between ourselves and England to bring about a solution of this problem. In 1935 he announced that if war came we would not allow our country to be used as a base for attack against England. The British government knows that we have faithfully lived up to this declaration.

At the beginning of the war, the English papers were very grateful that Ireland was neutral, notwithstanding England's past and present attitude toward the rights of the Irish people. They then admitted that our attitude was not based upon bitterness. But, with the development of war psychosis, they naturally reached the point where they wanted everybody to take part in their battle and saw bitterness in any who did not join them.

Recently their favorite scheme for getting Ireland into the war is to have us lease ports and bases to the British. I am sorry to note that a few American papers have taken up this idea, perhaps without reckoning that such a move would plunge Ireland instantly into the war.

The British government made no mention of our ports until fourteen months after the war started, and more than four months after France fell. Then, on November 4, 1940, the British Prime Minister spoke of "the intolerable burden" which the lack of Irish ports was supposed to have placed upon the shoulders of the British government.

Since then the chorus demanding Irish ports has risen.

Actually, the strategic importance of these ports in the battle of the North Atlantic has been greatly exaggerated. For nearly a year the southern route around Ireland has been practically unusable for shipping because of its proximity to German bases and airports in France. Therefore, all shipping goes around northern Ireland, and this shipping is protected, as well as can be, by the ample existing British bases and airfields in the six occupied counties in northern Ireland. Nor would bases in free Ireland help Britain against the greatest menace of all—the German long-range bombers.

Naturally, then, we in Ireland consider the cry for our ports primarily as an alibi and a device to force us into war. But, whatever the motives for the demand, the Irish people will not cede or lease a single Irish port or airfield to any belligerent or to any other nation.

AND now for those other misapprehensions I mentioned. One is that the Irish are neutral out of cowardice.

This is not true. We are not cowards or pacifists; we are belligerently neutral. We should like, of course, to spare our people the horrors of modern warfare, but we are prepared to face them for a just and proper cause: the right of the Irish people to decide their own destiny. Neutrality in this war is prized by our people, not for the immunity it gives us, but rather because it is the crown and symbol of the independence of the free portion of Ireland which we so hardly won after centuries of struggle.

The opposite charge is that we are complacent, overconfident. No. We realize the might of modern war machines. We know that alone we could not resist a major power indefinitely. But we believe that our military resistance would make either of them pay a higher price than the strategic value of our territory.

And then there is the grotesque idea that Ireland is taking it easy, profiting from the war, and callously ignoring the sufferings of her neighbors.

The impact of the war upon Ireland has been harsh and profound. We are, as Mr. De Valera says, "the most blockaded nation," with Axis submarines on one side and Allied navicerts and trade restrictions on the other. We are short of wheat, corn, cotton, gasoline, steel, wood, coal, machinery, coffee, and tea. We have 260,000 of our men in training for defense—the equivalent, in America, of 8,000,000 trained men. We have sold great quantities of food to England, but have not been allowed to buy what we need in return. We are prepared to give our credits thus amassed in England for the goods we need, any day.

ALL this has hit us hard. It has interrupted our great programs of public welfare and social security, of self-sufficiency, of spreading prosperity, which we had embarked upon when we won our freedom. We are in a tight corner, but we have been in tight corners before.

Despite all this, we are doing all in our power to relieve war suffering in Europe. Our Red Cross has taken care of the hundreds of sailors from sunken ships thrown upon our shores, and is looking after the more than 70,000 refugees from England and the Six Counties, with whom we gladly share our somewhat restricted rations.

I have tried to outline some of the reasons for our neutrality. We do not want any American to endorse our decision by fighting for us, but we believe we are justly entitled to purchase, and pay for, the munitions and ships which we so gravely require to protect our neutrality. Should this right be denied to us, we shall defend our hard-pressed little democracy with the arms and supplies we have, and, with the help of God, we shall be successful.

COMING: Josh Haldane, news photographer, thought he had an easy assignment . . . that of taking a Caribbean cruise and getting a picture story of the shipboard romance of Kay Hackett, beautiful model. But Josh couldn't snap Kay and put his arms around her, too. And if he told her the truth of his mission she'd accuse him of making love to her just to keep his job. His dilemma is told in LOOK AT THE BIRDIE, a hilarious short story,

by Albert Rice

DIVORCES WHILE YOU PLAY

(*Continued from page 34*)

the all-important "residence," the master, a moment later, summoned the landlord of the swank Miami Beach apartment hotel where Mr. K—— lived. This gentleman dutifully testified that Mr. K—— had been his tenant for at least 90 days. That hurdle was crossed, and everybody seemed relieved. Then Mr. K—— went on to tell when he had married, that there were no children, etc.

"I see you're charging your wife with desertion," the master said, "and that you don't know where she is now."

"That is correct, sir. She left me two years ago and I have no way of knowing where she is."

Maybe so, maybe not. At any rate, it meant Mrs. K—— didn't know she was being divorced. Because, when he claimed he didn't know where she was, all they did was print a notice in a little paper read almost exclusively by Miami lawyers. She had no chance to see it.

Mr. K—— told his story briefly: His wife had walked out on him. She had drawn a large check on their joint account and probably had enough money. She had no living relatives and he was unable to trace her.

To me, at least, it sounded fishy, but there was nobody here to object, and they accepted Mr. K——'s version. That was the bulk of the hearing and it took just nine minutes. Next morning the few pages of testimony were handed to a judge who scanned them hastily, found everything shipshape, and—as the master recommended—scribbled his name on the divorce decree. Mr. K—— was free again.

MAYBE it was all strictly on the level, and maybe it wasn't. The catch in the whole Miami setup (*and the same holds true for all other states which bid for the migratory divorce trade*) is that matter of "bona fide residence." On one hand, you have the legislature passing a "tourist bait" law to lure people to Florida for their divorces. On the other hand, the courts hold that if you come to Florida just to get a divorce, and don't honestly intend to live there permanently, that's fraud and your decree is worthless.

Four eminent attorneys made the same point.

"I'm convinced," one of them said, "that if all divorces granted to out-of-state people were thoroughly investigated, 80 per cent would be worthless. Simply because they lied when they said they intended to become permanent residents."

But, in most cases, the liars are safe. Because most divorces are uncontested, and there's nobody to challenge the decree. But one day some of the folks who hold these easy divorces may get a rude awakening, especially if they have a lot of money and didn't arrange airtight property settlements.

"Even if both parents accept the divorce," one man told me, "the children of the first marriage can, years later, contest the divorce. If they can show any fraud, then they might inherit all the property. Any subsequent marriages and any subsequent children might be declared illegitimate. And sometimes the erring parents might even be prosecuted for bigamy, adultery, contempt, and perjury. Wait and see. That has already happened in some Reno cases."

Despite this, an astonishing number of people still risk it. Many of them perjure themselves in saying they intend to be bona fide residents of Florida. Some go even farther. For impatient gentry who can't wait even 90 days to get rid of a wearisome mate, there's an illicit market where you can buy evidence as you would potatoes. Witnesses will say anything you pay them to say. Some landlords, for instance, aren't averse to lying for a fee. Sure, it's perjury, but they've got to catch you first.

I heard about one case where an outraged judge learned that *a man had never even seen the apartment he claimed as his permanent Florida residence!* He just gave an unscrupulous landlord a check for 3 months' rent, in return for which the landlord agreed to swear the man had lived there 90 days.

SEVERAL divorces have been annulled because the judge happened to stumble over fraud. In one case, the angry judge sentenced the offender to a year in jail, but he skipped the state before he could be arrested. So far, no Florida judge has bothered to reach across state lines and extradite a culprit back to face the music.

"But the Florida judiciary," one judge told me, "is getting sick of this monkey business. One of these days we'll make an example of some liar."

The cruelest skulduggery of all was engineered by a lovable character we'll call Mr. Jones. He and his wife lived together in New York, apparently happily. One day he told her he had to go to Chicago on business. Instead, he caught a plane to Miami, rented an apartment, and went to see a lawyer, who was entirely innocent throughout the whole affair.

"My wife and I have separated," Mr. Jones explained, "and we've agreed to a divorce. I've retired here and I'm going to spend the rest of my life in Florida. I live over on Biscayne Boulevard."

"All right," the lawyer agreed. "I'll draw up the papers, and telephone you when I want to see you again."

"I don't have a phone," Mr. Jones smiled. "I never get any real rest if there's a phone in the house. Just drop me a letter any time, and I'll be right over."

That night Mr. Jones flew back to New York, told his wife about what a fine trip he'd had to Chicago, and waited. Every once in a while the Miami lawyer would write, asking him to come in. The letter would go to the Miami address and be forwarded, by air mail, to New York. Immediately, pleading another "business trip," Mr. Jones would catch a plane to Miami and go see his lawyer. He even used a sun-tan lamp in New York to fool the lawyer.

Thus, eventually Mr. Jones was able to confront his stunned wife with what appeared to be a perfectly valid divorce decree.

Two years later, coincidence wrecked all Mr. Jones's scheming. His "divorced" wife happened to mention the affair to a Miami attorney she met in New York. He instantly recognized fraud, looked up the divorce, and had it annulled. And Mr. Jones would be a fool ever to set foot inside Florida again. They're after him.

Even easygoing Miami was shocked by a recent case which underlined the slipshod handling of some divorces. One woman obtained a divorce after "residing" in Florida less than two weeks. The day the decree was signed, somebody spilled the beans, and the judge appointed an investigator to see if she had actually evaded the 90-day residence requirement.

The investigator promptly found that she had, and he recommended that the divorce be annulled. But, in the face of this, the judge went ahead and affirmed the decree anyway! This was too much. Miami newspapers howled; Miami lawyers were flabbergasted; Miami judges were angry. A few days later all the judges met in a long, secret, and probably heated session. From it emerged new, stricter rules, which were stiff blows to the Miami merry-go-round.

BLOW ONE says you have to wait 14 days between the time you file your divorce suit and the day you actually get your decree. This will allow more time for investigation.

BLOW TWO abolishes the "triple alliance among lawyers," as one irate judge called it. The old system permitted lawyers in a case to select what brother attorney would be "special master" to hear testimony, and thus ensure a friendly hearing.

BLOW THREE makes it impossible for lawyers to decide which judge will hear their cases.

"Under the old method," one lawyer grinned, cases used to be assigned to judges in alphabetical order. So all you had to do was wait around the clerk's office until you saw your favorite judge's name coming up. Then, bang, you filed your suit.

"It was a farce, seeing the clerk's office filled with lawyers, many of them waiting to get the same judge, and making a rush for his name at the same time. Now you have to file suits blind; you don't know who's going to get them."

Outside lawyers, scenting fat fees, have swarmed into Miami, and today few American cities have so many lawyers per capita. The competition, naturally, is fierce, and there is a cut-rate war among many of the 900 lawyers. A needy newcomer, with only a hat for an office, will get you a divorce for $50, all expenses included. The highest known fee was $10,000, charged for getting a millionaire's daughter out of a distasteful match. The average is about $150, excluding the husky wad of cash it takes to live in Miami long enough to become a "bona fide" resident.

FROM all that I could learn, the great mass of Floridians don't like their state to have the somewhat gaudy reputation of "divorce mill." They have as great a respect for marriage and as great a dislike of divorce as anybody else. The divorce trade is especially unpopular in the small towns and the country areas.

In the popular resorts, where tourist trade is bread and butter, a lot of people who are not in favor of easy divorce keep their mouths shut. But I suspect many Miamians feel much like an eminent lawyer I talked to.

"Sure, we resent this divorce racket," he said, "but resentment is often dulled by greed. Besides," he grinned, "we're a domestic safety valve for the whole nation."

THE END ★★

TRY THESE ON YOUR DISPOSITION

For any mood or moment of the day, these musical selections are designed to help you along with your work and put spark into your job. The selections are based on actual psychological tests of the effects of music on work and production. Any of them can be obtained on phonograph records. You'll find it fun to see what they will do for you.

SELF-STARTERS
For a quick morning get-off:
FLIGHT OF BUMBLEBEE (Rimski-Korsakov)
I GOT RHYTHM (Gershwin)
SPANISH DANCE NO. 1 (Moszkowski)
TIGER RAG (D'Roca)
NOLA (Arndt)
SHEPHERDS HEY (Grainger)
ANDALUSIA (Lecuona)
HUNGARIAN DANCE 5 & 6 (Brahms)
BIG NOISE FROM WINNETKA (Bauduc-Haggart)

BRACERS
For midmorning and afternoon:
MILITARY MARCH (Schubert)
BLUE DANUBE (Strauss)
INVITATION TO THE DANCE (Weber)
MELODY IN F (Rubinstein)
DANCE OF THE HOURS (Ponchielli)
MARDI GRAS (Grofé)
INDIAN SUMMER (Herbert)
PRELUDE IN G MINOR (Rachmaninoff)
IN THE VILLAGE (Ippolitov-Ivanov)

HOUSEWIVES' HELPERS
For dishwashing and other housework:
ESTRELLITA (Ponce)
FRIENDLY TAVERN POLKA (Bowne-Deval)
DINAH (Young)
JALOUSIE TANGO (Gade)
AMAPOLA (Cugat)
HAMTRAMCK (Krupa)
TEA FOR TWO (Youmans)
WHY DO I LOVE YOU? (Kern)
ALL THE THINGS YOU ARE (Kern)
LOOK FOR THE SILVER LINING (Kern)

RELAXERS
For nervous people who work too fast:
MEDITATION FROM THAÏS (Massenet)
LARGO (Handel)
POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE (Elgar)
THE SWAN (Saint-Saëns)
ANDANTE CANTABILE (Tschaikovsky)
BARCAROLE FROM TALES OF HOFFMAN (Offenbach)
SONG OF INDIA (Rimski-Korsakov)
LONDONDERRY AIR (Armandy)
AIR ON G STRING (Bach)
TO A WILD ROSE (MacDowell)

BRAIN TONICS
To stimulate ideas and imagination:
FIRE MUSIC (Wagner)
NUT CRACKER SUITE (Tschaikovsky)
BOLERO (Ravel)
FINLANDIA (Sibelius)
SCHEHERAZADE SUITE (Rimski-Korsakov)
AFTERNOON OF A FAUN (Debussy)
LA VALSE (Ravel)
MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM (Mendelssohn)

Step on it to MUSIC

(*Continued from page 29*)

on the phonograph his recording *War Dance of the Wooden Indian*, a fast-tempo piece. The change in the maid's pace was amazing, he reports. The floor was done in half the usual time.

What is your rhythm of work for a particular job? Once you know that, your worries are over. You have probably noticed that when you work by fits and starts you cover little ground and soon get tired. But if you clip off a regular rhythm, you get a smooth flow of power. Every smart athlete works on that principle. Close your eyes some time and listen to the smooth, flawless foot rhythms of top-notch runners. Boyd Comstock, coach of the Italian athletes in the past Olympic Games, was remarkably successful in training his runners, hurdlers, and even shot-putters to music. Coach Anthony Orlando tried the same idea this year at the College of the City of New York.

Business and professional people are learning today that music not only peps them up but actually stimulates thought. A service of answering other people's telephones has brought Sherman C. Amsden, New York businessman, fame and fortune. He got the idea while working at home to a background of classical phonograph records. Good music seldom fails to put him in what he calls a "thinking trance." Rear Admiral R. E. Bakenhus, U. S. N., has the same reaction. "Some of my best thoughts," he says, "have come to me through symphonies."

GEORGE HURRELL, Hollywood photographer, gets some of his best effects to music. To sit for stills is just a plain pain in the neck to most movie stars. So Hurrell uses music to break down unpleasant moods, tenseness and restlessness.

Henry Ford often stimulates his thought processes by listening to old-fashioned dance music from his special orchestra. New York's Mayor La Guardia tunes in on classical music, preferably Wagner, to help him through tedious reports. When his work begins to pall, Hendrik Willem van Loon, the historian, picks up a fiddle; ditto, Albert Einstein. George Bernard Shaw sits down at the piano.

Background music as an accompaniment to mental work is a comparatively new development, but it is gaining wide recognition. A. H. Deute, widely known production engineer, predicts that music, especially in the war industries where speed is vital, will soon be a universal tool of shop management.

"Music is what makes a parade," he told me. "So why shouldn't we use it to keep up the production parade?"

THE END ★★

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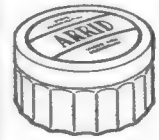

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Tired Kidneys Often Bring Sleepless Nights

Doctors say your kidneys contain 15 miles of tiny tubes or filters which help to purify the blood and keep you healthy. When they get tired and don't work right in the daytime, many people have to get up nights. Don't neglect this condition and lose valuable, restful sleep.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may also cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

KNIGHT on A BIKE

(*Continued from page 33*)

try, anyhow. The hissing sounds changed. Presently they died away.

Bud clenched his hands and straightened up. He went back into the diner, remembering to frown.

"I didn't find my flashlight," he said, as if puzzled. "I know I had the thing! I put it down on the step of the shack. Remember? And I didn't pick it up again. If it wasn't raining I'd swear somebody must have come along and grabbed it."

The counterman slid the mug of coffee in front of him. Bud knew what he was thinking. He'd asked Bud to stick around, and now Bud talked about going. There was something wrong, and he thought Bud was going to run out on it. He turned to the two guys who were waiting for somebody.

"I don't know whether you knew it," he said diffidently, "but, looking at your car just now—I couldn't see it plain—it looked to me like you've got a flat tire."

The man with hard black eyes swore luridly. He got up and went out to see. The man with the grin loafed, waiting. His eyes fell on the girl pretty often. And Bud couldn't have imagined anybody looking more scared than she was a little while back. But she was more scared now. The counterman's face was impassive, but his eyes were accusing. They accused Bud of losing his nerve. Of planning to duck out.

BUD drank his coffee. The radio was playing a senseless swing piece. Bud knew the orchestra, and ordinarily he'd have listened. But now he was listening for sounds out-of-doors. He heard a muttering sound. Then the end door burst in and the guy with dark eyes poked his head inside. His face was a funny, ghastly color and he had a killing look.

"Every ——— tire's flat!" he said in a voice that was almost a squeal of rage. "All four! Slashed! With a knife!"

The grin went off the other man's face. "I gotta see that!" He went out of the diner, pushing the other man before him. The door slammed shut.

On the instant the girl was on her feet, her face like chalk. "Use the phone!" she panted, running to the instrument. "Tell the cops . . . They're waitin' here for Charley! They want to get him! They've got to be stopped! Here—Central! I want—"

Bud felt awfully queer. He said, "It's no good. The phone wire's cut."

But the counterman said, "Charley? Charley who? What's up, anyways?"

The girl jiggled the receiver hook feverishly. "Charley Watts!" She sobbed. "Central! Central! . . . He's coming on the bus! He was let out today! He's coming here to meet me! And—and they found it out! . . . Central!" Her voice rose to hysteria: "Hello! Hello! Central, I want a cop, quick—"

"The phone wires are cut," repeated Bud foolishly. "They did it . . ."

And then the counterman swore frenziedly. "Charley Watts! Turned state's evidence a year ago. Got off light—plenty light—for tellin' what he knew. An' comin' back to his home town—here! Oh! . . ." He swore passionately.

The girl suddenly realized that she couldn't send anything out on that telephone and broke into sobbing, with her face in her hands on the battery box.

Then the guy with the hard, dark eyes came back in, his face still a queer, pinched mask of killing rage. He stopped inside the door, and his eyes were like flames. His mouth was a thin gash. "Callin' the cops, huh?" he asked smoothly. "How'd y' make out?"

The girl jerked her head about and gasped.

"Listen, Mame," said the man with hard eyes, his voice fairly purring with fury; "you thought y' put somethin' over on us. Charley was comin' on the bus. You expected him that way. So did we. We came along to meet him an' take you an' him for a little ride to talk things over. Now—where is he?"

THE girl made incoherent sounds. He moved toward her, his right hand ominously grasping something in his pocket. He reached out his left hand and caught her shoulder. He jerked her toward him.

"You w'impered, a little while back. Lookin' out the window, you let out a squawk. We looked, but we didn't see nothin'. Now I know what you saw. You saw Charley!"

"No!" panted the girl. "Charley's not here! He's—not coming. He—he—"

"He slashed our tires," snarled the man with hard eyes. "He's on! He did it! Nobody but him! An' he's waitin' for us to phone for a garage to bring us some tires. To get a flock of witnesses around so's we won't dare do nothin'. Well, we ain't goin' to do nothin'! You are! You're comin' to the door an' yell for him!"

"No!" The girl's voice was a bubbling sound, pure terror. "No!"

"You're—comin'!" If her voice was pure terror, his was pure fury. "You're comin' an' call him, or I'll make you scream for him! An' Punk's outside in the shadow waitin' for him to turn up! I'll make you eat this damn' gun an' swallow it! I'll—"

The counterman's face was a funny gray color. Bud swallowed, and said, "Hey!" and felt hot and cold and half paralyzed, and moved by a surging hatred that was going to sweep away all the sense he ever had.

"You're goin' to call him," raged the hard-eyed man, "an' he's goin' to come, or there'll be damn' little left for him to come to! C'mere!"

He shook her. He took his hand out of his pocket. There was a gun in it. He hit her with the gun. Not hard enough to knock her out, but hard enough to hurt. He plainly intended to hit her again.

Then Bud felt a sudden red flash of murderous rage which was partly shame and partly hatred and partly just plain instinct. He grabbed the first thing at hand that had weight to it. It was a catsup bottle. And he was so completely possessed by fury that he didn't think of fair play or anything else. He hit the guy with it. A savage, sidewise swing from behind that landed on the guy's temple and smashed the bottle.

Then Bud found himself growling and jumping on the guy even as he reeled and went down. But the guy looked a mess. Bud couldn't tell what was catsup and what was blood. The rage went out of him and he felt sick. "M-my God!" said Bud. "I've killed him!"

The counterman's teeth chattered. "Y-yeah! An' his pal'll kill all of us! We got to get away from here!" He shook all over. "L-listen! I'll t-turn out the lights, an' we beat it."

The guy on the floor kicked. He made aimless movements. Bud suddenly stooped and grabbed the gun. It had fallen from the guy's hand. It was splashed with catsup. A vast and enormous relief came to Bud. He turned swiftly to the girl, who looked as if she was going to faint. "I—I'll look after you," he said, gulping. "Come along. You—"

He turned his head toward the counterman. But, abruptly, he saw nothing whatever. The counterman had pulled the light switch and the whole place was plunged in utter darkness. Then Bud heard two sounds. One was the counterman running along behind the counter to get out and beat it. The other was a thick, dizzy curse and a scrabbling noise.

Bud grabbed the girl and got out of there. He had sense enough to get out the right end of the diner, the end where his motorcycle was parked. He heard a sudden taut voice calling, "Benny! Hey, you, Benny! What's goin' on?"

Bud put the girl on the motorbike, kicking back the prop. "Hold on!" he commanded desperately. "I'll get you away! But hold on tight!"

He pushed. He saw the flicker of a flashlight beam moving erratically around. It limned the counterman, fat and waddling and running desperately. There was the spitting crash of a shot. The counterman flung himself into brushwood on the farther side of the highway and vanished. But you could still hear him running.

THE motorbike was on the concrete. Bud pushed with all his strength. It moved, but picked up speed slowly. Nightmarishly. Then it rolled more easily. He'd reached the top of the long grade. Bud gave it another shove and hopped on the footrest. The thing went heavily, lumberingly, on through the darkness.

Bud wormed his way into his seat. "Y-you all right?" he demanded shakily of the girl.

She babbled something incoherent in response.

"H-hold fast," chattered Bud. "I'm going to take a chance."

He turned on the ignition; shoved out the clutch and meshed gears; let in the clutch again. The motorbike bucked, and caught. He switched on the headlight and gave it the gas. He went roaring down the long grade in the darkness, his teeth chattering and the girl clinging to his back and sobbing rather horribly.

Two miles on, a filling station's lights glowed brightly. He hesitated, then went on beyond. Three miles more; a sandwiches-gas-and-rest-stop place. He pulled up.

"Now, let's get straight," said Bud, stopped in semidarkness beyond the lights. "That guy was going to kill somebody. Who?"

"M-my husband," said the girl. She was crying hopelessly. "He got in trouble, and I —I persuaded him to turn state's evidence and be set to go straight. He g-got only two years and—and time off besides. He—he g-got out today, and I was going to m-meet him and w-we were going away somewhere

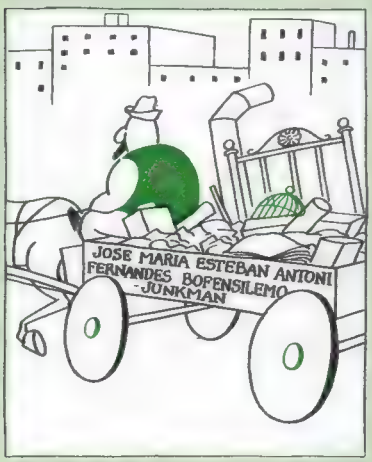
IT'S THE LAW!

BY DICK HYMAN

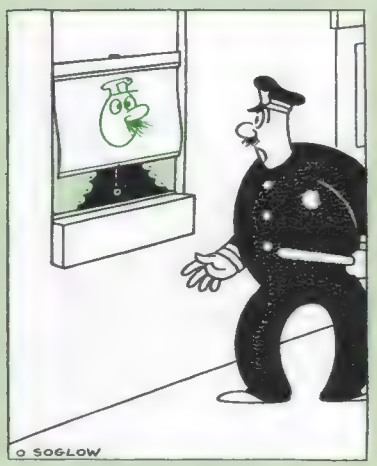
Illustrated by O. Soglow

In Cold Spring, Pa., liquor may not be sold to a married man except with the written consent of his wife

Pinching fruit and vegetables in public markets in Los Angeles, Calif., is prohibited by ordinance



All junkmen in Denver, Colo., must prominently display their full names on their wagons



Garfield County, Mont., decrees that no one shall draw funny faces on window shades

to start over. B-but those men—some of their f-friends g-got long terms because of Charley's evidence, and they were g-going to kill him and—and me, too. They found out where I was going to meet him."

Bud said, "Which way was he coming?"

The girl told him.

Bud said, "That's this way. But we didn't pass the bus. It hasn't come. . . . Look!"

An enameled "Bus Stop" sign opposite the lake of light before them.

"It'll stop here or we can flag it down," said Bud, "and we'll pull him off it. They won't be coming after us, those guys. They can't. No tires."

He cut off the motor. They sat still, rather absurdly, out in the rain. There wasn't any sense in it. Bud felt suddenly embarrassed. The thing for him to do now was take her up to the door of this place and say in a calm, man-of-the-world voice, "Now, my dear, suppose you go and repair your complexion and be ready to greet your husband cheerfully." But he couldn't do it. So he sat there, and from time to time his overwrought nerves made him shiver all over. And then, suddenly, there was the bus. It was huge and lumbering and brightly lighted, and its headlights glared upon them. But it was already slowing. It turned into the sandwiches-gas-and-rest-stop place and ground heavily to a halt.

THE girl gave a cry. She ran through the rain and threw her arms about a man. She clung to him, sobbing again. Bud didn't think much of him. He was smaller than Bud, and he looked skinny and pale—that was prison pallor, of course—and to Bud he didn't look like the sort of man a girl ought to fall for.

In his embarrassment and disappointment he was brusque when the girl brought him over. "What're you going to do?" asked Bud shortly. "I don't want any trouble. I'm due some place and I want to get going if I'm not needed any longer. What're you going to do?"

The girl said, "This is a bus-line junction. We can take another bus away from here. There'll be one along soon. They couldn't trace us from here!"

"Okay," said Bud. He stepped on the crank-pedal that would start his motor.

The girl said, "Wait! I haven't thanked you!"

"You're welcome," said Bud. "I'll be going. Glad to 've met you." He let in the clutch and went off.

An hour later he was soaked through again, and he'd had time to think things over, and he was pretty thoroughly disappointed with himself. He could see, now, just what he should have done. He could have made a flying tackle as the guy reached out to grab the girl, and he could have knocked that guy unconscious by batting his head on the floor, and then he could have said in a tone of rueful amusement, "Under the circumstances, I couldn't be exactly gentle. Now, I'll take this automatic of his and have a little chat with his companion." Or—

Riding through the night, with only the long stretch of wet concrete before him and nobody in the world knowing where he was, Bud felt that he'd had an opportunity and hadn't quite lived up to it. Hadn't lived up to it at all.

If he ran into a situation like that again, though, he'd be prepared. He had a gun, now. He'd be calm and superior, and perhaps a trifle cynical. "Really, people shouldn't try to do things like this," he could say coldly, as he held the gun negligently ready. "They're apt to run into unexpected difficulties, as you gentlemen seem to have done." If he only bumped into something like that now. . . .

THERE was a little puddle of light ahead, similar to the unwinking glare before that other place now many miles behind. This neon sign said "Pete's Place." It was as lonely and as isolated as the other, and altogether as appropriate for dramatic action. And now Bud was prepared. His heart leaped a little. He cut off the ignition of the motorcycle and coasted to a stop on the crackling cinders of the parking space. He parked the motorbike and went inside.

But it was a disappointment. There was nobody in it but the counterman, and he drowsily gave Bud the cup of coffee he asked for and went back to dozing. And nothing happened at all. Bud drank the coffee, and nobody came in—though he was ready for anything now—and presently there was nothing for Bud to do but go on. He rode away, illogically disappointed. He knew he couldn't expect exciting events at every roadside eating place, but still . . .

Presently, though, he got over his disappointment. He went roaring onward through the night, his headlight beam stabbing keenly before him. And he savored the fine satisfaction of pretending to himself that he rode upon a secret mission of vast importance, requiring great discretion and the ultimate of speed, and with a revolver at hand with which to fight his way through any peril.

THE END ★★

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH LINDBERGH?

Once the idol of the nation . . . today the target for bitter criticism. Here's the real story behind the Lone Eagle's incredible nose dive

by Harry Bruno

WITH LOWELL THOMAS

FEW persons have been more closely associated with the Lone Eagle than Mr. Bruno and his partner, the late Richard Blythe. Before and after his Atlantic flight, they represented and counseled him in his relations with the public. Because of this close contact we feel that Mr. Bruno speaks with authority in his comparison of the Lindy of then and now.—THE EDITOR

1927

WHAT'S the Matter with Lindbergh?

I knew him when nobody asked that question.

Today it is being asked by millions of Americans, including many who were once his closest advisers and friends. They are observing with sadness that the splendid, gallant Lone Eagle of the 1927 New York–Paris flight has evolved into the defeatist appeaser of 1941. They see the modest, unassuming youth becoming the speechmaker, broadcaster, campaigner. They read in his words a pro-Nazi, anti-English slant. They see young Galahad resigning his commission

in his country's army, but clinging to a decoration from the Prince of Darkness. And it's hard to take.

"How did Slim get that way?" they want to know.

I am one of these. I knew Lindbergh well. From months of constant association with him I got an insight into certain phases of his character which, as I look back, seem to have significance today. I'll set these down as possible explanations, though I must confess that I still can't figure out to my own complete satisfaction exactly what's the matter with Lindbergh.

If he were obsessed with an unreasoning hate of all things German it would seem entirely logical; for the crime that made Lindbergh's fame an ugly mockery to him was committed by a German. Yet the Nazi philosophy of force which would kidnap, not one child, but all humanity, into a slavery that is death, is accepted by Lindbergh today as a way of life with which we should make terms and which we should appease.

To one whose business has taught him to respect American intelligence, the public reaction to Lindbergh's stand is comforting. Instinctively all types of people—save the blind isolationists—say, not "What's the matter with his arguments?" but "What's the matter with Lindbergh?"

1FOR THOMAS PHOTOGRAPH

1941

There is one trait of his character which, I believe, goes far to explain his attitude, as well as the reaction of the public. This is his *isolation from the camaraderie of other men.*

Slim Lindbergh was just an obscure young mail pilot from somewhere out West when Dick Blythe, my partner, and I first met him at Curtiss Field, Long Island, May 12, 1927.

The instant he stepped out of the Spirit of St. Louis after his almost unheralded one-stop flight from San Diego, he was no longer obscure, but Dick and I caught him before the limelight enveloped him in its hot glare. He was a nice kid, but he was difficult to know.

Dick and I had been retained by The Wright Aeronautical Co.—who engined the Spirit of St. Louis—to act as Lindbergh's personal representatives preliminary to the cross-Atlantic flight.

Lindbergh knew of this arrangement, but you couldn't exactly call his attitude toward us enthusiastic. In the cab on the way to the hotel he asked a Wright official, almost as though we weren't present, "Who are these men—Bruno and Blythe?"

"They're your buffers," said the Wright man. "Both fliers. They're okay."

Lindbergh nodded, but he didn't seem to warm up much. The truth is that he never did—or not in the way that other men do.

Dick Blythe is dead now—killed in a crash a few months ago while training pilots in Canada—so I shall never be able to know how he would explain the Lindbergh of now. But I know he wouldn't like his views and actions any better than I do.

We were both associated very closely with Lindbergh in the period of his greatest acclaim, but neither of us ever felt truly near him. We were his friends, but never his buddies. I don't think he ever had a buddy.

Once in a while we might feel we had melted through the icy wall with which Slim isolates his soul from intimacies; then suddenly that breach would freeze over again and we'd be outside the barrier once more. I don't mean he rebuffed our friendship. Nobody could be more loyal, kinder, squarer than Slim.

When Dick was in a Brooklyn hospital for a tonsillectomy, he developed a dangerous hemorrhage. Slim, who was about to start on his South American tour, heard of this and insisted on going to the hospital, tour or no tour. At the hospital he sat on Dick's bed and kidded him cheerfully, but afterward he came to me and said, "I understand the doctors think a transfusion may be necessary. If it is—count me in first."

In fact, he refused to leave the hospital until I promised I'd call on him for blood if a transfusion was necessary. It proved not to be, but Slim meant what he said. He would never let you down.

But, though he'd offered to give Dick his blood, only for fleeting moments would he give Dick—or any other man—his heart. I think he wanted to, but the wall his subconscious had built wouldn't let him. So, though I knew Lindbergh well, in one sense I didn't know him at all.

"The Lone Eagle" was no misnomer. His solitary flight across the Atlantic was in the pattern of his nature—he went his lone way and steered by his single star.

He never could seem to realize that as a public figure he couldn't have the privacy of an ordinary citizen. He resented the press with a kind of cold

fury, and it took the efforts of Dick and me and most of his other advisers to restrain him from maintaining a feud with the newspapermen. Once, for instance, he calmly took off from Mitchel Field on an errand of his own an hour before he was scheduled to appear at a press club luncheon attended by top correspondents.

He was bent on his own designs, you see, and the question of the effect of his behavior on the press simply didn't matter to him.

This attitude toward the press, I think, is a partial explanation for his admiration for the Nazi machine. Because he resented publicity, he resented the freedom of the press. And, since freedom of the press is a tenet of democracy, he came to distrust democracy. So Lindbergh accepted the Nazi suppression of free speech and a free press as rather a virtue than a fault.

THIS suggests another of his characteristics that may help to explain his behavior: *He never learned that people do not react like machines.* His admiration for a new order that tries to make machines out of men is therefore not so strange. Because of this lack of human understanding, he had a perfect genius for doing the wrong thing, or for doing the right thing in the wrong way.

I am, honestly, not writing this in any unfriendly spirit. I still like the Lindbergh I knew. But, in the twenty-five years I have handled public relations for fliers, Slim was the most difficult problem-child. As long as he heeded advisers he got along fairly well with the public. It wasn't until 1935, when he broke loose from nearly all his early advisers and really got "on his own," that he began to do psychological nose dives—simply because he couldn't understand that people behave like human beings, not machines. That was the year in which he tried to slip out of the country secretly, thus incurring a tremendous burst of the worst kind of publicity. I can't imagine that Dick Blythe or I, or Ivy Lee, who later handled his public relations, or Colonel Harry Breckinridge of the Army General Staff, who was his attorney for several years, would have let him do such a thing.

Accelerating his public nose dives was a combination of characteristics which accounted for much of his success as well as for many of his difficulties. These were his extreme sensitiveness and his prideful stubbornness. These two qualities, I think, were the real reasons behind Lindbergh's flight. Because the story involving those reasons has some bearing on the Lindbergh enigma, I'm telling it here for the first time.

Twice, in his mail-flying days, Slim had to bail out. Both bail-outs were necessary; both were executed with judgment and skill. But Slim was the target for no end of ribbing from other pilots because of them. He took it, but it hurt. To be snooted by "stars" who didn't have a thing Slim didn't have, rankled.

That was the genesis of the Atlantic flight. Slim wanted to do something big, something spectacular, which would prove to other fliers that he rated tops. He wanted to win their respect and praise, and he stubbornly determined to get it.

When he returned after that famous flight, it was like pulling teeth for Dick or me to get anything out of him about the reception he had in Europe or the monarchs and moguls he'd talked to. But he'd talk with great glee about the fliers who patted him on the back and told him how good he was.

He'd shown the wise guys, and that was what he flew for.

Dick and I ran up against that stubborn streak often in those days of frantic world-wide adulation when we were handling his public relations. It was difficult to turn Slim aside from an idea, impossible to buck it directly. That may serve, a little, to account for his persistence today in a course which most of his one-time friends and fellow aviators view with shock and sadness.

In nothing was his stubbornness so evident as in his determination to live in his private world, despite the public world that beat against its walls.

I think possibly that this allergy to people in the mass may be one of the reasons why he stubbornly holds to an unpopular attitude. Then, too, the crowd's reactions, he thinks, are emotional; and Slim always prided himself upon his coldly unemotional realism.

If this doesn't fit with the picture of the glamorous young Lochinvar swooping out of the West and impulsively leaping the Atlantic, it's because that picture wasn't the real Lindbergh.

Don't misinterpret me; Slim had plenty of daring and courage, but he was not impulsive and he was no chance-taker. He had been getting ready for that flight for two years, actively preparing for it for a year. He had weighed every fact and checked every possibility. He had practically lived in the factory where his Ryan monoplane was being made, and there was no detail of engine or plane that he didn't personally supervise and test. He had always been that way. The real Lindbergh wasn't any romantic, reckless gambler, but a cool and canny figurer of the odds.

Even if you call the transatlantic flight a lucky accident, Lindbergh's subsequent flying career shows a steady perfection of performance over more than a hundred thousand miles—and that's no accident. It is equaled by few private pilots. Slim is a great flier, and don't let anybody tell you otherwise.

But the weighing of facts and the checking of material factors that accompany such piloting give a realistic bent to the mind—and realism has its blind side. This may account, to some extent, for what's the matter with Lindbergh. *Realistically checking the might and efficiency of the German machine, he overlooks such impalpables as the malign soul of the thing and such imponderables as the spirit of free men who continue to fight it, no matter what the odds.*

THAT'S my endeavor to make a tolerant analysis. But I'm not really tolerant inside, any more than are many of his other former advisers.

A psychiatrist friend of mine has a theory which is interesting, though I don't accept it. Nor reject it, either.

"It's all in the subconscious," the doctor told me. "I'd say Lindbergh's attitude is due to subconscious resentment against the English for respecting his privacy."

"Of all the haywire ideas!" I hooted. "Lindbergh hates publicity."

"Consciously, yes," agreed the physician; "subconsciously, no. There's no question that Lindbergh, when he went to England, was fleeing from publicity and a tragedy that grew out of being in the limelight.

"He found what he wanted in Britain. No crowds, no large demonstrations. He became a secluded country gentleman.

"But subconsciously he missed something. For nearly a decade he had lived in a glare of public attention. It had come to be (though he didn't realize it) a normal, habitual phase of his existence. In England, it was missing. Consciously he relaxed; subconsciously he resented the quiet acceptance of his status as an obscure, almost ignored, person. The surge and throb of crowds had become part of the surge and throb of his pulses—though he didn't know it.

"Well, he left England and went to Germany. Red carpets were spread before his feet, and civil and military bigwigs, with goose-stepping regiments on parade, welcomed him to the blast of trumpets. It was the stuff his life had been made of for years. His subconscious expanded its chest, threw up its head, and shouted, 'Heil!'"

THAT was my psychiatrist friend's diagnosis. He added his belief, however, that there is some conscious basis for Lindbergh's pro-Nazi, anti-English slant. First, Lindbergh was impressed by Hitler's ability to guarantee him no publicity when he landed in Germany in 1936. Second, he was flattered by the attention the Nazis paid his views on aviation. Third, he was angered by the attitude of the British government and the British press when he published his estimates of German air power. When he endeavored to explain to British officials his reasons for believing the German air force was the most powerful in the world, his opinions were received with indifference and, in one or two instances, he was laughed at.

There is no doubt that what he said he saw in Germany was correct, and that he deeply resented the lack of interest in his views in both England and America.

Then there is the opinion that Lindbergh, like Al Williams, former Navy flier and commentator on aviation affairs, was so impressed by the immensity and efficiency of the German air power, that he could see nothing but swift German victory—and so prophesied. When their prophecies began to do nose dives after the fall of France, when England refused to go down in two weeks or two months, they had to stick to their story, or suffer a blow to their pride and prestige.

Another friend of mine believes Lindbergh's attitude grows out of his devotion to his father's memory. The elder Lindbergh was a passionate isolationist and a fighting pacifist, whose political career as a congressman was wrecked by his stubborn opposition to our participation in the first World War. Young Lindbergh lived through these crucial days while he was at his most impressionable age.

"Lindbergh's love and admiration for his father give him the feeling that, to be loyal, he must pursue an equally unpopular course," said my friend. "It's a sort of martyrdom to unpopular principles, whether those principles are worth a damn or not."

I don't question Lindbergh's sincerity. Maybe he's the same Lindbergh I knew in 1927-28, but he doesn't seem so to me.

It may be that an incident which occurred on May 20, 1937, the tenth anniversary of his Atlantic flight, was significant of a deep change that had come over the Lindbergh whom Dick Blythe and I knew.

Slim had never been a "good fellow" in the sense of being a back-slapper or the life of the party. But he had always been loyal to his fellow fliers.

On that tenth anniversary, when all the pilots available had gathered at a luncheon

to celebrate, we sent a cable to him in Paris. He ignored it completely. Not one word did he have for the men of his craft who were assembled in his honor.

That was not like Slim. And possibly it was an evidence of the Lindbergh that isn't like Slim today.

I have read and heard lately a good deal about the fickle and ungrateful public, which makes a hero of a man and then turns on him at the first opportunity. I think that kind of talk is largely bunk.

The public is neither fickle nor ungrateful to heroes who continue to make good. And to no other national idol have people been so loyal, so sympathetic, and so generous as they have been to Lindbergh. Because of one magnificent feat Slim's native land gave him wealth, honor, glory, and almost worship. And continued to do so for years.

I think he rated most of this. I know his flight did wonderful things for aviation, and undoubtedly lifted the hearts of Slim's countrymen with a renewed faith in the worth-whileness of life.

BUT I also think it's not the public that is ungrateful today. The ingratitude is Lindbergh's. The people did not turn on him; he turned on the people. The man they had set up as an ideal turned traitor to all he represented in their minds. I don't mean that Lindbergh has committed treason to his country, but he *has* done treason to the faith and love and affection of the vast majority of his countrymen. And his countrymen, more in sorrow than in anger, ask only, "What's the matter with Lindbergh?"

What's the matter with him, and certainly what's the matter with his opinions, is beautifully analyzed in a recent letter written by Arthur Tuckerman, novelist and short story writer:

"A heading in an afternoon newspaper reads: 'Col. Lindbergh Hopes Neither Side Wins.'

"The national menace in Col. Lindbergh lies in one simple fact—that what he says may be accepted as realism by hundreds of honest men and women, so that these are tempted to desert their own instincts.

"The mystery in Col. Lindbergh's attitude lies in another simple fact. He is a perfect living example of the superscientific philosophy which, by denying mankind's spiritual needs, has brought the world to its present sorry condition.

"The flaw in this superscientific philosophy lies in another simple fact. It ignores the existence of certain elusive factors in the human make-up—the factors which distinguish man from animals. It ignores such intangibles as relf-respect, honor, chivalry, sacrifice, and compassion for fellow beings.

"Yet it is precisely because of these elusive factors that a German army is not occupying London today. Such mechanical gadgets as Hurricanes and Spitfires are without value if they do not have this high-octane quality in human fuel to propel them.

"So, therein lies the subtle danger of men like Col. Lindbergh. They speak with the outward voice of reason, but they cannot reason, because they rate slide-rules and equations higher than the spirit of man. Which, when you come to think of it, is exactly the theory of Adolf Hitler."

I think he has hit the answer.

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Let's DO THE TOWN

(*Continued from page 13*)

she couldn't help it. Even when Ted wasn't being very funny she giggled. She said, "Moffet, you fool. O, as in Oleander."

"Octopus."

"Orson Welles."

"Orsenic and Old Loce," said Ted triumphantly.

Alice screamed, in a refined fashion. This was an ancient game. They could go on with it forever.

"I apologize," said Ted gracefully. "Pray continue, Miss Ballard."

"Lily May Moffet," said Midge obediently, no longer giggling. "She's about twenty, I think. No, nineteen. She lives in Welwood, Ohio. It's a little place. My mother was born there. She and Lily May's mother, Aunt Mary, were intimate friends."

"I," interrupted Alice, with dignity, "am about to cook the steak. If you can tear yourself away from your life history, Midge, you might set the table."

TED rose and moved the drop-leaf table from the wall. Midge left her chair and opened the big drawer in the desk. She took out a cloth and napkins.

"The Moffets had lots of money up until a few years ago," she said. "When my father died, Aunt Mary— She was wonderful, Ted. She came on and stayed with us; she did everything. And when my mother died she wanted me to come live with them. She was ill at the time, she couldn't come East. But she sent me money, she— " Her voice broke.

Ted said gently, "All right, honey."

Midge said, after a moment, "She wanted to send me through college. I wouldn't hear of it, of course. So she sent me to business school instead. That was when I lived in the Girls' Club."

"Much as I regret, as wasted, any moment of my life which does not include you," said Ted, "I am almost glad I did not know you when you were living in a girls' club."

"Idiot," said Midge. She looked at him and smiled. She was so terribly in love with him, but she wouldn't marry him. It wouldn't be fair to him. Kipling was old-fashioned now, but he had said it once and for all: "He travels fastest who travels alone." Especially now, thought Midge.

"How long," asked Ted, "since you've seen these people?"

"Years . . . not since before Mother died. Aunt Mary has asked me every year to spend my vacation with them. But it was so far," said Midge, "and, besides—"

"Besides what?"

"Well, when Mr. Moffet died," Midge said, "there wasn't as much money. I knew about that. And then, when I got my first job, I began to send a little each month to pay my debt—not that I could ever pay it in just money, you understand," she said earnestly, "but I had to do that much. And it hurt Aunt Mary's feelings, and so—"

TED thought, "You darned, sweet, honest little . . . I could eat you, I could wallop you, I'm crazy about you, and you're the stubbornest, most—"

Midge said, after a moment, "Not that she was angry with me. You know, just hurt. And I was afraid, sort of, that if I went out there she might persuade me—"

"Persuade you not to pay your debt?" asked Ted.

"That's it. So I stayed away."

"But where does Lily May come in?"

"At the front door, I guess," Midge answered, with the ghost of a chuckle.

"*Why* does she come in the front door?"

"Because she wants to. She says, in the wire—you read it, didn't you?—that she can come to New York for a holiday, and that it's her only chance at just this time."

Alice appeared with plates. She said, clashing them, "And so you'll give up your cruise. You never had an ounce of sense."

"You'll do that?" Ted asked, incredulous.

Midge set her little jaw. She demanded, "What else can I do? And don't try to look so sympathetic; you know you're delighted."

Ted took her around her breakable waist. He executed a very fancy step. He said, "Heaven bless Lily May, the gal from the sticks, the hick goddess from the mowing machine. No cruise—"

Midge released herself. She said, "I thought you'd feel like that."

"I'm being honest about it," said Ted. "I'm sorry you're disappointed, but it's your own doing. You could wire Lily May and tell her to go climb a tree, you know."

The doorbell rang twice. That was George. Large, blond, stolid George, who worked in an insurance office and had a small private income as well. Everyone loved George, kidded him, and borrowed from him. He and Ted lived together in a delightful dilapidated flat on Brooklyn Heights.

Alice went to the door, and Ted said hastily, and low, "I didn't mean it. I mean, I did mean it. Wire her and say, no dice. Go on your cruise."

They had quarreled about the cruise. They had quarreled about it off and on ever since last autumn. Deck romances, travel pickups, Ted had said, young men up to no good in cummerbunds and mess jackets. Midge wasn't old or big enough to be let out alone. And as for three weeks on a ship—moonlight and starry skies, white waves hissing, dance music and cocktail parties, and—well, maybe there wouldn't be many young men, after all. Not with selective service and times as they were. But there would be worse. Old men, men with wives, divorced men. Just men. Leering . . .

Midge had said with dignity that she had not been born yesterday. She knew how to parry a leer.

"Not you, my little nitwit. You're too trusting and sweet and silly. The first man whose wife doesn't understand him . . ."

So it had begun, the original quarrel half in laughter, but it had grown. There was no fun left in it now.

George came galloping in, with Alice in docile tow. George was like a St. Bernard. He had the brandy, however, in his pocket. Only it wasn't brandy; it was a bottle of Scotch. He said, "Well, hello, fellers. Is dinner ready? And look, Midge; I met a guy last night who knows the captain of the San Marco, and he says he'll give you a letter before you start off on your cruise."

"I'm not going," said Midge.

George's jaw dropped. "Not going," he repeated feebly; "but—"

"Come into the kitchen," Alice ordered, seizing his arm, "and I'll explain."

They vanished, George expostulatory.

"How they fit in there together," said Ted, "I'll never know. When are they going to get married, anyway? I ask George, and he always says, 'It's up to Alice.'"

"October," said Midge. "Alice hasn't finished her hope chest."

They looked at each other and laughed helplessly. But Midge sobered, and she said wearily, "I'd better wire Lily May."

By the time the wire had been telephoned, the steak was on the table. Ted, pulling out Midge's chair, looked at her with appreciation. "She isn't beautiful," he told himself sternly; "she has a turned-up nose, her eyes are too big and too wide apart, her chin's too pointed, and her mouth's too soft and too sweet. She isn't any bigger than a kitten, but she's the darn'dest, most adorable—"

"NOW," said Alice, when coffee was poured, the steak had been consumed, the cheese and fruit were on the table, "we might as well plan. What are we going to do with Lily May?"

"Show her the town," said Midge grimly; "that's what I said in the wire. Daytimes, I can take her places—all the big shops, and the aquarium and the museums."

"Holy hoptoad!" said Ted.

"Well," said Midge, "I haven't been to the aquarium in years, myself. Is it still there?"

"I read," said Ted, "that it won't be, long. There's going to be a new one, or something."

"Movies," said Midge, "and matinees, and nights you can all give me a hand."

"We'll start her off with elegance," Ted suggested. "Dinner . . . you know, Midge . . . at that French place we like; a show and a night club after."

Midge shook her head. "I can't let you spend your money," she said. "I mean, not to that extent. It isn't fair."

"But she'll have to see something," said Ted, "besides the top of the Empire State and Radio City!"

"We'll spend mine," said Midge. Her heart jumped in protest but she ignored it. "The money I saved for the cruise."

"Don't be a goof," Alice expostulated. "There'll be other cruises, and it will cost you enough, anyway, just feeding her."

"You talk as if she were a seal," said Midge.

"What does she look like?" George demanded.

"Look like?" asked Midge, startled. "I—why, I don't know. I haven't seen her for ages. She was fat, as a little girl, and fair."

"Spare me," said Ted. "I can see her now. Tied in the middle with a blue sash."

"No," said Alice firmly; "no one ties themselves in the middle with a blue sash."

"Bounding," said Ted in a hollow tone. "Wears glasses. Nice pink skin. Corn-fed figger. Loves picture galleries."

George pondered, and contributed a gem. "Movies," he said. "Dotes on movies. Ice-cream sodas, red hats—"

"Why red hats?" asked Midge idly.

"I don't like 'em."

ALICE sniffed. She said, "You're all crazy. She'll be just like everyone else, just like us. There aren't any small towns, not in that sense. Not with radios and newspapers and magazines and Hollywood. Everyone is just like everyone else. Practically everyone in New York came from a small town once."

"Except us," said Ted. "Funny, isn't it? Four of us, around the same table. Born New Yorkers. It ain't possible."

George was shaking his head. "Sure, they came *from*," he agreed, "but—"

Alice rose and started clearing the table. She said briskly, "You can help me with the dishes, George. It's my turn to wash 'em."

George followed her out of the room.

Ted went over to the couch and sat down. He said, "How about sending another wire? 'Terribly sorry, plans altered, sailing in two weeks on my honeymoon.'"

"Ted!"

"I mean it," he told her. "I can get time off. We'll take the cruise together. We'll just change the accommodations. Look; I've saved, we can manage. I'll even back down, I'll let you go on working."

That was the other older, more serious quarrel. He didn't want his wife to go to work, not even for nice, steady, amiable Mr. Timmons, did young Mr. Mallory.

"And if you get the South American job?" asked Midge.

"Then you'll stop working."

She said, "It isn't so simple. You know how I feel."

"Sure. You've told me. Times are too uncertain. Although my number is a high one, I may be called at any time if things get tougher, even though I'm in an essential job. Being an essential job, it will have opportunities," he said rapidly. "I may get a berth in South America, if they bring Maynard home. If I do, it means sweat and jungle and bad living conditions. You wouldn't mind that for yourself. But you'd mind for me. Because I'd worry about you. Because I wouldn't feel free. Because I'd have added responsibility. Because there might be a baby. Because, because, because. Midge, you're all wrong. We love each other, we're young. What's the use of being alive at all if you don't take chances, if you don't risk everything for your happiness? Not that I think it's a risk," he added.

Midge shook her head, and was silent.

"Come here." He pulled her to him roughly, kissed her, hard and long.

"Ted, please, you promised," she said breathlessly when she could speak.

"I know. I promised because you cried, because you said, 'We can't go on like this; it isn't fair to either of us.' Because you said, 'I won't see you again, I swear it, unless you promise.'"

She said, low, "I'm afraid—"

"You love me," he said, "so you're afraid, so you keep me at arm's length! God knows why I stand for it. You love me, so you won't marry me. It's a crazy vicious circle—"

"We're quarreling again," she said pitifully. "And you don't understand, you never understand. I'm trying so hard to keep my feet on the ground—"

"You're a long time under it," he said brutally. . . .

April, and Midge's vacation was two days old when Lily May Moffet arrived in Manhattan. Waiting in the station for the train, Midge paced earnestly up and down.

She was half an hour early. Trains sometimes came in ahead of time. Better early than late. Lily May, arriving alone in the large confusion of a great station, might conceivably forget her orders. "If by any chance we miss each other, go to the Information Booth, in the middle of the station. Have the porter take you there and wait with you," Midge had written.

The apartment was spick-and-span. Jenny, the occasional cleaning woman, had turned it inside out and upside down in preparation. Alice, resigned to the general insanity, had said that she would sleep on the couch. "It's better than my bed, anyway," she announced practically.

"It isn't as if we were going to be out at all hours or have people in a lot, late," said Midge. "If we were, it wouldn't work out at all. You have to get up early and go to the office, and it wouldn't be fair to you. On the other hand, I don't suppose we can ask Lily May to bunk in the living-room, and you wouldn't want to share the bedroom with a stranger."

She looked at the station clock, made her way to the gate, and stood back of the ropes. In three minutes the train would be due. "Of course I'll know her," she thought. "She's fair, and probably still fat, and, even if she isn't, I'll recognize her at once."

THE passengers were coming up the ramp. A handsome woman in a mink coat, an old lady with what looked like a lunch basket, tall, gangling schoolboys herded together under the watchful eye of a master, three young girls, so alike that they must have been triplets, a small man behind a large cigar, three thin men, a smart, streamlined young woman with all the poise of a movie star, a priest, two privates in uniform, a gob, with his cap on the back of his curly head, a fat girl with a round, beaming face and a mass of blond curls, and lipstick on lopsided . . .

Lily May. Midge caught her breath. She opened her lips to call, to speak, to say, "I would have known you anywhere," when, to her astonishment, the large, immobile man in back of her brushed her aside and executed what looked like a flying tackle. "Daddy!" shrieked the fat girl happily, scattering handbag, parcels, and a fading bunch of violets.

Not Lily May. Midge waited. The rest of the passengers straggled up, and away. No sign of her. There was the chance that they had missed each other, Midge decided, and hurried to the Information Booth.

The streamlined girl stood there, with her porter, waiting quietly, glancing about her with assurance and amusement. She was quite tall, and she had the sort of figure which you read about. Her blond hair

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cascaded in soft rolls under her little black hat with its pert, springlike decoration of impossible valley lilies. She wore a black suit, of faille and wool, sublimely cut. Over her arm she carried a bulky short coat of some delicious blond fur, as fair as herself. Her long blue eyes, incredibly lashed, surveyed the general situation with complete aplomb. And when she saw Midge she smiled, with relief. She spoke, and her voice was husky and charming. "Midge!" she said. "For heaven's sake!"

Midge swallowed twice. She said wildly, "Lily May! But I thought—that is, you passed right by me and I didn't know you."

"I didn't see you," admitted Lily May. "You're so little. I thought that you'd grow," she added in gentle reproof, "but now that I— You haven't changed a bit."

"You," said Midge, swallowing again, "have."

Lily May moved forward. She walked better than most women dance. She bent her head and kissed Midge's cheek. Her skin, Midge noted numbly, was flawless, her make-up impeccable. She wore considerable lipstick of a brand-new color, and she smelled faintly of flowers. "Well," she asked, smiling, "what are we waiting for? Let's go!"

IN THE taxi, surrounded by fragrance, a dressing case, a suitcase, and a hatbox, Lily May said happily, "Isn't it a marvelous day? . . . Oh, I forgot. I expressed my trunk. I hope that's all right. I didn't want to bring a lot of bags; a trunk is so much simpler."

"That's fine," said Midge, mentally planning in which corner of the living-room the trunk must stand. Heaven knew there wouldn't be space in the bedroom.

"I brought a long dress in my bag," Lily May said, "in case we go out tonight—if I can find someone to press it. I'm hopeless with an iron. . . . Midge, you're looking so well. Mother sent all sorts of messages."

"How is she?" asked Midge mechanically, still trying to adjust herself to a glamour girl from Welwood.

"Fine." She looked from the taxi window and sighed. She said, "It's wonderful to be here."

"Is it the way you thought it would be?" asked Midge.

Lily May looked a trifle pained. She answered gently, "I don't know—yet. I don't suppose I've given it a great deal of thought—New York, I mean. It was something I've always taken for granted." She turned a wide, slow smile in Midge's direction, and Midge blinked as if she had suddenly found herself confronted by Klieg lights. "You see," Lily May added, "I always knew I'd come some day, and that it would be here—waiting."

The cab stopped at the apartment and Midge paid the driver. She said apologetically, "It's a walk-up, you know, Lily May. Give me the suitcase."

Lily May gave her the suitcase and the hatbox. She said something vague about a doorman, and Midge laughed. "We don't rate one," she said. "If Mr. Oleson—that's the janitor-superintendent—were around . . . but of course," she added, "he might think luggage-toting a little beneath his dignity—Golly! There he is."

Mr. Oleson appeared, from the depths, and looked gloomily at Midge. He was a man of integral melancholy. Lily May smiled at him and held out her hand. She said, before Midge could speak, "I'm so glad to see you, Mr. Oleson. Miss Ballard has been telling me all about you."

Mr. Oleson gulped visibly. He was aware of the impending visit. He did not approve; he rarely approved of anything. He said, "Pleased to meet you, I'm sure"; and the next thing Midge knew she and Lily May, free as air, were mounting the stairs, with Oleson plodding behind them, complete with dressing case, hatbox, and suitcase.

Midge opened the apartment door. Mr. Oleson set down the bags. "How very kind," said Lily May gratefully. "I see now why Miss Ballard would never move from this dear little place, not even for an elevator. She couldn't get along without you."

Mr. Oleson's face, which was rather like the prow of a ship, was seamed with a reluctant smile. "It must hurt him," Midge thought. "He hasn't used those muscles for years." He remarked he was only too glad to help, and departed, still smiling.

"You're wonderful," said Midge, gazing at Lily May with wholehearted admiration. "Oleson has never lifted a hand for me or anyone else that I know of."

"Oh, men," said Lily May, shrugging. "They're all alike." She dropped the fur coat and walked to the windows. "It's very nice," she said, without much enthusiasm, "but isn't it rather small?"

"We like it," Midge told her, "and it was a bargain. Normally the rent would be more than Alice and I could afford. But we got it on a sub-lease, unfurnished."

Lily May said doubtfully, "I forgot about Alice when I wired. I knew vaguely that you lived with someone, but—well, we don't hear from you often."

"She's swell," said Midge, bristling slightly, as she always did when her loyalties were aroused, which was most of the time. "You'll be crazy about her."

SHE led the way to the bedroom. "We'll share this," she said. "I made room in the clothes closet, and half of the dressing table is yours, and half the bureau drawers. Alice put her things in the lower desk drawers in the living-room. There's lots of room."

Lily May set her dressing case on the table and unlocked it. It had a mirror top and compartments for jars, bottles, jewels. It was very complete and took up more than half the allotted space.

She said happily, "Isn't it divine that you have your vacation at the time I could come. Of course, I didn't expect that. I thought I'd have to go around by myself, daytimes. I have some letters to people here, but it wouldn't be the same as being with you."

Midge felt a sudden rush of awakened affection. Now that she was more used to her visitor, her appearance, her manner, she had time to like her. She thought, "I wonder how she manages that hair-do," watching Lily May take off her hat and smooth the soft, shining rolls over her finger. She

LIFE'S LITTLE TEMPTATIONS

by Philip Hummerstone

The Lasso

Whaling

Handcuffs

said, "I love the way you do your hair; it looks awfully complicated."

"I have a good operator," explained Lily May. "I've been wearing it this way for about three months; we copied it from a movie. I can't do it too well myself, but I can teach your hairdresser."

Midge watched her, but not for long. She soon found herself hanging up clothes and disposing of lingerie. And all the time Lily May was talking.

"Tell me about yourself. You wear a size twelve, don't you? I do, too." She regarded Midge critically. "Where do you buy your clothes?"

"Here and there," said Midge, "wherever I can. I was going to ask you the same thing."

"Oh, we have a shop," said Lily May. "A friend of mother's. Mother backed her in the old days. Her prices are fearfully high, but, when she comes to New York to buy, she picks things out with me in mind and lets me have them wholesale." She brushed a bit of lint from the faille and wool suit. "Of course," she added, "it isn't as if I could go myself and afford all I'd like. But Mrs. Hollis has awfully good taste."

"I should say she has," said Midge. "That suit's about three jumps ahead of the fashions."

"I can wear models," said Lily May, without vanity.

"You're telling me?" Midge asked. She inquired, after a moment, "Did you ever think of that, Lily May? Working, I mean? Modeling, right here in New York? I know a couple of girls, if you were interested, ever."

Lily May laughed. "Mrs. Hollis has been after me for a year," she said. "She knows all the people. But I'd hate it." She looked at Midge level-eyed. "I'd loathe working."

MIDGE went out to the little kitchen. "I thought," she said, "that we might have lunch here. I'll scramble some eggs and we could have salad and sandwiches."

"Don't bother about me," said Lily May, following her. "A lettuce leaf will be all I want. I never eat lunch."

A little later Midge, eating rolls, drinking a bottle of milk, and making herself jelly and cream-cheese sandwiches, felt gross and earthy, material and greedy, watching Lily May consume part of a head of lettuce without dressing. She said enviously, "How do you do it? I haven't the character!"

"I get fat if I eat," said Lily May calmly, "so I don't eat. Not too much, that is. Have you a scale?"

"No."

"Well, never mind. If I'm just careful . . . Tell me about your men."

"My men?" Midge giggled. "I haven't any."

"Don't be absurd. In New York? You must know thousands."

"But I don't. There isn't much opportunity. Oh, the men in the office, of course, but most of them are married, and the ones that aren't you wouldn't look at twice. Alice and I know some very attractive married couples, and now and then we meet an unattached man. But they're very rare."

"I thought," said Lily May slowly, "that all career girls had a dozen men on the other end of the telephone."

"Alice and I aren't career girls," said Midge. (She thought, "Is it the movies, is it what she reads, or is it just her own imagination?") "Alice keeps books in an importing place and I'm secretary to Mr. Timmons. He's in the coffee business. Neither office is large. And the boys I grew up with, I never see them now. I suppose they married or went away or something," she added vaguely. "Of course, we know some. There's Ted," she admitted, with curious reluctance, "and George."

She could have sworn that Lily May's ears pricked up, visibly. "Who are they?"

"Ted Mallory, he's an engineer; I've known him about three years. I met him—and George—through friends of Alice's, on Long Island. George is George Woodley. He's an insurance agent. They'll be along tonight to take us out, if you aren't too tired. They thought they'd get seats for something, and we'd have dinner and maybe go somewhere after the show."

"That's wonderful," said Lily May. She added, finishing her lettuce, that she had always wanted to go to the Stork Club.

"I've never been there," Midge said. "We—don't run to that sort of thing."

"Oh," said Lily May, and was thoughtful and quiet for at least half a minute, when she remarked that Mrs. Hollis said El Morocco was very amusing. . . .

WHEN Alice came in from work Midge met her at the door, with a finger on her lips, and an air of extreme confusion.

"What's up. Didn't she come?"

"She's here, taking a bath. She's been at it for hours."

Alice sniffed. "What's that?"

"Her perfume. Lilies or something. Alice, I'm so glad you're home."

"Calm yourself. Is she all dazzled and excited and—?"

"She's beautiful," said Midge wildly, "and she knows all the answers. She knows more about New York than we'll ever know. She's a little disappointed in me. No doorman, no Park Avenue. She's upset because we don't date the upper-bracket boys. She wants to go to the Stork and El Morocco and half a dozen places of which I've never heard. She has a letter to G. Bradley Simons, Jr. I know about him; I read the papers, too."

"You mean the heir to the plumbing millions," asked Alice incredulously, "the one who's been married twice, with yachts and villas and the Bahaman cay? You can't!"

"I do. And another letter to someone else important. She says they'll give us a good time. My head's splitting. If only she'd get out of that tub and let us get in—together, if necessary. I have to dress. The boys will be here in an hour or so. I've been pressing her evening frock. Her trunk hasn't come."

"Trunk!"

"Trunk. She's annoyed, but she thinks this will do; it's a simple little print. Simple, my Lord!" said Midge hysterically. "Wait till you see it."

"I can hardly contain myself," Alice said grimly.

"Is this Alice?" asked Lily May from the door to the bedroom. She was pink from the tub, she smelled like paradise. She wore something peach and diaphanous, scant and alluring. Her flat tummy was mother-naked.

She came forward, a wisp of a robe around her bare shoulders, her feet, with their carmine nails, in mules. She put her hand on Alice's shoulder, and said wistfully, "Please don't hate me, barging in on you like this. I promise I won't be too much of a nuisance." She turned her incredible smile on Midge. "I've run your tub, dear," she said, with the

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➔ And there's an even tinier razor just for trimming mustaches.

JAMES HARTWICK

air of one who has performed a hard but Christian task.

Midge looked once at Alice, and departed.

"Isn't she a darling?" said Lily May fondly. "I just itch to get my hands on her."

"To tear her limb from limb?" Alice asked pleasantly.

Lily May looked at her. In that moment a beautiful antagonism was born. She said gently, "How too amusing! No; to bring out the best in her . . . clothes, hair, skin. Midge is really very attractive. But she doesn't care about her appearance. She should, you know."

"Why?" asked Alice, conscious of her extra pounds and the fact that she needed a manicure and a finger wave, certain that there was a smudge on her nose and that her color was higher than usual.

"What else has any girl," asked Lily May, "unless she has money?"

Alice shed some outer garments. "Character," she suggested shortly.

"But of course. I'm sure Midge has quantities, and you, too," agreed Lily May, contriving to make it sound insulting. Yet there was laughter in her eyes. She added, "Only, men don't think much about that—at first, do they?"

"They should," said Alice.

"That comes after. Like the taste," said Lily May, "of something done up in cellophane."

"Cellophane?" asked Alice feebly.

"In a food-shop window. A basket of strawberries," explained Lily May dreamily, "all the big ones on the top. Cellophane and, maybe, a ribbon . . ." She smiled, and added, "I must finish dressing and get out of your way."

Alice went to the windows and looked out. She saw nothing. After a while she strode through the bedroom, and knocked on the bathroom door. "It's me," she said.

"Just getting out," Midge responded, muffled. "Come in; the door isn't locked."

Alice entered and shut the door. Midge, in a large towel, looked at her mutely. Alice turned on both taps. She said, her voice cloaked by the running water, "I don't like her."

"Oh, dear," said Midge, distracted; "I'm so sorry."

"Do you?"

"I—I haven't had time—yes—of course. Naturally, at first I was startled—she's so different from what I expected."

"She's dangerous."

"Don't be goofy," said Midge, giggling. "You sound like the people who talk about Fifth Columnists and espionage. As for her manner, that's all front, bluff. She's not going to give us an inch; she'd rather die than let us know she's thrilled to be here."

"Nuts," said Alice, always the final word for her. "She's dangerous, I tell you. You may think she's dumb. She's not. She knows just what she's saying and doing, and just what I think of her, and you, too. . . . Get out of here and let me take a bath."

WHEN Alice emerged from the tub Midge was dressed and Lily May was not. That is, she was, except for her frock. Her hair curled and shone, her fingernails were polished cherries to match her toes, her face a creamy, powder-dusted oval. Bright lipstick was smooth and shining on her lovely mouth, and her eyelids were lightly touched with blue pomade. She had drawn sheer stockings over the finest pair of legs Alice had ever seen, and she stood tall, straight, and slender in high-heeled sandals.

"You first," she said graciously. "I'll just sit on the bed here and watch you."

Midge wore last year's dinner dress, sheer, with short sleeves and a little embroidered jacket. "She looks darling," said Alice's affectionate heart, "like a little girl dressed up playing lady." She thought crossly, "I suppose I'll wear the pink. I was saving it—but—" She said to Midge, "What about the boys. I mean, they don't usually dress—"

"That's Welwood for you," said Lily May. "Men in business clothes, women in long frocks. But we haven't any other place to wear them, so it doesn't matter. I thought that here it would be different."

"They're dressing," said Midge briefly. "I called Ted."

She grinned, remembering Ted's horror, very profane. "We'll be cut off," she had thought. But he had simmered down. "All right, all right," he'd said, "I'll haul 'em out of moth balls, and George's, too, and see if we can get 'em pressed. But the waiter at Pierre's will have convulsions, and as for the hamburger joint—"

"Never mind," said Midge severely. "Do as you're told."

"We'll be late," said Ted morosely. "What's she like? . . . Oh, so you won't talk, eh? Or can't. That's it, isn't it? She's breathing down your neck. Okay, I'll be seein' you." . . .

He saw her, presently. He saw her in the dress which he had liked for over a year, and he saw Alice in her pink. He and George were redolent of camphor but correctly pressed. Each had a carnation in his buttonhole. And they bore florists' boxes.

"Gardenias," said Ted proudly. "One for each of you. And we dug up Anson Gray. He's the only other guy we know without a girl and with a dinner coat. He's stopping to get tickets; he'll meet us at Pierre's. Where's the pride of Welwood?"

"Hush," said Midge, and took her box. Ted never brought her flowers except on birthdays and at Easter. This was a gag. To impress the country cousin. "Well," she thought, "she'll like them, and that's nice." She tried to suppress the thought that unless the gardenias were made of platinum and set with rubies Miss Moffet would not be particularly impressed.

"I'm late," said Lily May from the doorway, and Ted and George swung around, staring.

She wore the printed gown; it had a little silly train with a ruffle. It was printed all over with charming flowers. She carried the blond fur coat over her arm.

MIDGE made the presentations. It is doubtful whether Ted or George heard her. They were still staring.

"I've heard so much about you all," said Lily May. She gave them each a hand and stood there smiling. She added softly, "And now I realize what lucky girls Alice and Midge are, darn 'em."

Her voice was softer; it carried an alien accent. Midge and Alice looked at each other. Midge said, "Ted brought you some flowers, Lily May."

"For me?" She opened the box. Her eyes brooded over the waxen petals. She lifted her eyes. Ted cleared his throat. She said, "You brought flowers for me. How—darling!"

"You didn't tell me what she looked like—you didn't tell me she was—" Ted smote Midge between the shoulder blades. "Hold everything," he said hoarsely. "Is this the little cousin from the sticks?"

"Welwood," said Lily May, "is little—but—oh my." She smiled, forgivingly. "We get around," she said softly. "I won't disgrace you all."

Leo Garel

"Dad, I want you to meet George, the fellow I told you so much about"

THE ANIMAL FAIR

★

On a WPA project near Ellensburg, Wash., a crew was recently ordered to tear out a beaver dam. The men had to give it up as a bad job, because they never could catch up with the beavers. The WPA men worked regular hours and short weeks; the beavers worked all the time, and rebuilt the dam faster than it could be torn down.

Here's the Stag at Bay in reverse. Mrs. Basil A. Knapp, of Newfane, Vt., recently complained to the state game warden that a deer had chased her police dog, Molly, around the yard and then driven her off into the open country. Two hours later Molly limped home, exhausted.

In his suburban Chicago back yard George W. Rateike mounted a multiple birdhouse on a high pole for the use of local birds. A neighborhood squirrel promptly moved in, stuffed all but one of the 16 holes with paper, and took over the whole mansion.

Queen Tut, an elephant in the Forrest Park Zoo, Fort Worth, Texas, is the zoo's practical joker. Caretakers recently caught her filling with sand the gas tank of a truck, after she had unscrewed the cap with her trunk.

Carey Goodwin, of Camden, N. J., has a commanding voice. Recently, as he watched a sea gull swoop down, pluck a 2-pound shad from the ocean surf, and take off again, he shouted, "Hey, you! Drop that fish!" The sea gull did—right at his feet.

Edward Rogge, of Foxboro, Wis., has a pig that grinds its own feed when it gets hungry. The motor-driven grinder is mounted on the outside of the granary, and the pig turns the grinder by pushing the drive belt with its nose. It first caught on to the trick while scratching its back against the belt.

Jimmy, a blind 11-year-old collie mascot of the United Air Terminal, Burbank, Calif., is now served by Joe, a devoted black cat, that turned up at the airport six months ago when the dog lost his sight. Joe leads Jimmy around the airport during the day and sleeps beside him at night, spitting at any person who disturbs the dog's rest.

These little stories of animal life are sent in by readers. While some of them sound stranger than fiction, the contributors vouch for their authenticity in each instance. We pay $1 for each acceptable anecdote accompanied by corroborative proof. If you know any, send them to ANIMALS, The American Magazine, 250 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

"She's Southern," said George in the voice of one who makes a great discovery. "I thought you said Ohio—"

"It's an act. I went to school in Virginia for a while," said Lily May. "I was kicked out. For smoking. Dreadful, wasn't it?"

Instantly George produced a cigarette case and Ted a pack. Lily May shook her head. "Not now," she said, "if we're goin' on out."

The g's were falling like leaves in autumn. No one stopped to recover them. Ted said, smiling down at Lily May, "Let's go, then. We promised to show you the town."

They went downstairs, George first. In case Lily May stumbled, he would catch her. Lily May, Ted, Alice, and Midge. Alice spoke tensely, to Midge, "I give up," she said.

"It's an act," said Midge.

"I know, but she said so first. That takes the curse off. What a woman!" said Alice. "I'd be crazy about her myself if I didn't want to cut her throat."

Dinner at Pierre's with Anson Gray, a personable young man, in delighted attendance, seats for the newest musical.

Midge spoke anxiously to Ted: "But it must have cost—"

"I thought I was doing you a favor," he said. "But, cripes, she's a knockout! George is phoning for a table at the Rainbow Room."

"Rainbow Room!"

"His contribution. We can't take that mouse to a hamburger joint!"

Lily May was saying to Anson Gray, "Isn't that Mrs. Hoffington-Meadows?" and, "Oh, look. That's Babs Delaney. I thought she was still in Florida." She laughed and took Anson's ready arm. "It's so exciting," she said, "seein' all the people you read about."

Gray, who never read about them, agreed. He was a nice boy with a good job. He asked, "Look. How about you and me having a date some night later this week?"

"If Midge doesn't mind," said Lily May, "I'd just adore it." . . .

IT WAS very late when they left the Rainbow Room and reached home. George, Anson, and Ted would be even later getting to Brooklyn. Midge's mind was a whirl of figures: dinner, theater, supper, taxis, and tips. She said, as they went upstairs, "You needn't come up. Why don't you go on home?"

"Absurd," said Ted; "we'll see you to your door. Best Emily Post."

"There's the bottle of Scotch," suggested George.

They came in, and Midge, half asleep on her feet, made the drinks. Lily May said, regarding hers, "I've had such a marvelous time!"

"Ted!" said Midge, but he was laughing at something Lily May said. Midge thought wearily, "I can't tell him now. I'll call him tomorrow. He mustn't go on making dates like that. He can't afford it. I won't let him. If anyone foots this bill, it will be me."

She thought, "Funny—it's like what I thought the cruise would be: lights and people, dance music and gaiety, good-looking men and . . . only, I'm not a passenger; Lily May's the passenger."

She set her little jaw, watching Ted and Lily May. She thought, "But it's only a cruise. It will be over soon . . . once we've shown her the town."

(To be Continued)

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Good Housekeeping Bureau

Capitol Fare

(*Continued from page 45*)

youngster named Charley Lindbergh, son of the Congressman Lindbergh from Minnesota who opposed our entry into the war in 1917.

Harry is half Indian and half Negro by descent. I told him how much I liked the colored waiters, and he gravely gave me his explanation. "White waiters," he said, "are likely to be foreign or of foreign descent. You hear a lot of important secrets around here. The senators know us colored waiters are real Americans."

Presiding genius of the Senate Restaurant is Paul Johnson, headwaiter, who came to Washington in 1900, when he was so small that he had to stand on a soapbox to help wash the dishes. He has the charm, tact, and discretion which his job requires, especially when tempers of congressmen have been frayed by bitter debate. For senators who like it, Paul has a special touch which he adds to the bean soup: he puts a tablespoonful of chopped Virginia ham into the cup before pouring in the soup.

This dish is almost standard at the small luncheons in the office of Colonel Edwin A. Halsey, Secretary of the Senate. Two or three of the Senate leaders usually eat here, and frequently other senators, wavering on some important issue, are brought here for the pleasant persuasion of good company and good food.

DIETITIANS may be interested to know that all legislators go in strongly for dairy products: milk, buttermilk (lots of this), cottage cheese, cream cheese. Representative Sol Bloom, of New York, chairman of the House Foreign Relations Committee, even goes so far as to mix cottage cheese in with his scrambled eggs. Senator Charles L. McNary, of Oregon, the Minority Leader, often lunches on a "Wyoming Cocktail"—half buttermilk and half cream.

Many of the legislators prefer just a light snack for luncheon. Senator Carter Glass, the wiry, fiery veteran from Virginia, author of the Federal Reserve System, lunches on a glass of milk and a slice of the apple pie which the Senate Restaurant serves so well. Senator Robert Wagner, of New York, usually has a tray sent into his office: cream cheese, strawberry preserves, raisin toast, and milk.

And even the redoubtable Senator Ellison D. ("Cotton Ed") Smith, of South Carolina, who likes his hog jowl cooked with cabbage, kale, or black-eyed peas, may postpone this rustic delicacy until the evening meal.

Members of the House frequently entertain in the Speaker's Dining-Room. A favorite dish of Sam Rayburn, of Texas, Speaker of the House, is "crumb-in"—corn bread crumbled into a glass of milk. Another of his gastronomical idiosyncrasies goes without a name. He slices a large raw onion into a glass of ice water (for crispness), and eats it slice by slice, as a side dish, during a meal. More conventionally, he likes speckled trout, caught by himself in the Gulf of Mexico; and soft-shell crabs, fried or broiled.

LIKE all good Texans, Mr. Rayburn is a chili connoisseur. And, since the proper chili ingredients are hard to come by in the East, he uses one of the excellent canned varieties when he gives a chili party in Washington.

A favorite among representatives in the Speaker's Dining-Room is the famous oven stew, cooked in a number of variations, but always bringing out the full flavor of the meats and vegetables.

Once a month the Jambalaya Club, made up of Louisianians who admire the great rice dish from which it takes its name, meets for dinner in the Speaker's Dining-Room. Among the leading spirits are Representatives Jared Y. Sanders, Jr., of Baton Rouge; F. Edward Hébert, former New Orleans city editor who helped break the Long machine; and Vance Plauché, of Lake Charles.

Mr. Plauché gave us his favorite recipe for jambalaya; also some general ideas on cooking rice. Southerners quarrel among themselves about how rice should be prepared, but they unite in denouncing all Northern rice-cooking methods. "Each grain must be separate," is the Southern slogan.

No legislator is entirely satisfied with the House or Senate restaurants. To achieve complete satisfaction would require 48 different chefs in each kitchen, one from each state. This is impracticable, and so Chef Zahm in the House and Chef George Dittrich in the Senate do their best to reconcile the conflicting demands.

For example, there is an old feud between New York, Rhode Island, and Boston on the subject of clam chowder; the South is a house divided on the proper corn bread (this has been compromised); Texas and Louisiana differ on coffee; and even the Louisianians, who insist on making their own coffee, dispute over details.

Drop into a Louisiana legislator's office at about ten in the morning, after the mail has been opened, and like as not you will be greeted by the rich aroma of coffee being made by the drip process. But even here, alas, there is disunity: Sanders of Baton Rouge uses chicory; Plauché of Lake Charles, no chicory.

Confronted with such local connoisseurship, the chefs turn with relief to dishes of universal American popularity, like corned beef and cabbage. The great point about this is to win the confidence of your butcher, and get good corned beef; next, to use good, fresh *green* cabbage.

Other old reliables are creamed finnan haddie; scrambled eggs with herring roe, served for breakfast; ham or bacon and eggs; apple pie (the Senate is best for this); and baked oysters.

These baked oysters, extremely popular, are something. I prefer the House method of preparing them. In the Senate, they put two or three oysters into one shell. To me this seems too much of a good thing, and perhaps immoral. To each oyster its own private shell, say I, and the House concurs. The oyster is opened in the deep shell, sprinkled with shallots, chopped red and green peppers, and a bit of bacon, popped in the oven for a few minutes, anointed with a special hot sauce, and rushed to table.

Sometimes legislators bring a special home-state delicacy along with them to Washington, or cook a favorite dish of their own. Congressman Hébert has oysters sent to him in Washington from New Orleans, claiming the Chesapeake oysters have no flavor. He has been in Congress only since January 1 of this year, which may account for his heretical opinion.

Senator George D. Aiken, of Vermont, always has a reserve of genuine maple sirup in his office. He and his staff use it on "everything from griddle cakes to ice cream." Otherwise, Senator Aiken is the easiest man to please on Capitol Hill. It happened this way: For two years the doctors kept him on an extremely strict and meager diet. When he recovered they told him, "Now you can eat anything." So delighted is he with this that he goes into the restaurant and orders "Anything you suggest. Anything." Then he eats it with relish, and some pride.

One who often does his own cooking is the peppery Senator Theodore Bilbo, of Mississippi.

Long years ago, when he was teaching school in a little southern Mississippi town, of largely French population, the grateful housewives taught him the secret of a wonderful Gumbo Filé—"not to be confused with any other gumbo." He is famous at home for this brew; in Washington he makes a great pot of it in his apartment, and often feasts upon it for several days.

And finally let's top off with a sweet-potato pie. This is not often on the menu, but it is cooked every day in the Senate kitchen when the popular Senator Pat Harrison, of Mississippi, is in town. His favorite lunch is a slice of this pie with buttermilk.

THESE House and Senate restaurants are not great restaurants in the gourmet's sense. But they do have some pretty fine American dishes, many of which we have mentioned here, and which are worth trying at home. Further, there is a special fascination about these storied eating halls at the very center of our government.

Drop in for lunch, when you make that trip to Washington, and take potluck with the legislators.

**Recipes for the following dishes will be sent to you on request. Address CAPITOL FARE, The American Magazine, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y., enclosing name and address and a 3-cent stamp.*

SENATE APPLE PIE
SENATE HOG JOWL AND KALE
HOUSE NAVY BEAN SOUP
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HOUSE OVEN STEWS—A FEW HINTS
LOUISIANA JAMBALAYA—PLAUCHÉ
LOUISIANA RICE—PLAUCHÉ
HOUSE COMPROMISE CORN BREAD
HOUSE CREAMED FINNAN HADDIE
HOUSE SCRAMBLED EGGS AND HERRING ROE
HOUSE BAKED OYSTERS
SENATE SWEET POTATO PIE

THE END ★★

One of the exhibits at the Flower Show provided a firsthand view of murder... Naturally, Nero Wolfe would be there, too

DEATH WEARS AN ORCHID

by Rex Stout

MONDAY at the Flower Show, Tuesday at the Flower Show, Wednesday at the Flower Show. Me, Archie Goodwin. How's that?

I do not deny that flowers are pretty, but a million flowers are not a million times prettier than one flower. Oysters are good to eat, but who wants to eat a carload?

I didn't particularly resent it when Nero Wolfe sent me up there Monday afternoon, and, anyway, I had been expecting it. After all the ballyhoo in the special Flower Show sections of the Sunday papers, it was a cinch that some member of our household would have to go take a look at those orchids, and, as Fritz Brenner couldn't be spared from the kitchen that long, and Theodore Horstmann was too busy in the plant-rooms on the roof, and Wolfe himself could have got a job in a physics laboratory as an immovable object if the detective business ever played out, it looked as if I would be elected. I was.

When Wolfe came down from the plant-rooms at six P. M. Monday and entered the office, I reported, "I saw them. It was impossible to snitch a sample."

He grunted, lowering himself into his chair. "I didn't ask you to."

"Who said you did? But you expected me to. There are three of them in a glass case and the guard has his feet glued."

"What color are they?"

"They're not black."

"Black flowers are never black. What color are they?"

"Well." I considered. "Say, you take a piece of coal. Not anthracite. Cannel coal."

"That's black."

"Wait a minute. Spread on it a thin coating of open-kettle molasses. That's it."

"Pfui. You haven't the faintest notion what it would look like. Neither have I."

"I'll go buy a piece of coal and we'll try it."

"No. Is the labellum uniform?"

I nodded. "Molasses on coal. The labellum is large, not as large as aurea, about like truffautiana. Sepals lanceolate. Throat tinged with orange—"

"Any sign of wilting?"

"No."

"Go back tomorrow and look for wilting on the edges of the petals. You know it—the typical wilting after pollination. I want to know if they've been pollinated."

So I went up there again Tuesday after lunch. That evening at six I added a few details to my description and reported no sign of wilting. I sat at my desk, in front of his against the wall, and aimed a chilly stare at him.

"Will you kindly tell me," I requested, "why so many of the females you see at a flower show are the kind of females who go to a flower show? Especially their legs. I ask you, does it have to be like that? Is it because, never having any flowers sent to them, they have to go there in order to see any? Or is it because—?"

"Shut up. I don't know. Go back tomorrow and look for wilting."

I might have known, with his mood getting blacker every hour, all on account of three measly orchid plants, that he was working up to a climax. But I went again Wednesday, and didn't get home until nearly seven o'clock. When I entered the office he was there at his desk with two empty beer bottles on the tray and pouring a third one into the glass.

I reported no wilting, and sat at my desk and ran through the stuff he had put there, and then swiveled to face him and said, "I'm thinking of getting married."

His half-open lids didn't move, but his eyes did, and I saw them. He made a noise of derision and picked up his glass.

"Okay," I said. "But you're enough of a psychologist to know what it means when a man is irresistibly impelled to

The cops had rounded up some suspicious characters

CAST OF CHARACTERS

NERO WOLFE
The bulging and brilliant detective

ARCHIE GOODWIN
His impertinent assistant

INSPECTOR CRAMER
Of the New York police

LEWIS HEWITT
Wealthy nurseryman

ANNE TRACY
Who poses at the Flower Show

HARRY GOULD
Her fellow actor

WADE DILL
Their nurseryman employer

FRED UPDEGRAFF
An exhibitor at the Show

PETE ARANGO
Updegraff's employee

ROSE LASHER
Who lurks in corners

SAUL PANZER
JOHNNY KEEMS
Detectives employed by Wolfe

THEODORE HORSTMANN
FRITZ BRENNER
Wolfe's servants

talk about a girl to someone. Preferably, of course, to someone who is sympathetic. You can imagine what it means when I want to talk about her to *you*. What is uppermost in my mind is that this afternoon I saw her washing her feet."

He put the glass down. "So you went to a movie. In the afternoon. Did it occur—?"

"No, sir, not a movie. Flesh and bone and skin. Have you ever been to a flower show?"

Wolfe closed his eyes and sighed.

"Anyway," I went on, "you've seen pictures of the exhibits, so you know that the millionaires and big firms do things up brown. Like Japanese gardens and rock gardens and roses in Picardy. This year Rucker & Dill, the seed and nursery company, have stolen the show. They've got a woodland glade. Bushes and dead leaves and green stuff, and a lot of little flowers and junk, and some trees with white flowers, and a little brook with a pool and rocks; and it's inhabited. There's a man and a girl having a picnic. They're there all day from eleven to six-thirty and from eight to ten in the evening. They pick flowers. They eat a picnic lunch. They sit on the grass and read. They play mumblety-peg. At four o'clock the man lies down and covers his face with a newspaper and takes a nap, and the girl takes off her shoes and stockings and dabbles her feet in the pool. That's when they crowd the ropes. Her face and figure are plenty good enough, but her legs are absolutely artistic. Naturally, she has to be careful not to get her skirt wet, and the stream comes tumbling from the rocks into the pool."

"She is too long from the knees down."

I looked at him in amazement.

HE WIGGLED a finger at a newspaper on the desk. "There's a picture of her in the *Clarion*. Her name is Anne Tracy. She's a stenographer in Rucker & Dill's office. Her favorite dish is blueberry pie with ice cream."

"She is not a stenographer!" I was on my feet. "She's a secretary! W. G. Dill's!" I found the page in the *Clarion*. "A damn' important job. I admit they look a little long here, but it's a bad picture. Wrong angle. There was a better one in the *Gazette* yesterday, and an article—"

"I saw it. I read it."

"Then you ought to have an inkling of how I feel." I sat down again. "Men are funny," I said philosophically. "That girl, with that face and figure and legs, has been going along living with her pop and mom and taking dictation from W. G. Dill—and who knew about her or paid any attention to her? Now movie scouts have to be chased off the grass of the woodland glade. Photographers engage in combat. Lewis Hewitt takes her out to dinner—"

"Hewitt?" Wolfe opened his eyes and scowled at me. "Lewis Hewitt?"

I knew that the sound of that name would churn his beer for him. Lewis Hewitt was the millionaire in whose greenhouse, on his Long Island estate, the black orchids had been produced, thereby creating in Wolfe an agony of envy that surpassed any of his previous childish performances.

"Yep," I said cheerfully. "Lew, himself."

That was enough to do it. At lunch the next day Wolfe's envy and curiosity finally foamed up to the climax. He put down his coffee cup, assumed the expression of a man prepared to brave all hardship or hazard for the sake of a cause, and told me, "Please bring the sedan around. I'm going up there and look at those confounded freaks myself."

So Thursday was my fourth day in a row at the Flower Show. It was the biggest mob of the week, and getting Nero Wolfe through and up to the fourth floor where the orchids were was like a destroyer making a way through a mine field for a battleship. We were halted a couple of times by acquaintances who wanted to exchange greetings, and as we passed the Rucker & Dill woodland glade on the third floor Wolfe stopped to look it over. There was a line of spectators three deep all the way around the ropes. Anne and her companion were playing mumblety-peg. When a flash bulb made a flare she didn't flicker an eyelash.

At the orchid benches up on the fourth floor Wolfe disregarded everything else and planted himself in front of a glass case. A card in the corner said, "Unnamed hybrid by Mr. Lewis Hewitt. The only three plants in existence." For a quarter of an hour Wolfe didn't budge, not even when women bumped against him trying to get a peek at the orchids, though ordinarily he hates to have anyone touching him. Then he backed away, and I thought he was through.

"It's hot in here," he said, and was taking off his overcoat. I took it to hold for him.

"Ah, Mr. Wolfe," a voice said. "This is indeed a compliment! What do you think of them?"

IT WAS Lewis Hewitt. Wolfe shook hands with him. Hewitt had on a hat and topcoat and gloves, and he carried a walking stick, a golden-yellow Malacca with reddish-brown mottles. Any good appraiser would have said $830 as is, on the hoof. He was tall enough to look down at Wolfe with a democratic smile below his aristocratic nose.

"They're interesting," Wolfe said.

Interesting. Ha-ha.

"Aren't they marvelous?" Hewitt beamed. "If I had time I'd take one from the case so you could have a good look, but I'm on my way upstairs to judge some roses and I'm already late. Will you be here a little later? . . . Please do. . . . Hello, Wade. I'm running."

He went. The "Wade" was for a little guy who had come up while he was talking. As this newcomer exchanged greetings with Wolfe I regarded him with interest, for it was no other than W. G. Dill himself, the employer of my future wife. In many ways he was the exact opposite of Lewis Hewitt, for he looked up at Wolfe instead of down, he

Rose hid among the shrubs and watched the door

wore an old brown suit that needed pressing, and his sharp gray eyes gave the impression that they wouldn't know how to beam.

"You probably don't remember me," he was telling Wolfe. "I was at your house one day with Raymond Plehn—"

"I remember. Certainly, Mr. Dill."

"I was going to phone you this afternoon. I wonder if you'd do something for me?"

"That depends—"

"I'll explain. Let's step aside." They moved, and I followed suit. "Do you know anything about the Kurume yellows?"

"I've heard of them." Wolfe was frowning but trying to be courteous. "I've read of them in horticultural journals. A disease fatal to broad-leaved evergreens, thought to be fungus. First found two years ago on some Kurume azaleas imported from Japan by Lewis Hewitt. You had some later, I believe, and so did Watson, in Massachusetts. Then Updegraff lost his entire plantation of what he called rhodaleas."

"You do know about them."

"I remember what I read."

"Did you see my exhibit downstairs?"

"I glanced at it as I passed." Wolfe grimaced. "The crowd."

"Did you see the laurel and azaleas?"

"Yes. They look sick."

"They are sick. They're dying. The Kurume yellows. The under side of the leaves shows the typical brown spots. Some scoundrel deliberately infected those plants, and I intend to know who it was!"

WOLFE looked sympathetic, and he really was sympathetic. Between plant growers a fatal fungus makes a bond. "It's too bad your exhibit was spoiled," he said. "But why a personal devil? Why a deliberate miscreant?"

"It was."

"Have you evidence?"

"No. Evidence is what I want."

"My dear sir, you are a child beating the stick it tripped on. You had that disease once on your place. A nest of spores in a bit of soil—"

Dill shook his head. "The disease was at my Long Island place. Those plants came from my place in New Jersey. The soil could not have become contaminated."

"With fungi almost anything is possible. A tool taken from one place to the other, a pair of gloves—"

"I don't believe it." Dill's voice indicated that nothing was going to make him believe it. "With the care we take. I am convinced it was done deliberately and maliciously, to ruin my exhibit. And I'm going to know who it was. I'll pay you a thousand dollars to find out for me."

Wolfe abandoned the ship. Not physically, but mentally. His face went blank. "I don't believe I could undertake it."

"Why not? You're a detective, aren't you? Isn't that your business?"

"It is."

"This is a job for a detective, isn't it?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because you wouldn't walk across the continent to take a swim in the Pacific Ocean. The effort and expense are out of proportion to the object sought. You say you have no evidence. Do you suspect anyone in particular?"

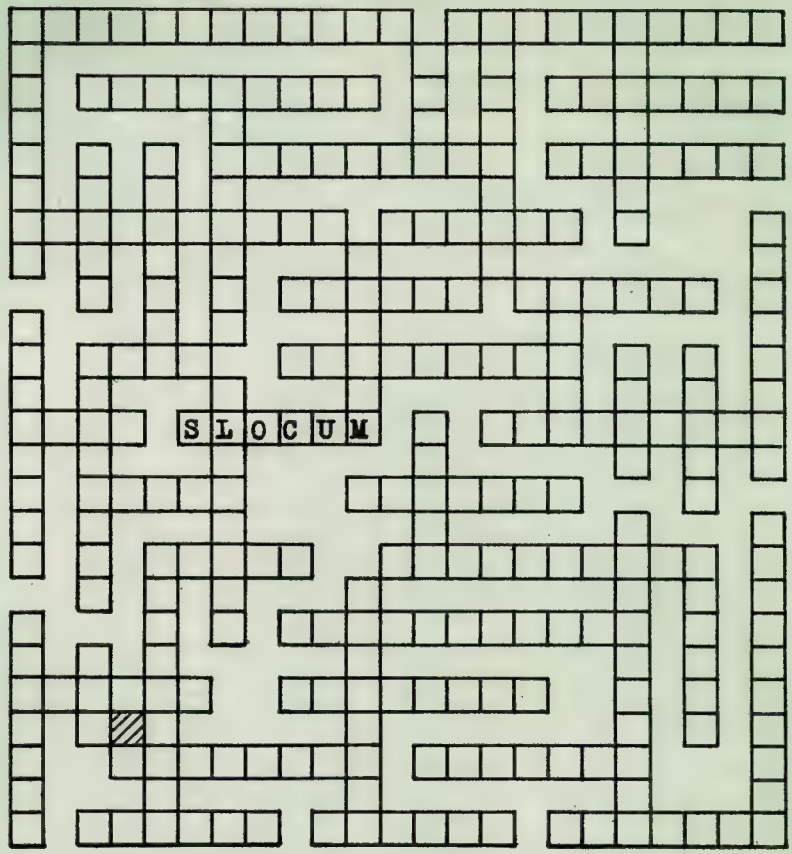
"No. But I absolutely intend—"

I butted in. I said to Wolfe, "I've got to go and judge some Brussels sprouts," and I beat it.

AN AMERICAN JIGSAW

By Bernard A. Holway

HERE is a training-camp puzzle in jigsaw form. Each of the horizontal and vertical rows is to be filled with the name of an Army or Navy training base or flying field that appears in the list below. The clue camp is *Slocum*. From the letter M you branch upward, and from the letter L you branch up and down to get your bearings. (Two camps in the list might fit in this latter space—be sure to get the right one.) Every time words cross, more clues help you along. You'll find the solution on page 145.



BARKSDALE, Louisiana
BEAUREGARD, Louisiana
BENNING, Georgia
BLANDING, Florida
BLISS, Texas
BOEING, Washington
BOLLING, District of Columbia
BOWIE, Texas
BROOKS, Texas
CARLISLE, Pennsylvania
CRISSY, California
CUSTER, Michigan
DEVENS, Massachusetts
DIX, New Jersey
EDWARDS, Massachusetts
ELDRIDGE, Philippine Islands
FUNSTON, California
GRAY, Washington
GREAT LAKES, Illinois
HAMILTON, California
HAMPTON ROADS, Virginia
HICKAM, Hawaii
JACKSON, South Carolina
KELLY, Texas
LADD, Alaska
LAKEHURST, New Jersey
LANGLEY, Virginia
LEAVENWORTH, Kansas
LOGAN, Colorado
MITCHEL, New York
MONMOUTH, New Jersey
MYER, Virginia
NEW LONDON, Connecticut
NEWPORT, Rhode Island
OGLETHORPE, Georgia
PLATTSBURG, New York
PENSACOLA, Florida
RANDOLPH, Texas
ROBINSON, Nebraska
SAM HOUSTON, Texas
SAN DIEGO, California
SCOTT, Illinois
SELFRIDGE, Michigan
SHELBY, Mississippi
SHERIDAN, Illinois
SILL, Oklahoma
SLOCUM, New York
SNELLING, Minnesota
UPTON, New York
WRIGHT, Ohio

To avoid the mob, I opened a door marked "PRIVATE" and descended a flight of stairs. This part was not open to the public. On the floor below I made my way through a jungle of packing cases and trees and bushes and spraying equipment and so on, and went along a corridor. Along the right wall, which was the partition between the corridor and the main room, were doors with cards on them, all closed, leading into the exhibits themselves from the back. As I passed the one with a card tacked on it saying, "RUCKER & DILL," I threw a kiss at it.

Through the door farther on, I entered the main room. There was even more of a crowd than when Wolfe and I had passed by half an hour earlier. I dodged through the field as far as the rustic scene which had labels on the rope posts reading, "UPDEGRAFF NURSERIES, ERIE, PENNA." I skirted the band of spectators taking in the Updegraff arrangement and halted beside a runty specimen who was standing there by the rope scowling at the foliage.

"Hello, Pete," I said.

He nodded and said hello.

I HAD met Pete day before yesterday. I didn't really like him. In fact, I disliked him. His eyes didn't match, and that, together with a scar on his nose, made him look unreliable. But he had been hospitable and made me at home around the place.

"What are you scowling at?" I asked him. "Looking for the Kurume yellows?"

His head jerked around at me. "What about the Kurume yellows?" he demanded.

"Nothing. Just conversation. I heard Dill saying his woodland glade has got it, and I wondered if it was spreading."

His left eye blinked, but the off-color one didn't. "When did you hear Dill say that?"

"Just a while ago."

"So. What I suspected." He stretched himself as high as he could up on his toes, looking in all directions at the throng. "Did you see my boss?"

"No. I just came—"

Pete darted off. Apparently, I had started something. But he went off to the left, toward the front, so I didn't follow him. I turned right, past a rose garden and a couple of other exhibits, to Rucker & Dill's.

The crowd was about the same as before; it was only a quarter past three and they wouldn't begin surging against the ropes until four o'clock. At that time the man—whose name was Harry Gould, according to the newspapers—would lie down for a nap, and Anne would take off her shoes and stockings. I got behind some dames not tall enough to obstruct the view.

All of a sudden Harry jumped to his feet and yelled, "Hey!" It was the first word I had ever heard him utter. Everyone, including me, looked in the direction of his stare. "You, Updegraff!" Harry yelled. "Get out of that!" It was the wholesome young man with the serious chin who had been identified for me as Pete's boss, Fred Updegraff, by Pete himself. At the right corner where the exhibit ended at the partition, he had straddled the rope, stretched an arm, and snipped off a peony twig, and was making off with it.

"I'll report that!" Harry yelled.

My watch said 3:25. It would be over half an hour before the big scene started, and I didn't dare leave Wolfe alone that long in a strange place, so I dragged myself away. Taking the corridor again as a short cut, I saw it was inhabited by a sample who didn't strike me as the flower-show type, either for backstage or out front. She was standing there not far from the door with the Rucker & Dill card on it, a fancy little trick in a cheap coat with a fur collar, and one of those silly hats with a lot of veil. As I approached she looked at me with an uneasy eye and a doubtful smile.

I asked her, "You lost, sister?"

"No," she said, and the smile got confident. "I'm waiting for someone."

"Me?"

"Nothing like you."

"That's good. It could have been me a week ago, but now I'm booked."

I went on.

Upstairs, I found that Wolfe had stayed put, and W. G. Dill was still with him. Apparently the question of tracking down the gazook who had spoiled Dill's exhibit had been settled one way or the other, for they were arguing about inoculated peat and sterile flasks for germination. After a while Dill departed, and Wolfe went back to the glass case and started peering again, and a few minutes later here came Lewis Hewitt, with his topcoat over his arm.

He glanced around as if he was looking for something, and he asked Wolfe, "Did I leave my stick here?"

"I haven't seen it. Archie?"

"No, sir."

"Damn it," Hewitt said. "I do leave sticks around, but I wouldn't like to lose that one. . . . Well. Do you want to inspect one of those beauties?"

"Very much. I'd like to buy one."

"I imagine you would." Hewitt chuckled. "Plehn offered ten thousand for one the other day." He took a key from his pocket and leaned over the case. "I'm afraid I'm going to be regarded as a miser, but I can't bear to let one go."

"I'm not a commercial grower," Wolfe said ingratiatingly. "I'm an amateur like you."

"I know," Hewitt conceded, lifting out one of the pots as if it were made of star bubbles and angels' breath, "but, my dear fellow, I simply couldn't part with one."

FROM there on the scene was painful. Wolfe was so damn' sweet to him I had to turn my head away to conceal my feelings. He flattered him and yessed him and smiled at him, until I expected any minute to hear him offer to dust off his shoes. And the worst of it was that it was obvious he wasn't getting anywhere and wasn't going to.

At a quarter past four I began to fidget. Not only would I have liked to give Wolfe a kick in the fundament for being such a sap, but also I wanted to conduct him past the woodland glade and prove to him that he was wrong when he said my affianced was too long from the knees down. The big scene would end at four-thirty, when Anne would flip water out of the pool onto her copicnicker to wake him from his nap. That always got a big laugh.

So I was relieved when they started off. We went by the back stairs, and at my suggestion along the corridor on the floor below, and there, on the floor by the door to Rucker & Dill's exhibit, I saw an object I recognized.

I halted and told Hewitt, "There's your cane."

Hewitt stood and looked at it, and demanded, "How in the name of heaven did it get there?"

And, by gum, Wolfe told me to pick it up for him! I should have resigned on the spot,

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Dr Scholl's FOOT POWDER

but I didn't want to make a scene in front of Hewitt, so I stooped and grabbed it. There was a piece of green string looped on the crook, and I brushed it off and extended the crook end toward Hewitt, controlling an impulse to jab him in the ribs. He thanked me democratically and we went on.

"Curious," Hewitt said. "I certainly didn't leave it there. Very odd."

A door ahead of us opened and a man emerged. The door had a card on it, "UPDEGRAFF NURSERIES," and the man was the twig snitcher, Fred Updegraff. At sight of us he stopped, and stood there as we went by. A little farther on, after passing two more doors with exhibitors' cards on them, I swerved to one that wasn't labeled and turned the knob and opened it.

"Where are you going?" Wolfe demanded.

"The water nymph. The pool episode. I thought you might—"

"Bosh! That bedlam—"

"It's really worth seeing," Hewitt declared. "Charming. Perfectly charming. Really delightful. I'll come too."

He headed for the door I was holding open, and Wolfe followed him like an orderly after a colonel.

AT THE glade the audience was five and six deep around the ropes, but all three of us were tall enough to get a good view. Anne was putting on a swell performance, dabbling with her toes and swishing around. Her knees were beautiful. I was proud of her. Harry was stretched out in the usual spot for his nap, his head on a grassy mound alongside the rocks and bushes, with a newspaper over his face. The audience was chattering. Anne kicked water onto a cluster of flowers that hung over the pool, and glistening drops fell from the petals.

"Charming," Hewitt said.

"Delightful," Wolfe said.

I moved off to the right. I wanted to get a better look at Harry's right leg and foot. They were twisted into a strange and unnatural position for a man pretending to take a nap. I stretched tiptoe to get a good look over heads and hats, and decided that either his shoe hurt him or he was doing a yogi leg exercise. My eyes went back to Anne just as she took a glance at her wrist watch. She swished once more, swung her feet out of the pool, cast a mischievous eye on her companion, reached into the pool with her cupped hand, and sloshed water over Harry's shirt. The audience screeched with glee.

But Harry didn't take his cue. He was supposed to jerk himself up and blink and look mad, but he didn't move. Anne stared at him in astonishment.

Someone called, "Douse him again!"

I had a quick hunch it wasn't funny, with his leg twisted like that. Pushing through to the front, I got over the rope. As I started across the grass a guard yelled at me, but I kept going, and was bent over Harry when the guard grabbed my arm.

"Hey, you—!"

"Shut up." I shook him off, and lifted the newspaper enough to see Harry's face; and after one glimpse dropped the paper back over it. As I did that I sniffed. I thought I smelled something that I recognized.

"What is it? What's the matter?" a voice above me asked.

It was the first time I had ever heard Anne's voice, but I didn't reply or look up at her, because I was seeing something about the moss which clung to the face of the rocks just back of Harry's head. On account of the shrubs and rocks I couldn't get around to see the top of his head, so I reached a hand to feel of it, and the end of my finger went right into a hole in his skull. I pulled away and wiped my finger off on the grass.

I stood up, and told Anne, "Put on your shoes and stockings."

"What—?"

"Do as I tell you." I had the guard by the sleeve and stabbed into his sputterings, "Get a cop." By the way his mouth fell open I saw he was too dumb even for something as simple as that without a fireside chat, so I turned to call to Hewitt, and there was Fred Updegraff inside the ropes headed for us. His eyes were on Anne, but when I intercepted him and told him to get a cop he about-faced without a word and went.

Wolfe's voice barked above the din: "What the devil are you doing in there?"

I ignored him again, and raised my voice to address the multitude: "Ladies and gentlemen. That's all for today. Mr. Gould has had an attack. If you're sensible you'll go and look at flowers. If you're morbid you'll stay where you are—outside the ropes—"

A flash bulb flared at the left. Sympathetic murmurs arose, but the crowd seemed to be a hundred per cent morbid. I was gratified to see that Anne appeared to have a modicum of wits. She must have seen the color of what I had wiped from my finger, but she was sitting on the grass getting her feet shod, hastily.

"Archie!" Wolfe's voice came in his most menacing tone. I knew what was eating him. He wanted me to get out of there and drive him home, and he thought I was showing off, and he knew I was sore. As he called my name again I turned my back on him to welcome the law. A big flatfoot with no neck shoved through the crowd to the rope and got over it and strode across the grass. I blocked his way at Harry's feet.

"What's wrong with him?" he asked.

I moved aside and let him pass. He stooped and got a corner of the newspaper and jerked it off.

"Archie!" Wolfe bellowed.

Some of the spectators could see Harry's face, and they were reacting.

"Hell! He's dead," the cop said.

"You guessed it," I concluded. "Shall I get some help?"

"Go ahead."

I WON'T say that I already knew things I didn't know, but I already had stirrings about the ears, and, besides, I didn't want Wolfe to burst a lung, so I went that way, and found him standing with Hewitt a few paces to the rear of the throng.

"Hold everything," I muttered to him. "Confound you—!"

"I said hold everything." I cantered off to the phone booths at the front of the room, parted with a nickel, and dialed a number and got connected with Extension 19, gave my name, and asked for Inspector Cramer.

His voice came: "What do you want?"

"Me? Nothing. I'm helping with the chores. Wolfe and I are up at the Flower Show—"

"I'm busy!"

"Okay. Now you're busier. Rucker & Dill's exhibit, third floor, Flower Show. Man murdered. Shot through the top of the head. Lying there on the grass guarded by one bull-necked bull who will never be an inspector. That's all."

"Wait a min—"

"Can't. I'm busy."

I slid out of the booth and dodged through the traffic back across the room. In that short time the mob surrounding the glade had doubled in size. At that instant I caught sight of an object I had been halfway expecting to see. I only got a glimpse of the

Raymond Holle

"But, Chester, couldn't you just explain to me how the guns in Number Four Gun Station are worked?"

hat with all the veil, for she came from the other side and disappeared into the crowd.

I skirted the throng and went into it on the other side. In a minute I saw her, squirming through to the front. I took it easy working through to her, because I didn't want to make myself conspicuous, and, getting right behind her, I saw that her leather handbag was under her right arm. I shifted Wolfe's coat to my own right arm, and under its cover got my fingers on the end of the bag and pulled it gently. It started coming, and she was so interested in what she was trying to see over people's heads that she didn't notice it, even when the bag was out from under her arm and safely under Wolfe's coat. I kept an eye on her as I backed out, apologizing to the flower lovers as I went, and as soon as I was in the clear turned and made for the stairs.

IN THE men's room on the second floor I opened the bag, which was monogrammed "RL." It inventoried about as usual: handkerchief and compact and change purse and so on, but it also had what I was after—her name and address. They were on an envelope addressed to Miss Rose Lasher, 326 Morrow Street, N. Y. City, which checked with the RL on the bag. I copied it in my notebook. The letter inside was from "Ellie" and explained why she hadn't paid back the two dollars. And another item was more than I had bargained for. It was a clipping from the *Gazette* of a picture of Harry and Anne playing mumblety-peg.

I put everything back in, went back to the third floor, worked my way into the crowd, not taking it so easy this time, found her in the front row, and put my hand on her shoulder. Her head twisted around.

"Will you please—?" she began indignantly.

"Okay, sister. It's me. Here's your bag."

"My bag!"

"You dropped it, and I risked life and limb to get it. It's yours, isn't it?"

"Sure, it's mine!" She grabbed it.

"Say thank you."

She mumbled something and was through with me. I glanced at the scene. The cast had been augmented. The contents of two radio police cars, four of them in uniform, were there in the glade, one of them standing at Harry's feet watching a doctor who was on his knees applying a stethoscope. W. G. Dill stood at the cop's side, his hands in his pockets, scowling. There was no sign that anyone had got interested in the moss on the rocks. I backed out again and circled around to the rose garden to rejoin Wolfe.

He wasn't there. He was gone.

The damn' hippopotamus, I thought. He'll get lost. He'll be kidnapped. He'll fall in a hole. He'll catch cold.

I stood and applied logic to it. Had he taken a taxi home? Not the way he hated taxis. What, as I had left him standing there, what had been his most burning desires? That was easy. To shoot me, to sit down, and to drink beer. He couldn't shoot me, because I wasn't around. Where might he have found a chair?

I made my way across the grain of the traffic to the corner of the room, where a door said, "OFFICE." People were standing around, and one of them plucked at my sleeve as I put my hand on the knob, and I recognized him. It was a gray-haired geezer I had seen on previous days looking at Anne from a distance as if he were saying his prayers. He looked worried.

"Please," he said, "if you're going in there, will you give this to Miss Anne Tracy?"

"Is she in there?"

"Yes, she went in—I saw her go in—"

I took the folded piece of paper and said I'd see that Miss Tracy got it, opened the door, and entered, and was in an anteroom containing a tired-looking woman at a desk. I smiled at her irresistibly to keep her quiet, unfolded the piece of paper, and read what it said:

Dear Daughter:
I hope there is no serious trouble. I am outside here. If there is anything I can do let me know. Your father.

It was written with a pencil on cheap white paper. I folded it up again.

"Do you want something?" the woman at the desk asked in a sad and skeptical tone. I told her I had an important message for Miss Anne Tracy, and she opened her mouth, and then decided not to use it any more and motioned to one of three doors. I opened it and passed through, and the first thing I saw was Nero Wolfe sitting in a chair almost big enough for him, with a tray on a table beside him holding four beer bottles.

You can't beat logic.

On another chair right in front of him, facing him, was Anne. Propped against a desk at the left was Lewis Hewitt. A man I didn't know was at another desk writing something, and another one was standing by a window with Fred Updegraff.

WOLFE saw me enter. I saw him see me. But he went on talking to Anne without dropping a stitch.

"Excuse me," I said icily. "For you, Miss Tracy." I extended the paper.

She looked up at me, looked at the paper, took it, unfolded it, and read it. "Oh," she said. "Where is he?"

"Outside."

"But I—" Her brow wrinkled. "Would you tell him—no, I'll go—"

She got up and started for the door. I beat her to the knob, and swung it open. Anne was walking through, and then she wasn't. A man barging through from the other side ran smack into her and nearly knocked her over, and I grabbed her arm.

"Pardon me," the intruder said. His eyes swept the room and everything in it and went back to Anne. "Are you Anne Tracy?"

"She is Miss Anne Tracy," Hewitt said, "and that is scarcely the way—"

Anne was sidling by to get to the door. The man put an arm out to stop her. "Where are you going?"

"I'm going to see my father."

"Where is he?"

Another arm got in on it. Fred Updegraff arrived, and his hand came out and met the intruder's ribs and gave a healthy shove. "Learn some manners," he said gruffly. "What business is it—?"

"Permit me," I interposed. "This is Inspector Cramer, of the Homicide Squad." I indicated another man on the door sill. "And Sergeant Purley Stebbins."

"Even so," Lewis Hewitt said, in a tone of displeasure, "it is scarcely necessary to restrain Miss Tracy by force. She merely wishes to speak with her father. I am Lewis Hewitt, Inspector. May I ask—?"

"Where is your father?"

"Just outside the door," I said.

"Go with her, Purley. All right, Miss

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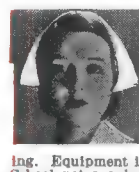

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Tracy, you can go, but come back, please."

Purley went out at her heels. That cleared the doorway for another man to enter—W. G. Dill. Without looking at anybody or saying anything he crossed to a chair by the rear wall and sat down.

"Hello, Wolfe," Cramer said.

"How do you do, Inspector." With only two grunts, one under par, Wolfe got to his feet and moved forward. "Come, Archie. We'll only be in the way."

"No," Cramer said meaningly.

"No?" Wolfe halted. "No what?"

"Goodwin won't be in the way. On the contrary. At least, until I get through with him."

"He's going to drive me home."

"Not now he isn't."

"May I ask what this is all about?" Hewitt was still displeased. "This surveillance of Miss Tracy? This attitude—?"

"Certainly, Mr. Hewitt. Sit down." Cramer waved at chairs, of which there were plenty. "Everybody sit down. This is going to be— Ah, Miss Tracy, did you find your father? . . . Good. Pull that chair around for Miss Tracy, Purley. Sit down, Goodwin."

I attended to the chair for Anne myself, then turned to face the inspector. "No, thanks. I'm nervous."

"You are," Cramer growled. "The day you're nervous I'll shave with a butter knife. How did you know that man had been shot in the top of the head when you phoned me?"

Some of them made noises, but Anne didn't. Her head jerked up and her nostrils tightened, but that was all. I admired her more all the time. Hewitt exclaimed, "Shot!" and Updegraff demanded, "What man?"

"Harry Gould," I told him. I grinned at Cramer. "As you see, I didn't blab around. I saved it for you—"

"How did you know?"

"Good heavens!" Hewitt said blankly. He rose half out of his chair and then dropped back again.

"It was nothing to write home about," I said. "I looked at his face, and he looked dead. I smelled cordite. I saw a jagged hole in the moss at the back of his head, and the moss was puffed out. I couldn't see the top of his head from where I was, but I felt of it, and my finger went in a hole. . . . By the way, don't build a theory from some blood on the grass about where his knees were. I wiped my finger there."

I saw Anne gulp.

CRAMER resumed with me: "And, smelling the cordite and seeing the hole in the moss and the one in his head, how did you figure someone had shot him? By lying in the bushes and aiming through a crack in the rocks?"

"Now, have a heart, Inspector." I grinned at him. "If you're not careful you'll trap me again. Gould took his nap at the same hour each day, and he put his head in exactly the same spot—"

"How do you know that?"

"Mr. Wolfe has been sending me here to look at orchids. That's a matter I'd rather not dwell on. The pile of rocks was only eight or nine inches from his head. Place a gun among the rocks at the right height, wedge it in, aimed the right way, and replace the moss. The rocks and the moss would muffle the report, so that no one would notice it in that big, noisy room—or what if they did notice it? Fasten a string to the trigger—make it green string, so it won't be seen among the foliage. At the proper time, which will be anywhere between four and four-thirty, pull the string."

"Pull the string how? From where?"

"Oh, suit yourself." I waved a hand. "Hide in the bushes, and after you've pulled it sneak out the door at the back of the exhibit that leads to the corridor. Or, if the string's long enough, run it through the crack at the bottom of the door and then you can pull it from the corridor, which would be safer. Or tie the string to the doorknob and it will be pulled by whoever opens the door from the corridor side."

Cramer narrowed his eyes at me. "The gun was wedged among the rocks and covered with the moss, and the string was tied to the trigger, and the string was green, so you're quite a guesser."

"How long was the string?"

"Long enough to reach. What else do you know?"

I shook my head. "If you can't distinguish between guessing and logic—"

"What else do you know?"

"Nothing at present."

"We'll see." Cramer looked around. "If there's a room where I can go with Miss Tracy—"

The man who had been writing at a desk stood up. "Certainly, Inspector. That door there—"

"Who are you?"

"I'm Jim Hawley, of the house staff. I don't think there's anyone in there. I'll see."

BUT there was an interruption. The door to the anteroom opened, and in came a delegation of four. In front was a dick whom I recognized as a member of the squad, next came a lady, next my friend Pete with unmatched eyes, and, bringing up the rear, a cop in uniform. The lady wore a cheap coat with a fur collar and a hat with a lot of veil, but I didn't presume on old acquaintance by speaking to her.

Cramer took in the influx with a glance, and asked, "What have you got, Murphy?"

"Yes, sir." The dick stood with his shoulders straight. He was the military type. "At or about half past four o'clock this young woman was seen in the corridor opening the door leading to the Rucker & Dill exhibit."

"Who saw her?"

"I did," Pete spoke up.

"Who are you?"

"I am Pete Arango. I work for Updegraff Nurseries. That's my boss there Mr. Updegraff. I went through the door at the back of our exhibit, into the corridor. I saw her opening that door. Rucker & Dill."

"Did she go inside?"

Pete shook his head. "She saw me and she shut the door."

"Did she say anything?"

"No, she didn't have anything to say."

Gustav Lundberg

Can you think up a good gag line for this picture? For the best caption we will pay $10. Address Gags, The American Magazine, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. No contributions will be accepted after August 15, 1941, and none will be returned.

"Did you?"

"No, I went to my locker and she must have gone away, because when I came back she wasn't there."

Cramer turned to the young woman: "What's your name?"

"None of your business!" she snapped.

"Yes, sir," the dick said. "She won't co-operate."

"What do you mean, I won't co-operate?" She was indignant, but I wouldn't have said she looked scared. "I admit I opened the door and looked in, don't I? I got into the corridor by mistake and I was looking for a way out. And why should I have to tell you my name and get my name in the papers—?"

"Why didn't you get out the way you got in?"

"Because I got in away around at the other side, and I just thought— Hey! Hello there!"

EVERYONE looked the way she was looking, which resulted in all of us looking at Fred Updegraff. Fred, himself, turned red.

"Well," he said, and seemed to think he had said something.

"It was you," she said, "there with the door open, stooping down there peeking in, when you heard me."

"Sure," Fred acknowledged; "sure, it was me."

"The Rucker & Dill door?" Cramer demanded.

"Yes."

"What were you looking for?"

"I was—" Fred swallowed it. He looked red and flustered, and then all of a sudden he looked relieved. He spoke louder as if he didn't want anyone to miss it: "I was looking at Miss Tracy. I've been doing that all week. My name is Fred Updegraff and I'm an exhibitor here. I was looking at Miss Tracy!" It sounded as if he almost thought he was singing it.

Cramer was unimpressed. "I'll have a talk with you later, Mr. Updegraff." He turned to the sergeant. "Purley, you stay here with Mr. Updegraff and Goodwin and this young woman and this man Pete. Murphy, come with me and Miss Tracy. The rest of you can go if you want—"

"Just a minute." Hewitt, who hadn't sat down again, moved a step. "I am Lewis Hewitt."

"So I understand," Cramer grunted.

"And I have responsibilities here as the Honorary Chairman of the Committee. I feel that Miss Tracy, who is only a young girl, should be protected from any undue annoyance or unpleasantness—"

"Allow me, Hewitt." W. G. Dill had got up and walked over. He faced Cramer. "I'm Miss Tracy's employer, and I suppose I ought to look after her. If you don't mind I'll go along with her."

Cramer informed both Hewitt and Dill that it wasn't necessary for them to protect her against annoyance, and took her and Murphy through the door that had been indicated to an inner room. But not without another brief delay.

"Mr. Cramer! If you please?"

It was Nero Wolfe speaking. I concealed a grin. Of course, he was going to request, or demand, depending on which he thought would work best, that I be allowed to drive him home. I hoped Cramer would say yes. Then, after we got in the sedan and he started raving, I would let him rave, and when he was through I would stick my little dagger in his ribs and give it a twist. It wasn't often I had a chance like that . . .

Cramer had turned. "What do you want?"

"I want," Wolfe said, "to finish a discussion I was having with Mr. Hewitt about orchids."

"Go ahead—"

"And not in a menagerie. In decent privacy. We can find a room somewhere."

"Go ahead. I said the rest of you could go—"

"And Mr. Goodwin must be present to take notes. He will be available when you want him. You can't legally detain him, anyhow, unless you are prepared—"

Cramer snorted in exasperation. "Oh, for God's sake! Discuss orchids. All I want is Goodwin when I want him."

The room at the other end of the anteroom wasn't much more than a cubbyhole, with one window, a couple of small wooden tables, and four wooden chairs. Wolfe scowled at the skimpy chairs and sat down, taking care to center himself on what seat there was.

"Sit down, Mr. Hewitt," he invited.

Hewitt stood. "This is an odd performance." He looked at me and back at Wolfe. "What can you possibly have to say to me so confidential as to require—?"

"I have," Wolfe said brusquely. "I assure you. I know who shot that man."

Hewitt's eyes opened wide. "You know who shot him?"

"I do."

"But, my dear Mr. Wolfe"—Hewitt was displeased but courteous—"that is scarcely a matter to discuss confidentially with me. The proper authorities—"

"I prefer to discuss it with you first. I suggest that we keep our voices as low as possible. It's quite possible that a policeman has his ear at the door—"

"Bosh! This melodramatic—"

"Please, Mr. Hewitt. Don't sneer at melodrama; that's only a point of view. I wish to give you a fresh point of view on the death of Harry Gould. The shot was fired by my assistant, Mr. Goodwin— Please let me finish. First, to establish the fact. Archie?"

I HAD sat down. The fat bum had taken my dagger away from me. I looked at him and said bitterly, "What if I let you down?"

"You won't. Anyway, you can't. I saw the piece of string you brushed off of it. Was there a tug when you picked it up? That's the only detail I lack."

"What the devil is all this?" Hewitt demanded. "If you actually—"

"Please, Mr. Hewitt. I'll state the situation as briefly as possible. Should I report it to Mr. Cramer—"

"There was a tug," I said. "A little jerk. I didn't especially notice it at the time because I was sore as hell."

Wolfe nodded. "I know you were. My report to Mr. Cramer would be this: That Lewis Hewitt said he had lost his cane. A little later, in the corridor on the third floor, we saw the cane lying on the floor, with its crook against the crack under the door leading to the Rucker & Dill exhibit. That was at twenty minutes past four. Mr. Goodwin picked up the cane, and as he did so felt a tug. He calls it a little jerk, but he is exceptionally strong and was in a savage emotional state. Looped on the crook of the cane was a piece of green string, which he brushed off before he handed it to its owner."

"I saw no string," Hewitt snapped.

"Maybe not," Wolfe admitted. "People who inherit wealth don't have to bother to

HOW GOOD IS YOUR taste?

COMPLETE analysis of all the 28 designs that appear on pages 96-97 would require many pages. Briefly, the test is based upon the premise, proved by countless experiments, that unity is an essential requisite of all fine design. In each pair, one design is definitely more unified, better balanced, or more interesting than the other.

Here are the correct selections. Check your list against it.

Pair	*Better Design*
1	A
2	A
3	A
4	B
5	A
6	B
7	B
8	A
9	A
10	B
11	A
12	A
13	B
14	B

IF TWELVE or more of your selections corresponded with those listed above, you possess extraordinarily good taste. You belong in the professional class, along with painters, interior decorators, architects, landscape gardeners, stylists, and commercial designers. If you rely on your own judgment, your home and your clothes should be a delight to your friends and yourself.

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★

see things. But certainly Mr. Goodwin saw it, and so did I, and he felt the tug. The tug was unquestionably the pulling of the trigger and the breaking of the string. That would be my report to Mr. Cramer, since those are the facts."

"I tell you I saw no string!"

"But we did. Keep your voice down, Mr. Hewitt. And Mr. Goodwin touched it. You don't suppose we cooked this up?"

"I don't—" Hewitt looked at the door, and then at me, and then back at Wolfe. "No. I don't suppose you did. But it's inconceivable—" He stopped and stared. "What's that?"

"The piece of string," Wolfe said.

The son of a gun had pulled it out of his vest pocket. I got up for a look, and it was it. I said, "Good here," and sat down.

"Whoever rigged up that affair," Wolfe went on, "made a loop at the end of the string that could be passed under the door. It may have been an afterthought, suggested by the sight of your cane where you had left it, to pass the loop over the cane and leave it lying there for the first passer-by to pick up. If that hadn't happened before half past four I imagine he would have attended to it himself. I do realize what a story that will be for the newspapers. I doubt if it would lead to any official suspicion that you rigged it up yourself, but the public mind is even less subtle than Mr. Cramer's."

"Good heavens!" Hewitt moaned. "This—" He clenched his fingers. "This is horrible."

"Oh, I wouldn't say horrible. Disagreeable."

"Horrible. For me. For a Hewitt."

"Perhaps for a Hewitt," Wolfe conceded. "Then all the more reason why this may interest you. I want those orchid plants. All three of them."

THAT changed things entirely. The change, showing itself on Hewitt's face, took perhaps two seconds, all told. Up to then nothing had been threatened but his peace of mind, or maybe his reputation—at most, his life and liberty. But this was something else again; this threatened his property. It put stone in his heart and steel in his jaw. He eyed Wolfe with a shrewd stare.

"I see," he hissed. "So that's it. To put it plainly, blackmail. Blackmail! No! I won't do it!"

Wolfe sighed. "You won't?"

"No!"

"Very well. Then I won't get the orchids, but I'll be saved a lot of trouble. Archie, get Mr. Cramer in here. Tell him it's urgent. I'll not perch on this confounded milking-stool any longer than I have to."

I rose and started for the door, not hastily. I knew it was in the bag because Hewitt hadn't raised his voice. It was only a war of nerves.

"Blackmail," Hewitt said through his teeth.

"Go on, Archie," Wolfe said. I put my hand on the knob.

"Wait a minute," Hewitt said. I turned my head, but kept my hand on the knob.

Wolfe put a hand on the edge of a table for leverage and lifted himself from the milking-stool. "I'm going home where there is a chair to sit on, and go to work. If you'll please take Mr. Goodwin upstairs and give him the plants so I can take them with me . . ."

Of course, I had a card up my sleeve. Wolfe had taken my dagger away and done the twisting himself, in Hewitt's ribs instead of his own, but I still had a card.

I had a chance to make arrangements for playing it while Wolfe went around, after we returned to the other room, inviting people to lunch. That was actually what he did. Anyhow, he invited W. G. Dill and Fred Updegraff; I heard that much. Apparently, he intended to spend the evening thinking it out, and have them all to lunch the next day to announce the result. Hewitt declined my help on the orchid portage from upstairs. It seemed as if he didn't like me.

WHEN Wolfe had finished the inviting he calmly opened, without knocking, the door into the room where Cramer had gone with Anne, and went in.

I ambled across the room and stood right in front of the girl with the fur collar.

"Hello, dear old friend," I said.

"You've got a nerve," she said. "Beat it."

"Nerve? Me?"

"Beat it. 'Dear old friend!' I never saw you before."

"Aha!" I smiled down at her. "Not a chance in the world. If I tell them I saw you in that corridor at half past three waiting for someone, they'll believe me, don't think they won't; and you'll have to start all over again about opening that door at half past four because you got there by mistake and were looking for a way out. Think fast, and don't tell me to beat it again."

Her fingers were twisting under a fold of the coat. "What do you want?"

"I want to get to know you better. I'll be leaving here in a minute to drive my boss home, but I'll be back before long for a little talk with the inspector. Then I'll go to the news movie across the street, and you'll be there in the back row. Won't you?"

CAUSE FOR DIVORCE BY WM. STEIG

tion and the emergency brought on

Presidential candidates, about to

Wife Makes Him Feel Like Dirt

Homer Bopwell filed suit for divorce in Domestic Relations Court today on the grounds that his wife, Beatrice Bopwell, persecutes him with her mania for order and cleanliness in their home.

Said Mr. Bopwell: "She is so neurotic about neatness that I don't dare smoke, tinker, or even sit down any place in the house. She, herself, always perches on the edge of a hard chair, motionless as a statue."

Mr. Bopwell has been so often rooted out of easy chairs for crumpling the upholstery that he has started reading the newspaper standing up. As a result, he has developed fallen arches. "Sometimes," he added, "Mrs. Bopwell eyes me as though I were the speck of dirt around the place."

by the world-wide sweep of con-

face the electorate, would substi

"Yes."

"You're sure?"

"Yes."

A door opened and Wolfe emerged, and Cramer stood on the sill and spoke: "Purley! Goodwin's taking Wolfe home and will be back in half an hour."

"Yeah," Purley said disrespectfully.

"Come, Archie," Wolfe said.

We waited in the anteroom, and in a few minutes here came Lewis Hewitt, followed by a guard balancing the glass case on his upper limbs. The transfer was made to me without ceremony, after Wolfe peered through the glass for a good, gloating look, and off we went.

AFTER driving Wolfe home, I went back to the Flower Show and satisfied Cramer's natural curiosity about details for a while. When Cramer said he was through I got up leisurely and went out leisurely, and on my way through the outer room paused for a friendly word with Purley, but when I got to the stairs outside I stepped on it. It was at least a hundred to one that I had been stood up, but nevertheless I hotfooted it to the newsreel theater, parted with money, and entered. She wasn't in the back row, and I didn't waste time inspecting any other rows. Since I knew she had given a phony name and address to Cramer, and had been smart enough to make it one that matched the RL on her bag, I figured she probably wouldn't be letting grass come up between her toes. Out in the lighted corridor I took a hasty glance at a page in my memo-book, and headed for 46th Street, where I had parked the car.

Number 326 Morrow Street, down at the southern fringe of Greenwich Village, was one of those painted brick fronts that were painted too long ago. I parked across the street and moseyed over. Inside the vestibule was the usual row of mailboxes, and the card below one of them had "LASHER" printed on it. That was okay, but what made it interesting was that on the same card above "LASHER" another name was printed: "GOULD." I was leaning over looking at it when the door opened, and there she was.

She had a traveling bag in her hand and was stooping to pick up a suitcase with the hand she had used to open the door with.

"Allow me," I said, extending a hand. "That looks heavy."

She gave me one startled glance and dropped the suitcase and sat down on it and started to cry. She didn't cover her face with her hands or anything like that, she just burst. Of course, she balked. She even defied me to call a cop, but during the deluge I picked up the bag and suitcase and headed her out and across the street to the car. All the way up to the house she cried.

I took the luggage with me to the dining-room, set it down against the wall, and approached the table. There Wolfe was, floating in clouds of bliss. He looked from the luggage to me.

"What's that? Those aren't your bags."

"No, sir," I agreed. "They are the property of an object I brought with me named Rose Lasher, who may help you hang onto those orchids. She is bereaved and hungry, and I'm hungry."

"Hungry? Bring her in here. There's plenty."

I went to the office and returned with her. She had stopped crying but sure was forlorn.

"Miss Lasher," I said, "this is Nero Wolfe. He never discusses business at the table, so we'll eat first and go into things later." I held a chair for her.

"I don't want to eat," she said in a thin voice. "I can't eat."

She ate seven sausages, which was nothing against her grief. Fritz's *saucisse minuit* would make Gandhi a gourmet. . . .

"And now," Wolfe demanded, "what is Miss Lasher here for?"

Dinner was over and we were settled in the office. Wolfe was seated behind his desk, leaning back, with his fingers laced over his sausage mausoleum, his eyes half closed. I was at my desk, and Rose was in a red leather chair facing Wolfe.

I recited particulars.

"Indeed." Wolfe inclined his head a sixteenth of an inch. "Satisfactory, Archie." The head turned. "You must have a lot to tell, Miss Lasher. Tell it, please."

She looked sullen. "Tell what?"

"Start at the end. Where did you hide in that corridor from half past three to half past four, and whom and what did you see?"

"I didn't hide. I went out and went back, and the second time I saw that man opening that door. Then I went—"

"No. That won't do. You were waiting to intercept Mr. Gould when he came out, and you hid. The police won't like it that you lied to them and gave them a false name and were running away. So I may not tell the police if you tell me the truth."

"I wasn't running away. I was merely going to visit a friend."

It was certainly a job to steam her off the envelope. She stuck for ten minutes in spite of all Wolfe said, and she didn't loosen up until after I brought the luggage from the dining-room and went through it. I had to dig the keys out of her handbag, and at one point I thought she was going to start clawing, but finally she stopped squealing.

I did it thoroughly and methodically. When I got through, the suitcase was nearly filled with female garments and accessories, mostly intimate, and piled on Wolfe's desk was a miscellaneous collection not so female: Shirts and ties, three photographs of Harry Gould, a bunch of snapshots, a bundle of letters tied with a string, the top one addressed to Rose, various other items, among them a large manila envelope.

I OPENED the envelope and extracted the contents. There were only two things in it, and neither of them made my heart jump. One was a garage job-card with grease smears on it. At the top was printed, "NELSON'S GARAGE, SALAMANCA, N. Y.," and judging from the list of repairs required the car must have had an argument with a mountain. It was dated 4-11-40. The other item was sheets of printed matter. I unfolded them. They had been torn from the *Garden Journal*, and the matter was an article entitled, *Kurume Yellows in America*, by Lewis Hewitt. I lifted the brows and handed it to Wolfe.

Then my eye caught something I had missed on the garage job-card, something written in pencil on the reverse side. It was a name, "Pete Arango," and it was written in a small, fine hand quite different from the scribbling on the face of the card. There was another sample of a similar small, fine hand there in front of me, on the envelope at the top of the bundle addressed to Rose Lasher, and I untied the string and got out the letter and found that it was signed "Harry."

I passed the outfit to Wolfe.

He grunted. "This will interest the po-

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3 ways at same time!

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lice." His eyes went to Rose. "Even more than your—"

"No!" she cried. She was wriggling. "You won't—oh, for God's sake, you mustn't—!"

"Where did you hide in that corridor?"

She unloaded. She had hidden in the corridor, yes, from the time I saw her there until some time after she had opened the door of the exhibit to look in. She had hidden behind the packing cases and shrubs against the rear wall of the corridor. The sound of commotion had alarmed her, and she had sneaked out and gone to the main room into the crowd around the exhibit, and I had returned her bag to her, which she had dropped without knowing it.

What and whom had she seen while hiding in the corridor?

Nothing. Maybe a few people, she didn't know. Nothing and no one she remembered, except Fred Updegraff.

OF COURSE, she was lying. She must have seen Wolfe and Hewitt and me go by and me pick up the stick. The stick was there at the door that she was watching. And she must have seen someone leave the stick there, stoop down to pass the crook through the loop of the string, probably open the door to get hold of the loop, which was ready inside, hidden amidst the foliage. But Wolfe was handicapped. He didn't dare mention the stick. That was out. But, boy, did he want her to mention it!

Didn't he? He did. But she wouldn't. She was stuck tight again, and I never saw Wolfe try harder and get nowhere. Finally he pulled the bluff of phoning Cramer, and even that didn't budge her. Then he gave up and rang for Fritz to bring beer.

At that point the phone rang and I answered it, and heard a familiar voice: "Archie? Saul Panzer. May I speak to Mr. Wolfe?"

Wolfe took it on his phone, and I learned that during my absence he had got hold of Saul and sent him to the Flower Show. After getting a report he told Saul to drop the line he was on and come to the office. He hung up and leaned back and heaved a sigh, and regarded Rose with no sign of esteem.

"That," he said, "was a man I sent to collect facts about Mr. Gould. I'd rather get them from you. I'll allow you until tomorrow to jog your memory about what you saw in that corridor this afternoon, but you'll tell me about him now. We've got all night. How long had you known him?"

"About two years," she said sullenly.

"Are you his wife? His widow?"

She flushed and her lips tightened. "No. He said he wasn't the marrying kind. That's what he said."

"But he lived on Morrow Street with you?"

"No, he didn't. He only came there; he had a room in one of the houses on the Dill place on Long Island. No one ever knew about Morrow Street—I mean, no one out there." She suddenly jerked forward and her eyes flashed. "And no one's going to know about it! You hear that? Not while I'm alive they're not! I'll kill myself if my family finds out. I swear it!"

"Do your folks live on Long Island?"

"None of your business!"

"Perhaps not," Wolfe conceded. "I wouldn't want it to be. When and where did you meet Mr. Gould?"

She shut her mouth.

"Come," Wolfe said sharply. "Don't irritate me beyond reason."

She swallowed. "I was clerking in a store at Richdale and he—I met him there. That was nearly two years ago, when he was working at Hewitt's."

"Do you mean Lewis Hewitt's?"

"Yes, the Hewitt estate."

"Indeed. What did he do there?"

"He was a gardener and he did some chauffeuring. Then he got fired. He always said he quit, but he got fired."

"When was that?"

"Over a year ago. Winter before last, it was. He was a good greenhouse man, and it wasn't long before he got another job at Dill's. He went to live there in one of the houses."

"Did you live there with him?"

"Me?" She looked shocked. "I certainly didn't! I was living at home!"

"I beg your pardon. How long have you been living at the place on Morrow Street?"

She shut her mouth.

"Come, Miss Lasher. Even the janitor could tell me that."

"Look here," she said. "Harry Gould was no good. He never was any good. I knew that all the time. But the trouble is you get started—that's what makes the trouble—you get started, and then you keep it up—even though I knew he was no good there was something about him. He always said he wasn't the marrying kind, but when he took me to that place on Morrow Street one day—that was June, last year—and said he had rented it, that looked like he wanted a home and maybe get married after a while, so I quit my job and went there to live. That's how long I've been living there, nine months. At first I was scared, and then I wasn't. There wasn't much money, but there was enough, and then I got scared again on account of the money. I didn't know where he got it."

THE seam had ripped and the beans were tumbling out, and Wolfe sat back and let them come.

"He came there one night—he came four or five nights a week. This was one night in December not long before Christmas, and he had over a thousand dollars. He wouldn't let me count it, but it must have been. It might even have been two or three thousand. He bought me a watch, and that was all right; but all the money did to me, it scared me. And he began to act different. And then about a month ago he told me he was going to get married."

Her lips went tight, and after a moment she swallowed.

"Not to you," Wolfe said.

"Oh, no." She made a noise. "Me? Not so you could notice it. It was Anne Tracy."

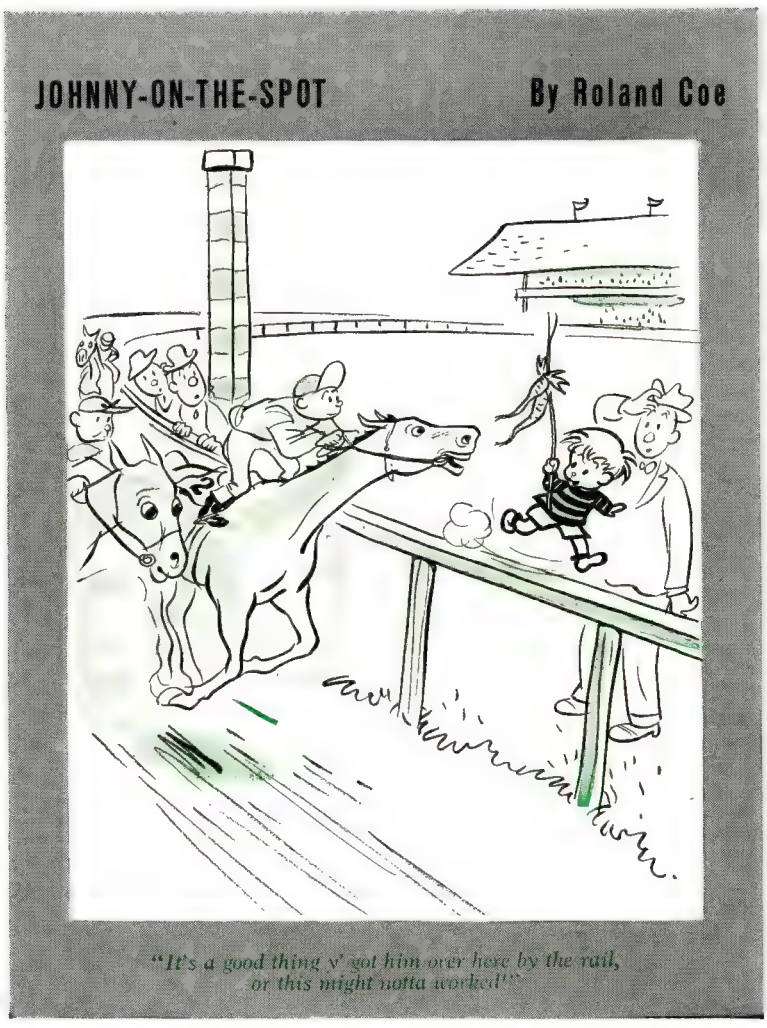
"Then no doubt it was Miss Tracy you were waiting for at the Flower Show, not Mr. Gould?"

"Yes," she said sullenly.

Then an interruption arrived in the shape of Saul Panzer. I let him in, and he went to the office. He looked like a relief veteran, whereas he owned two houses in Brooklyn and was the best head *and* foot detective west of the Atlantic.

"Miss Rose Lasher, Mr. Saul Panzer," Wolfe said. "Archie, get me the atlas."

I took it to him, and sat down again while he opened it. Pretty soon he closed it and



shoved it aside, and addressed Rose: "Was Mr. Gould ever in Salamanca, New York?"

She said she didn't know.

"Those letters, Archie," Wolfe said.

I got the pile and gave him half and kept half for myself, and ran through the envelopes. I was nearly at the bottom, when Wolfe emitted a grunt of satisfaction. "Here's a post card he sent you from Salamanca on December 14, 1940. It says, 'Will be back tomorrow or next day. Love and kisses. Harry.'"

"Then I guess he was there," Rose admitted sullenly.

"Archie, give Saul a hundred dollars." Wolfe handed Saul the post card and the garage job-card. "Go to Salamanca. Take a plane to Buffalo and hire a car. Do you know what Harry Gould looked like?"

"Yes, sir."

"Note the dates—but I don't need to tell you. Go up there and get all you can."

"Yes, sir. If necessary do I pay for it?"

Wolfe grimaced. "Within reason. I want all I can get. Make it two hundred, Archie."

I counted ten twenties into Saul's hand from the roll I got from the safe, and he stuffed it into his pocket and went.

Wolfe resumed with Rose, after ringing for beer.

IT WAS a little after midnight when the doorbell rang again, and I went to answer it, and got an unpleasant surprise. There on the stoop was Johnny Keems. I never resented any of the other boys being called in to work on a case, and I didn't actually resent Johnny, either; only, he gave me a pain in the back of my lap with his smirking around trying to edge in on my job.

Anne Tracy was standing behind him. And behind her was Fred Updegraff.

"Greetings," I said, concealing my emotions, and they all entered. And the sap said to her, "This way, Miss Tracy," and started for the office with her!

I stepped around and blocked him. "Some day," I said, "you'll skin your nose. Wait in the front room."

He smiled at me the way he does. I waited until all three of them had gone through the door to the front room and it had closed behind them, and then returned to the office and told Wolfe, "I didn't know you had called out the army while I was gone. Visitors. The guy who wants my job and is welcome to it at any time, and my future wife, and the wholesome young fellow with the serious chin."

"Ah," Wolfe said. "That's like Johnny. He should have phoned." He grunted. He leaned back. His eyes rested on Rose an instant, then they closed, and his lips pushed out, and in, and out and in. His eyes opened. "Bring them in here."

"But—" Rose began.

"It's all right," he assured her.

I wasn't so darned sure it was all right, but he was the one that wanted the black orchids, not me, so I obeyed orders, went to the front room by the connecting doors, and told them to come in. Johnny, who is a gentleman from his skin out, let Anne and Fred pass through ahead of him. She stopped in the middle of the room.

"How do you do," Wolfe said politely. "Forgive me for not rising—I rarely do. May I introduce—Miss Rose Lasher, Miss Anne Tracy. By the way, Miss Lasher has just been telling me that you were engaged to marry Mr. Gould."

"That's a lie," Anne said.

She looked terrible. She looked as if she had taken all she could. At least, she did when she entered, and maybe that was why she reacted the way she did to Wolfe's statement and got rough.

"Marry Harry Gould?" she said. "That isn't true!" Her voice trembled with something that sounded like scorn.

Rose was out of her chair and was trembling all over. "You bet it ain't true!" she cried, and that *was* scorn. "Harry wasn't marrying into *your* family! He wasn't marrying any daughter of a thief!"

Anne gawked at her.

Rose spat, "You with your stuck-up nose! Why ain't your father in jail, where he belongs? And you up there showing your legs like a ten-cent floozie—"

"Archie," Wolfe said, "take her upstairs."

Rose went on, not even hearing him. I got her suitcase in one hand and gripped her arm with the other and propelled her out of the room until we were in the hall.

Then I took her up to the spare-room and left her there.

WHEN I got back to the office Anne was in my chair with her elbows on the desk and her hands covering her eyes. That was a favorite trick of Johnny's, putting someone else in my chair. He hadn't tried putting himself in it again since the day I found him there looking at my notebook and sort of lost my temper.

Fred Updegraff was on a chair against the wall and Johnny was standing in front of Wolfe's desk. Johnny didn't look at all cocky.

"Yes, sir," he was saying in a hurt tone, "but the Tracys live in humble circumstances and have no phone, so I used my best judgment—"

"You were at the Tracy home? Where is it?"

"In Richdale, Long Island, sir. My instructions were to investigate Anne Tracy. I learned that she lives in Richdale, where the Dill nurseries and offices are. You know she works there—"

"I was aware of that. Be brief."

"Yes, sir. I went out to Richdale and made inquiries. I learned that Miss Tracy's father had worked at Dill's for many years, up to about a year ago. Dill discovered he was kiting shipments and fired him."

"Kiting shipments?"

"Yes, sir. On shipments to a big estate in Jersey, the Cullen place. He would ship two hundred rhododendrons instead of one hundred and collect from Cullen for the extra hundred personally, at half price. It amounted to several thousand dollars."

Anne lifted her head and turned it and made a noise of protest.

"Miss Tracy says it was only sixteen hundred dollars," Johnny said. "I'm telling you what I was told. People exaggerate, and this never was made public, and Tracy wasn't arrested. He stole it to pay a specialist for fixing his son's eyes, something wrong with his son's eyes. He can't get another job. His daughter was Dill's secretary and still is. She gets fifty a week and pays back twenty on what her father stole, so I was told. She refuses to verify those figures."

Wolfe looked at Anne.

"It doesn't matter," Anne said.

"I suppose not," Wolfe said, "but if it's wrong, correct it."

"It's wrong. I get twenty dollars a week and I pay back ten."

I turned toward Anne. "Do you mean

THE EYES HAVE IT

★

DO YOU look into people's eyes when you meet them? Here are some facts that may surprise you. They are from the latest records of the Better Vision Institute in New York.

★

If your eyes are brown, you may yearn for those "limpid pools of blue" which the novelists write about. Don't. Scientists say that dark eyes, as a rule, are stronger than light ones. Pale blue, gray, or fawn-colored eyes tire more quickly and are more susceptible to sun and headlight glare.

But apparently movie directors don't care about ocular strength. About three quarters of the top Hollywood actresses have blue or gray eyes.

Sometimes you meet a person with one blue and one brown eye. If you check up, you'll probably find that he inherited one color from each parent.

Six out of every ten Americans have blue or gray eyes. Many people who fancy their eyes are blue, really have a shade of gray. Brown is the next most prevalent color, then hazel.

Don't look now, but if your eyes are normal, they can distinguish 100,000,000 different shades of color and respond to flashes of light that last only one-ten-millionth of a second. Your eye is composed of nearly 140,000,000 nerves, only 7,000,000 of which are sensitive to color. The rest register only black and white.

Six out of every ten adults and nine out of every ten men and women past fifty, wear glasses.

Here's a little experiment to test your eyesight: Some pitch-black night set up a candle in a field, and then travel 16 miles away, climb up on a hill, and look back. If you can still see the candle, your sight is okay.

Maybe this has something to do with our appalling number of automobile accidents: Most widespread form of color-blindness in the United States is green-blindness, with red second. Eight out of every 100 men are partly color-blind, but only five out of every 100 women.

If you are right-handed, the chances are that your right eye does three quarters of the work. If you're left-handed, your left eye works overtime. Imperfect sight, aggravated by strain and poor lighting, can cause headaches, fatigue, nervous exhaustion, and even changes in the speed of your heartbeat.

Brown eyes are said to signify warm-heartedness; black, a desire for power; hazel, a merry disposition; blue, optimism and idealism; gray, wisdom; and green, astuteness and talent.

JOSEPH MACKEY

that you and your father and your brother live on ten dollars a week?"

She shook her head. "No, my aunt manages to help them a little. It's hard enough for me to get along on what I have."

"Good God," I told her, "you need a union!"

Johnny looked annoyed. He's a conservative. "So of course that gave me an in. I went to Miss Tracy's home and explained to her confidentially the hole she was in. That this murder investigation would put the police on to her father's crime, and that she and Dill were compounding a felony, which is against the law, and that the police would have to be fixed or they'd all be in jail; and there was only one man I knew of who could fix it, because he was on intimate terms with high police officials, and that was Mr. Nero Wolfe. I said she'd better come and see you immediately, and she came. It was nearly eleven o'clock and there was no train in from Richdale, so we took a taxi."

Johnny shot me a glance, as much as to say, "Try and match that one."

"How far is it to Richdale?" Wolfe demanded.

"From here? Oh, twenty-five miles."

"How much was the taxi fare?"

"Eight dollars and forty cents counting the tip. The bridge—"

"Don't put it on expense. Pay it yourself."

"But—but, sir—Archie always brings people here—"

"Pay it yourself. You are not Archie. Thank God. One Archie is enough. I sent you to get facts, not Miss Tracy. Certainly I didn't send you to coerce her with preposterous threats and fables about my relations with the police. Go home."

"But, sir—"

"Go home. And quit trying to imitate Archie. You'll never make it. Go home."

Johnny went.

WOLFE asked the guests if they would like some beer, and they shook their heads. He poured a glass for himself, drank some, wiped his lips, and leaned back.

"Then—" Anne began, but it got caught on the way out. She swallowed, and tried again. "Then what he said—you mean the police won't do that—won't arrest my father?"

"I couldn't say, Miss Tracy. The police are unpredictable. Even so, that is highly improbable." Wolfe's eyes left her. "And you, Mr. Updegraff? By what bold stroke did Mr. Keems bring you along?"

"He didn't bring me." Fred stood up. "I came."

"By pure coincidence? Or automatism?"

Fred moved forward and put a hand on the back of my chair, which Anne was still sitting in. "I'm protecting Miss Tracy. I'm more than a friend!" Fred declared defiantly. Suddenly he got as red as a peony. "I mean, I—she let me take her home."

"You were there when Mr. Keems arrived?"

"Yes. We had just got there. And I insisted on coming along. It sounded to me like a frame-up. I didn't think he was working for you. It didn't sound— I've heard my father talk about you. He met you once—you probably don't remember—"

Wolfe nodded. "At the Atlantic States Exposition. How is he?"

"Oh, he's—not very good." Fred's color was normal again. "He gave up when we lost the plantation of rhodaleas—he just sat down and quit. He had spent his whole life on it, and of course it was an awful wallop financially. I suppose you know about it."

"I read of it, yes. The Kurume yellows." Wolfe was sympathetic but casual. "And, by the way, someone told me, I forget who, that your father was convinced that his plantation was deliberately infected by Lewis Hewitt, out of pique—or was it Watson or Dill he suspected?"

"He suspected all of them." Fred looked uncomfortable. "Everybody. But that was just—he was hardly responsible, it broke him up so. He had been holding back over thirty varieties for ten years, and was going to start distribution this spring. It was simply too much for Dad to take."

Wolfe grunted. "It seems to be still on your mind, too. Mr. Goodwin tells me you invaded Rucker & Dill's exhibit this afternoon and made off with an infected twig."

"I—" Fred hesitated. "I guess that was dumb. Of course, it's still on my mind—it darned near ruined us. I wanted to test that twig and see if it was Kurume yellows that had somehow got into the exhibits."

"And investigate the how?"

"I might have. I might have tried to."

"You never traced the infection of your plantation?"

"No. We hadn't had a thing for two years from any of the people that had had Kurume yellows."

Anne looked at him, and he stopped. I would have, too. She looked very tired. She said to Wolfe, "I have to be at the District Attorney's office at ten in the morning. What I'm afraid of now, I'm afraid they'll ask me about my father. If they do, what am I going to say? Am I going to admit—?" She stopped, and her lip started to tremble and she put her teeth on it.

"You need a lawyer," Fred declared. "I don't know any in New York—"

"I do," Wolfe said. "Sit down, Mr. Updegraff." His eyes moved to Anne. "There's a bed here, Miss Tracy, and you'd better use it. I doubt if the police will ask you about your father. If they do, don't answer. Refer them to Mr. Dill. . . . Archie, please see that the north room is in order."

And that was that. The north room was my room, so Anne slept in my bed. I spent the night on the couch in the office downstairs. . . .

WHEN I woke up in the morning it was late, an hour after I usually got up. I had hardly dressed and eaten breakfast before Cramer was at the front door.

The first thing he said was, "Where is she?"

Cramer was bothered, and he was angry with me and he wanted to talk to Wolfe and he wanted to see Miss Tracy and he didn't like the way we were doing things. I told him to keep his shirt on and called Wolfe. Wolfe said it was all right as long as Cramer didn't know Miss Lasher was in the house. Wolfe told me to get him Hewitt on the phone and to keep Cramer occupied for a while. I did them both, but the second wasn't easy.

Finally Wolfe sent Miss Tracy down to talk to Cramer, and just at that moment Fred Updegraff arrived, looking more determined than ever. I managed to send Fred into the kitchen for some coffee—the poor devil had been out in front of the house all night—and I started up to the plant-rooms. Right then I decided that Fred could have her if he could stand up all night for her.

I climbed the three flights upstairs. It was a sunny day and some of the mats were drawn, but mostly the glass was clear, especially in the first two rooms, and the glare and blaze of color was dazzling. In the long stretch where the germinating flasks were, Theodore Horstmann was at work. I opened the door into the potting-room, and after taking one step stopped and sniffed. My nose is good and I knew that odor. One glance at Wolfe there on his special stool, which is more like a throne, showed me that he was alive, so I dived across to the wall and grabbed the valve. It was shut tight.

"What's the matter?" Wolfe inquired peevishly.

"I smelled ciphogene. I still do."

Bo Brown

"Better stop at the next gas station, dear; we're running out of map!"

"I know. Theodore fumigated those plants and opened the door too soon. There's not enough to do any harm."

"Maybe not," I muttered, "but I wouldn't trust that stuff on top of the Empire State Building on a windy day." The door to the fumigating-room was standing open and I glanced inside. The benches were empty, as well as I could tell.

"How's Mr. Cramer?" Wolfe asked. "Stewing?"

I looked at him suspiciously. His asking that, and the tone of his voice, and the expression on his face—any one would have been enough for me the way I knew him.

I confronted him. "Which one did you crack?" I demanded. "Rose or Anne?"

"Neither," he replied complacently. "I had an hour's talk with Miss Lasher while you were still sleeping, and later some conversation with Miss Tracy. They both know something, but they still clutch their secrets. When Mr. Hewitt—"

"Then what are you gloating about?"

"I'm not gloating." He cocked his massive head on one side. "It is true that I have conceived a little experiment."

"Oh, you have. Goody. Before or after Cramer carts us off to the D. A.'s office?"

Wolfe chuckled. "Is that his intention? Then it must be before. Is Miss Tracy with him?"

"Yes. The youthful Updegraff is in the kitchen. He's going to marry Anne, provided your experiment doesn't land him in the coop for murder."

"I thought you were affianced to Miss Tracy."

"That's off. If I married her he'd stand in front of the house and make me nervous. He's started it already."

"Well, that saves us the trouble of sending for him. Keep him. When Mr. Hewitt arrives send him up to me immediately. Go down and get Mr. Dill on the phone and put him through to me. On your way make sure that Miss Lasher is in her room and going to stay there and not have hysterics. Except for Mr. Dill, and Mr. Hewitt when he comes, don't disturb me. And, by the way, do not mention ciphogene."

His tone and look of smug self-satisfaction were absolutely insufferable. Not only that; they were a sign of danger for everyone concerned. When he was in that mood, God alone could tell what was going to happen.

I went back through the plant-rooms to the door to the stairs with my fingers crossed. . . .

IT WAS nearly an hour later, 11:45, and I was alone in the office, when the door to the front room opened and Anne and Cramer entered. She looked mad and determined, and Cramer didn't appear to be exactly exultant, so I gathered that no great friendship had burst its bud.

"Where's Updegraff?" Cramer asked.

"Upstairs."

"I want to see Wolfe."

I buzzed the house phone, got an answer, held a brief conversation, and told the inspector, "He says to come up. Hewitt and Dill are up there."

He turned. "Come, Miss Tracy, please."

She hesitated. I said, "Fred's up there. Let's all go."

I was half expecting to see one of the peony growers tied up and the other three applying matches to his bare feet, but not at all. We single-filed through 20,000 orchids in the four plant-rooms and entered the potting-room, and there they were in the fumigating-room, with the lights turned on, chatting away like pals. In the potting-room Theodore was sloshing around with a hose, washing old pots.

"Good morning, Mr. Cramer!" Wolfe called. "Come in!"

Theodore was so enthusiastic with the hose that spray was flying around, and we all stepped into the fumigating-room. Fred and Dill were there seated on the lower tier of a staggered bench, and Wolfe was showing Hewitt a sealed joint in the wall. He was leaning on the handle of an osmundine fork and was expounding:

". . . so we can stick them in here and close the door, and do the job with a turn of the valve I showed you in the potting-room, and go on with our work outside. Twice a year, at the most, we do the whole place, and we use ciphogene for that, too. It's a tremendous improvement over the old methods. You ought to try it."

Hewitt nodded. "I've been apprehensive about it, it's such deadly stuff."

Wolfe shrugged. "Anything you use is dangerous. You can't kill bugs and lice and eggs and spores with incense."

"Excuse *me*," Cramer said sarcastically.

WOLFE turned. "Oh, yes; you wanted to speak to me." He sidled around the end of a bench, sat down on a packing box, gradually giving it his weight, and kept himself upright with nothing to lean against, holding the osmundine fork perpendicular. He simpered at the inspector, if an elephant can simper. "Well, sir?"

Cramer shook his head. "I want you and Goodwin and Miss Tracy. So does the District Attorney. At his office."

"You don't mean that, Mr. Cramer."

"And why the hell—why don't I mean it?"

"Because you know I rarely leave my home. Because you know that citizens are not obliged to regulate their movements by the caprice of the District Attorney or to dart around frantically at your whim. We've had this out before." Wolfe shook his head regretfully. "Apparently, you'll never learn. Confound you, you can't badger me. No one on earth can badger me except Mr. Goodwin. Why the devil do you rile me by trying it? It's a pity, because I'm inclined to help you. And I could help you. Do you want me to do you a favor?"

If the man who knew Wolfe best was me, next to me came Inspector Cramer. Over and over again through the years he tried bluster, because it was in his system and had to come out, but usually he knew when to drop it. So, after narrowing his eyes at Wolfe, he sat down, and said calmly, "Yeah, I'd love to have you do me a favor."

"Good. . . . Archie, bring Miss Lasher up here."

I went. On my way downstairs I thought, "So here she goes to the wolves." I didn't like it. I wasn't especially fond of her, but my pride was hurt. It wasn't like Wolfe; it wasn't like us at all.

She was standing looking out of a window, biting her nails. The minute she saw me she started on a torrent. She couldn't stand it any longer, cooped up like that, she had to get out of there, she had to use a telephone—

"Okay," I said; "come up and say good-by to Wolfe."

"But where am I going—what am I going—?"

"Discuss it with him."

I steered her up the one flight and through

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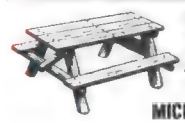

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to the potting-room. I had left the door to the fumigating-room nearly closed so she couldn't see the assemblage until she was on the threshold, and, as I opened it and ushered her in, I took a better hold on her arm as a precaution in case she decided to go for Wolfe's eyes as souvenirs. But the reaction was the opposite of what I expected. She saw Cramer and went stiff. She stood stiff three seconds, and then turned her head to me and said, "You lousy rat!"

They all stared at her.

Especially Cramer. Finally he spoke, not to her but to Wolfe: "This is quite a favor. Where did you get her?"

"Sit down, Miss Lasher," Wolfe said.

Her face white and her lips tight, she went and dropped onto a bench.

"I told you this morning," Wolfe said, "that unless you told me what you saw in that corridor I would have to turn you over to the police."

She didn't say anything and didn't look as if she intended to.

"SO YOUR name's Lasher," Cramer growled. "That's not what you told us yesterday. You might as well—"

"I think," Wolfe put in, "I can save you some time. Details can be supplied later. Her name is Rose Lasher. Yesterday at the Flower Show she saw Miss Tracy and Mr. Gould in Mr. Dill's exhibit. She wished to discuss an extremely important matter with Miss Tracy, so—"

"With me?" It popped out of Anne. "There was nothing she could possibly—"

"Please, Miss Tracy." Wolfe was peremptory. "This will go better without interruptions. So, to intercept Miss Tracy on her exit, Miss Lasher found her way to the corridor and hid among the shrubs and packing cases along the rear wall opposite the door labeled 'Rucker & Dill.' That was at or about half past three. She remained concealed there until after half past four. Therefore, she must have seen whatever went on there during that hour or more."

"Okay," Cramer said dryly; "details later. What did she see?"

"She prefers not to say. Will you tell us now, Miss Lasher?"

Rose's eyes moved to him and away again.

"Sooner or later you will," Wolfe declared. "Mr. Cramer will see to that. He can be—persuasive. In the meantime, I'll tell you what you saw, at least part of it. You saw a man approach that door with a cane in his hand. He was furtive, and he was in a hurry. You saw him open the door and close it again, and kneel or stoop, doing something with his hands, and when he went away he left the cane there on the floor, its crook against the crack at the bottom of the door. You saw that, didn't you?"

Rose didn't even look at him.

"Very well. I don't know what time that happened, except that it was between four and four-twenty. Probably around four o'clock. The next episode I do know. At twenty minutes past four you saw three men come along the corridor. They saw the cane and spoke about it. One of them picked it up, brushed a loop of green string from the crook, and handed it to one of the others. I don't know whether you saw the string or not. I'm certain that you didn't know that it was part of a longer string that had been tied to the trigger of a revolver, and that by picking up the cane the man had fired the revolver and killed Harry Gould. Nor did you know their names, though you do now. Mr. Goodwin picked up the cane and handed it to Mr. Hewitt. The man with them was myself."

Wolfe took something from his vest pocket, with his left hand, because his right was holding the osmundine fork for support. "Here's the piece of string that was looped on the cane. I may as well say here that the cane was handed to Mr. Hewitt because it was his property." He handed the string to Cramer.

I was sunk. He looked as if he was in his right mind, with all the assured arrogance of Nero Wolfe salting away another one, but either he was cuckoo or I was. He was not only spilling the beans, he was smashing the dish. In any conceivable case it was good-by orchids. . . . I looked at Hewitt.

And Hewitt should have been half astonished and half sore, and he wasn't. He was pale, and he was trying to pretend he wasn't pale. He was staring at Wolfe, and he licked his lips.

"Uh-uh," I thought. "So that's it. But, hell, then—"

Cramer was looking at the string. W. G. Dill asked, "May I see it?" and held out a hand; and Cramer gave it to him.

"Of course," Wolfe said, "the point is, not who picked the cane up, but who put it there. Miss Lasher, who saw him do it, could tell us but prefers not to. She claims she didn't see him. So we'll have to get at it by indirection. Here are some facts that may help."

"Go ahead," Cramer said. He reached for the string, and Dill handed it to him and he stuffed it in his pocket.

"I'll make it as brief as possible," Wolfe promised. "Harry Gould had an employer. One day he found a garage job-card in one of his employer's cars—possibly it had slipped under a seat and been forgotten—I don't know. Anyhow, he found it and he kept it. I don't know why he kept it. He may have suspected that his employer had been on a trip with a woman, for the card was from a garage in Salamanca, New York, which is quite a distance from Long Island. A man with the blackmailing type of mind is apt to keep things. It is understandable that he kept the card. It is less understandable that his employer had been careless enough to leave it in the car." Wolfe turned his head suddenly and snapped at Hewitt, "Was it just an oversight, Mr. Hewitt?"

BUT Hewitt had stuff in him, at that. He was no longer pale and he wasn't licking his lips. His eyes were steady and so was his voice: "Finish your story, Mr. Wolfe."

"I prefer to use your name instead of clumsy circumlocutions like 'his employer.' It's neater."

"By all means keep it neat. But I warn you that merely because I acknowledged ownership of that cane—"

"Thank you. I appreciate warnings. So I'll say 'Hewitt' hereafter. . . . The time came when Harry Gould's suspicions regarding the card became more definite. Again, I don't know why, but my surmise is that he learned about the loss of the most valuable plantation of broad-leaved evergreens in the country—the rhodalea plantation of the Updegraff Nurseries of Erie, Pennsylvania—by an attack of the Kurume yellows. He knew that Hewitt was inordinately proud of his own broad-leaved evergreens, and that he was capable of abnormal extremes in horticultural pride and jealousy. He also, being a gardener, knew how easy it would be, with a bag or two of contaminated peat mulch, to infect another plantation if you had access to it. At any rate, his suspicion became definite enough to cause him to go to Salamanca, which is in the western part of New York near the Pennsylvania border, nor far from Erie, and see the proprietor of the Nelson Garage. That was in December. He learned that when Hewitt had gone there with his car months before, damaged in an accident, he had been accompanied, not by a woman, but by a man of a certain description, with a cast in his eye. He went to Erie, and found the man among the em-

David Breger

"Don't get too close! It might not be properly stuffed!"

ployees of the Updegraff Nurseries. His name was Pete Arango."

Fred Updegraff started up.

Wolfe showed him a palm. "Please, Mr. Updegraff, don't prolong this." He turned. "And, Mr. Hewitt, I'm being fair. I'm not trying to stampede you. I admit that much of this detail is surmise, but the main fact will soon be established beyond question. I sent a man to Salamanca last night, partly to learn why Harry Gould had so carefully preserved an old garage job-card, and partly because he had written on the back of it that name Pete Arango, and I knew that Pete Arango was in the employ of the Updegraff Nurseries. My man phoned me this morning to say that he will be back here at one o'clock, and the proprietor of the Nelson Garage will be with him. He'll tell us whether you were there with Pete Arango. Do you suppose you'll remember him?"

"I'll—" Hewitt swallowed. "Go ahead."

WOLFE nodded. "I imagine you will. I wouldn't be surprised if Gould even got a written confession from Pete Arango that you had bribed him to infect the rhodalea plantation. He could do that by threatening to inform Mr. Updegraff that Arango had been at Salamanca, not far away, in your company. At least, he got something from Arango that served well enough to put the screws on you. You paid him something around five thousand dollars. Did he turn the confession over to you? I suppose so. And then—may I hazard a guess?"

"I think," Hewitt said evenly, "you've done too much guessing already."

"I'll try one more. Gould saw Pete Arango at the Flower Show, and the temptation was too much for him. He made him sign another confession, and, armed with that, made another demand on you. You saw that it couldn't go on. As long as ink and paper lasted for Pete Arango to write confessions with, you were hooked. So you— By the way, Mr. Updegraff, he's up there at your exhibit, isn't he, and available? Pete Arango? We'll want him when Mr. Nelson arrives."

"You're damn' right he's available," Fred said grimly.

"Good."

Wolfe's head pivoted back to Hewitt. He was timing his climax, and just to make it good he decorated it. "I suppose," he said to Hewitt in a tone of doom, "you are familiar with the tradition of the drama? The three traditional knocks to herald the tragedy?" He lifted the osmundine fork and brought it down again, thumping the floor with it, once, twice, thrice.

"So," Wolfe said, "you were compelled to act, and you did so promptly and effectively. I suppose you chose the morning, before the doors were opened to the public, to arrange this primitive apparatus. I don't know when or why you decided to use your own cane as the homicide bait for some unsuspecting passer-by. On the theory that—"

Theodore Horstmann appeared at the door.

"Phone call for Mr. Hewitt," he said irritably. Theodore resented his work being interrupted by anything whatever. "Pete Arando, or something."

Hewitt stood up.

Cramer opened his mouth, but Wolfe beat him to it by saying sharply, "Wait! You'll stay here, Mr. Hewitt! Archie— No, I suppose he would recognize your voice. Yours too, Mr. Cramer. Mr. Dill. You can do it if you pitch your voice low. Lead him on, get him to say as much as you can—"

Hewitt said, "That phone call is for me," and was moving for the door. I got in front of him.

Dill rose, looking uncertain. "I don't know whether I can—"

"Certainly you can," Wolfe assured him. "Go ahead. The phone is there on the potting bench. Theodore, confound it, let him by and close the door and come in here."

Theodore obeyed orders. When Dill had passed through, Theodore pulled the door shut and stood there resenting us. Hewitt sat down again and put his elbows on his knees and covered his face with his hands. Anne had her head turned so as not to look at him. That made her face Fred Updegraff, who was next to her, and I became aware for the first time that he was holding her hand.

"While we're waiting," Wolfe observed, "I may as well finish my speculations about the cane. Mr. Hewitt may have decided to use it on the theory that the fact of its being his cane would divert suspicion away from him instead of toward him. Was that it, Mr. Hewitt? But, in that case, why did you submit to my threat to divulge the fact that it was your cane? I believe I can answer that, too. Because you mistrusted my acumen? Because you were afraid my suspicions would be aroused if you failed to conform to the type of the eminent wealthy citizen zealously guarding his reputation from even the breath of scandal?"

Wolfe looked at Hewitt, and shook his head regretfully. "But I have no desire to torment you. Theodore, try the door."

"I don't have to," Theodore said. "I heard the bolt. The lower one squeaks."

"Try it, anyway," Wolfe said quietly.

Theodore turned and lifted the latch and pushed, and turned back again. "It's bolted."

"Indeed," Wolfe said, with a tingle in his voice. His head turned. "Well, Miss Lasher, what do you think of it?" His eyes swept the faces. "I ask Miss Lasher, because she knew all along that I was lying. She knew it couldn't have been Mr. Hewitt who put that cane there on the floor of the corridor, because she saw Mr. Dill do it. Mr. Hewitt, let me congratulate you on a superb performance— You can't force it, Mr. Cramer; it's a sturdy door—"

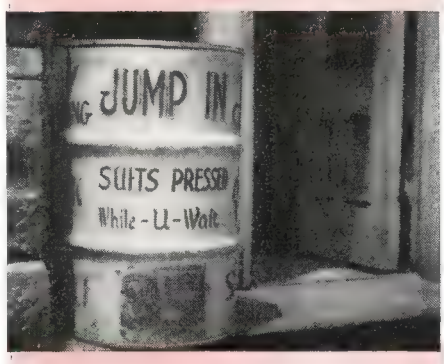
CRAMER was at it, lifting the latch, assaulting the panel with his shoulder. He turned, his face purple, and blurted, "By God, I might have known—!" then jumped across and grabbed up a heavy packing box.

"Archie!" Wolfe called sharply.

In all my long and varied association with Inspector Cramer I had never had an opportunity to perform on him properly. This, at last, was it. I wrapped myself around him like cellophane around a toothbrush and turned on the pressure. For maybe five seconds he wriggled, and, just as he stopped, Fred Updegraff sprang to his feet and gasped in horror, "Ciphogene! For God's sake—!"

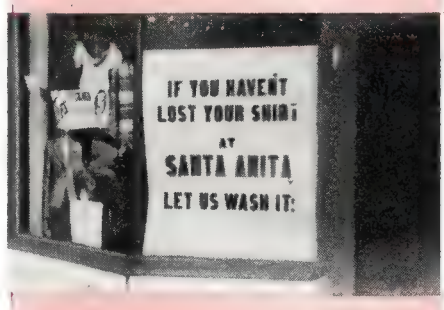
"Stop it!" Wolfe commanded. "I know what I'm doing! There is no occasion for panic. Mr. Cramer, there is an excellent reason why that door must not be opened. If Archie releases you, will you listen to it? No? Then, Archie, hold him. This is a fumigating-room where we use ciphogene, a gas which will kill a man by asphyxiation in two minutes. The pipe runs from a tank in the potting-room and the valve is in there. This morning I closed the outlet of the pipe in this

SIGNS OF THE TIMES



An ingenious tailor in Madison, Wis., provides a novel retreat for modest customers.
(Miriam Ylvisaker, Madison.)

The proprietor of this tavern in Morrison, Colo., doubtless makes his profit during the second, third, and fourth hours.
(Jack Thornton, Jonesboro, Ark.)



Apparently the owner of this laundry near Los Angeles, Calif., knows what a run of bad luck at the Santa Anita race track can do to a fellow. *(Albert M. Latimer, So. Pasadena, Calif.)*

Whoever erected this public back-scratcher in Pensacola, Fla., thought of everyone but the family cat. *(Mary B. Ballard, Pensacola.)*

AMERICA is dotted with odd and amusing signs. Next time you see one, get out your camera and snap it. We will pay $5 for each picture we publish, provided it is properly explained and identified. Send them to SIGNS, The American Magazine, 250 Park Ave., New York, N. Y. No contributions can be returned.

WHY DON'T THEY....

ATTACH screw adjusters to the bottoms of all stoves and refrigerators to simplify the problem of making them stand perfectly level on uneven floors? —*William H. Allen, Columbus, Ohio.*

POPULARIZE concentrated cream tablets for use instead of liquid cream in coffee?—*M. E. Shira, Marion, Ind.*

DESIGN a special box for mailing cakes to the boys at camp, so the cakes will arrive without being mashed?—*Frances Klein, Newton, Kans.*

MAKE all window boxes of earthen material like that of flowerpots and designed to standard window size? These would not become warped and saggy.—*Mrs. Fred L. Pugh, Rome, Ga.*

INCLUDE with all the new gas and electric ranges a built-in steam pressure cooker which will cook vegetables at lightning speed?—*Mildred Michel, Seattle, Wash.*

PUT in all brown sugar an ingredient that will prevent it from getting hard and lumpy once the package is opened? —*Jane Gahl, Reading, Ohio.*

INSTALL on all coal furnaces an instrument sensitive to coal gas to sound an alarm throughout the house when the gas escapes?—*Mrs. William Preston, Cortland, N. Y.*

BUILD shoulder-high soap dishes in all shower stalls? This would save bending down to reach the soap.— *C. W. Waterman, El Centro, Calif.*

IN all deep fry kettles, install a thermometer, with readings visible from the outside?—*Mrs. H. Schen, Pocatello, Idaho.*

LABEL all electrical outlets to show whether they carry AC or DC current? This would lessen the danger of blowing out and damaging electrical appliances.—*Arnold L. Berger, Chicago, Ill.*

INVENT an ant-repellent floor wax for use on kitchen and pantry floors? —*Mrs. Everett L. Sipperly, Norwalk, Conn.*

MANUFACTURE a "spot-removing press cloth," treated chemically in such a way that it would absorb spots from clothes as they are pressed?— *Bethine Birkhofer, Fairfield, Iowa.*

DEVELOP an acid-resistant material for all mechanics' overalls?—*Mrs. C. C. Fields, Coulee City, Wash.*

EQUIP all typewriters with an ink reservoir that would keep the ribbon always properly inked?—*Max Kowalsky, New York, N. Y.*

●

Have you been brooding on any ideas that no one else seems to have thought of? Send them along to the *Why Don't They?* Editor, The American Magazine, 250 Park Ave., New York, N. Y. We'll pay $1 for each suggestion accepted. None will be returned.

"Why not a combination beach sandal and lunch box!"

room, and removed the plug from an outlet in the potting-room. So, if Mr. Dill has opened that valve in the potting-room, he is dead, or soon will be. And if you batter a hole in that door I won't answer for the consequences. We might get out quickly enough, and we might not."

"You damn' balloon!" Cramer sputtered helplessly.

I unwrapped myself from him and stepped back. He shook himself and barked at Wolfe, "Are you going to just sit there? Are we going to just sit here? Isn't there—can't you call someone—?"

"I'll try," Wolfe said placidly. He lifted the osmundine fork and thumped the floor with it, five times, at regular intervals.

Lewis Hewitt murmured, believe it or not, apparently to Theodore, "I was in the dramatic club at college." . . .

"ALL right, I'll buy you a medal," Inspector Cramer said in utter disgust.

Five hours had passed. It was six-thirty that evening, and the three of us were in the office. I was at my desk, Cramer was in the red leather chair, and Wolfe was seated behind his own desk.

Cramer went on sputtering, "Dill was a murderer, and he's dead, and you killed him. You maneuvered him into the potting-room with a fake phone call, and he took the bait, and bolted the door to the fumigating-room and opened the valve. And then why didn't he walk out and go on home? How did you know he wouldn't do that?"

"Pfui," Wolfe said lazily. He grunted. "Without waiting four minutes to make sure the ciphogene had worked? And leaving the door bolted, and the valve open? Mr. Dill was a fool, but not that big a fool. After a few minutes he would have closed the valve and opened the door, held his nose long enough to take a look at us and make sure we were finished, and departed, leaving the door closed but not bolted, to give it the appearance of an accident. And probably leaving the valve a bit loose so it would leak a little." Wolfe grunted again. "No. That wasn't where the thin ice was. It was next thing to a certainty that Mr. Dill wouldn't decamp without having a look inside at us."

"You were sure of that."

"I was."

"You admit it."

"I do."

"Then you murdered him."

"My dear sir." Wolfe wiggled a finger in exasperation. "If you are privately branding me to relieve your feelings, I don't mind. If you are speaking officially, you are talking gibberish. I could be utterly candid even to a jury, regarding my preparations. I could admit that I plugged the outlet in the fumigating-room, and opened the one in the potting-room, so that it would be the latter, and not the former, that would be filled with ciphogene if Mr. Dill bolted that door and opened that valve. I could admit that I arranged with Mr. Hewitt to play his part, appealing to him in the interest of justice. He is a public-spirited man. And I discovered his weakness; he has always wanted to be an actor. He even gave me permission to mention his cane, and to recite that wild tale about him—which, of course, was true, though not true about him, but about Mr. Dill.

"I could admit that I arranged with Theodore also to play his part. He works for me and obeyed orders. I could admit that I had Fritz stationed in the room below, and my

three thumps on the floor were a signal to him to make the telephone call for Mr. Hewitt, and the five thumps, later, told him to come upstairs and start the ventilating blowers in the potting-room, which can be done from the hall. I could admit that I deliberately postponed the second signal to Fritz for three minutes after I learned that the door had been bolted; that I had previously released a minute quantity of ciphogene in the potting-room and fumigating-room so that Mr. Dill's nose would be accustomed to the smell and would not take alarm at any sudden odor in the potting-room after he turned on the valve; that all my arrangements were made with the idea that if Mr. Dill should open that valve, thinking to murder all eight of us, he would die. I could admit all that to a jury."

Wolfe sighed. "But the fact would remain that Mr. Dill opened the valve of his own volition, intending to exterminate eight people, including you. No jury would find against me even for damage to your self-esteem."

"To hell with my self-esteem," Cramer growled. "Why don't you send a bill to the state of New York for the execution of a murderer f.o.b. your potting-room? That's the only thing you've left out. Why don't you?"

WOLFE chuckled. "I wonder if I could collect. It's worth trying. I may tell you privately, Mr. Cramer, that there were several reasons why it would have been unfortunate for Mr. Dill to be brought to trial. One, it might have been difficult to convict him. Only a fairly good case. Two, the part played by Mr. Hewitt's cane would have been made public, and I had undertaken to prevent that. Three, Archie would have been embarrassed. He pulled the trigger and killed the man. Four, Miss Lasher would have committed suicide, or tried to. She's not very bright, but she's stubborn as the devil. She said she had seen Updegraff there, not to throw suspicion on him, but because she had to say it. He had seen her, and she was sure he would say so. She thought she could go that far in admitting what she had done because it was early when she saw Updegraff. So far there wasn't much direct connection with the murder, but that was all she would say. She had decided that if she admitted having seen anything from her hiding place in the corridor, she would have to testify to it publicly, her relations with Mr. Gould would have been exposed, and her family would have been dishonored."

"They would have been exposed, anyway."

"Certainly, once you got hold of her. When Archie brought her to the potting-room, with you there, she was a goner. That was the beauty of it. Mr. Dill knew she was bound to crack, and that, coupled with the threat of being confronted with the garage man, was what cracked him. It was a delicate situation. Among many others was the danger that during my recital Miss Lasher might blurt out that it was Dill, not Hewitt, who had placed the cane there by the door, and that would have spoiled everything."

"Wasn't it Hewitt's cane?"

"Yes. A fact, as I have told you, not for publication."

"Where did Dill get it?"

"I don't know. Hewitt had mislaid it, and no doubt Dill spied it and decided to make sure of it. By the way, another item not for publication is Miss Lasher's statement. Don't forget you promised that."

"And another thing," I put in. "A public airing of the little difficulty Miss Tracy's father got into wouldn't get you an increase in salary."

"Nothing in the world would get me an increase in salary," Cramer declared feelingly. "And Miss Tracy's father—" He waved it away.

Wolfe's eyes came to me. "I thought you were no longer affianced to her."

"I'm not. But I'm sentimental about my memories. Incidentally, while you're sweeping up, what was Anne's big secret?"

"Not so big." Wolfe glanced up at the clock, saw that it would be nearly an hour till dinner, and grimaced. "Miss Tracy admitted the soundness of my surmises this morning. Mr. Gould was as devious as he was ruthless. He told her that unless she married him he would force Mr. Dill to have her father arrested, and assured her that he had it in his power to do that. He also spoke of large sums of money. So, naturally, when he was murdered Miss Tracy suspected that Mr. Dill was concerned in it, but she refused to disclose her suspicions, for obvious reasons—the fear of consequences to her father."

Wolfe put his finger tips together again. "It is surprising that Mr. Gould lived as long as he did, in view of his character. He bragged to Miss Lasher that he was going to marry another girl. A girl who had refused him. That was silly and sadistic. He let Miss Tracy know that he had a hold on Mr. Dill. That was rashly indiscreet. He even infected the Rucker & Dill exhibit with Kurume yellows, doubtless to dramatize the pressure he was exerting on Dill for his big haul—at least, I presume he did. That was foolish and flamboyant. Of course, Dill was equally foolish when he tried to engage me to investigate the Kurume yellows in his exhibit. He must have been unbalanced by the approaching murder he had arranged for. I suppose he had a hazy idea that hiring me to investigate in advance would help to divert suspicion from him. He really wasn't cut out for a murderer. His nerves weren't up to it."

"Yours are." Cramer stood up. "I've got to run. One thing I don't get—Dill's going clear to Pennsylvania to bribe a guy to poison some bushes. I know you spoke about extremes in horticultural jealousy, but have they all got it? Did Dill have it, too?"

Wolfe shook his head. "I was then speaking of Mr. Hewitt. And I had to change the facts a little to fit him. What Mr. Dill had was a desire to protect his investment and income. The prospect of those rhodaleas appearing on the market endangered the biggest department of his business." He suddenly sat up and spoke in a new tone: "But, speaking of horticultural jealousy, I had a client, you know. I collected a fee in advance. I'd like to show it to you. . . . Archie, will you bring them down, please?"

I WAS tired after all the hubbub and the strain of watching Wolfe though another of his little experiments, but he had said "please," so I went up to the plant-rooms and got them, all three of them, and brought them down and put them side by side on Wolfe's desk. He stood up and bent over them, beaming.

"They're absolutely unique," he said, as if he were in church. "Matchless! Incomparable!"

"They're pretty," Cramer said politely, turning to go. "Kind of drab, though. Not much color. I like geraniums better."

THE END ★★

★ ★ ★

THE BEST SPORT I EVER KNEW—It was the annual matched relay race between our boys from Minnesota, and Coach Leo Johnson's from the University of Illinois. Joe Hayes was our first runner and, as the start-off gun cracked, he headed down the track, shoulder to shoulder with the Illinois lead-off man. But when the pair hit the back turn, they bumped into each other, and Hayes dropped the baton.

The Minnesota undergraduates and alumni in the gallery groaned. That meant the race! Hayes stopped, dashed back, and picked up the baton. Meanwhile, the Illinois runner nearly lapped him. We could never expect to make up that distance.

We couldn't—if it hadn't been for Coach Johnson, who was standing at the track next to the second pair of runners. As the Illinois lead-off man raced in to pass on the baton, Johnson whispered something to his second runner, W. W. Lewis.

Lewis seized the baton, but, instead of racing on, he stood rooted to the spot. Stood there quietly until Hayes came up to the line and handed his teammate the fumbled stick. Then the two runners started off, neck and neck.

I spoke to Johnson after the race. "I saw those two kids bump into each other," Johnson told me. "I couldn't tell whether Hayes dropped the baton or whether it was jarred out of his hand. Anyhow, it was no go. There's no kick for anyone in winning a race that way."

It would be nice to report that Illinois won the race, anyway. They didn't, but the sponsors of the meet had two sets of first-place medals struck off and awarded them to the members of both teams. They recognized Johnson's gesture for what it was—a truly magnificent display of sportsmanship.

—JIM KELLY, famous track coach

BLACK WATER

by Philip Wylie

What has happened so far:

BETH BROWNELL, a beautiful statistician, has accepted a job on a Florida houseboat collating the notes of Jerry Thomas, a marine scientist. On board, in addition to the 33-year-old handsome Jerry, was Katy, his attractive sister; their Aunt Abbey; Dr. McGee, a biologist; "Iggy" Noble, a young college graduate; Ellyn Keats, a staff artist; and Dick, a native of the Florida Keys. Shortly after Beth's arrival from New York, she discovered that the scientific angle of Jerry's party was merely a "blind"; that Jerry and his companions had found an underwater cache containing war supplies bearing German trade-marks. Jerry had acquainted government officials in Washington with his discovery, and they had asked him to keep a close watch over the hiding place. When Beth first arrived Jerry didn't tell her about the cache, but subsequent events caused him to spill the whole story to her. She pledged assistance.

One day while Beth and Jerry were out in the speedboat they spotted a huge freighter named the Clara McCracken. To all intents and purposes it was an American ship, with American flags painted on its sides. A closer view, however, revealed openings in its sides and a suspicious-looking packing case strapped to its bow. Jerry was convinced that this was the supply ship which was feeding the cache; he also believed that torpedoes for motor torpedo boats were being stored in the underwater cave. More than that, he felt that there was some connection between the Clara McCracken, the cache, and one Arturo Tuero y Fuentes, a Latin who was frequently in Florida waters and who had mysteriously appeared on the train that carried Beth south to Florida. Believing that the time for action had arrived, Jerry, Dr. McGee, Iggy, and Dick started off for the cache.

The women of the party were left ashore. Katy, Ellyn, and Aunt Abbey went out for the evening. Beth, left alone, was astonished when Arturo appeared at the house, pointed a revolver at her, and ordered her to pack her clothes and come with him. It was kidnapping, and nothing else. Beth had no other choice but to comply with his demands.

The exciting last installment follows. . . .

BETH packed swiftly—or, at least, with seeming swiftness. She hoped that Ellyn would return before Arturo ushered her out of the bungalow. Ellyn, and one of her admirers. Beth had a picture of that rescue, to which she clung for some little time. But Ellyn did not come, and Arturo stood in the bedroom doorway, pointing the automatic. His face was impassive and his eyes were in-looking, as if he, too, were doing emergency planning.

"What shall I say in the note?" She had already thought through the matter of the note.

"A call from home. Your mother is sick."

Beth had expected that, hoped for it. "Too easy to check. They'd phone Mother in the morning, and she'd say she was well and hadn't called."

His eyes were suspicious. "You seem to have my interests very much at heart."

Beth shook her head and smiled. It was a nervous smile, and that suited her purpose. She could not have smiled in any other way. "No. I'm beginning to think. I mean, I have a strong hunch that if Katy and Abbey get the idea my message is phony, and start chasing all over after you—and they might *easily* suspect you!—what would happen to me wouldn't be what I want to happen."

Arturo looked down at the gun, thoughtfully. "You are very smart. I am sorry, Elizabeth, that this is happening. I would have preferred to—court you—by another method. The singers,

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

Beth swung the gun over the stern, and fired again

to begin with. And then the rumba."

"Where are the singers?"

"When the serenade is a success, when the lady appears, then the singers melt away. That, also, is part of the custom."

"I'll say in the note," Beth continued after a moment, "that my Aunt Genevieve called me on long distance. She and Alta, my mother, don't speak. And Genevieve is sick about half the time. Goiter, arthritis, the troubles you get from eating a pound of chocolate creams every day. I'll say she was being taken to the hospital for another operation—she's had three—and she sent for me."

"Very well. But hurry."

Beth hurried.

"You carry your bag," he said. "And go ahead."

In the dining alcove she propped her note on the table. She opened the front door. Arturo's car shimmered until he switched out the light behind her. For a second she stood still, terribly afraid. She felt the automatic push up against her spine. Then she went to the car

"You will get down, out of sight, on the floor." He watched her. "Good!" He climbed in, and blindfolded her.

She sat tucked up. The floor of the car pounded her. Funny, she thought. You never imagine what may be happening in cars that pass you at night. Lovers, of course, and ordinary people, but also people who are fighting, people with guns in their laps, people being kidnapped, prisoners, even dead bodies. You never think, unless you are in such

a car, afraid, determined, isolated from all other people by speed.

She was aware, after they had turned many corners, of a slowing down, and a very bumpy drive of a few hundred yards. The car stopped.

"I am going to take you into a building," Arturo said, "and tie you up. You will be there all day. Tomorrow night, either I, or some of my friends, will come to remove you."

Beth held in desperately. Her hands, flattened on the floor as braces against the bumps, had touched a match book. As Arturo climbed out and went around the front of the car she picked up the matches and thrust them under her stocking, behind her knee. He helped her out, after that, and led her over ground that seemed to be littered with rubble. No door opened, but she knew that she was being taken into a building. It had a damp, moldy smell. There were no voices. The lights of Arturo's car had been extinguished.

He stopped. She was aware of radiance of some sort. "Three flights of steps," he said. "Put your foot out."

THEY went up the three flights. Then along another hall. She kept trying frantically to guess what sort of place it was. Arturo opened a door which creaked horridly. She felt herself pushed gently. He sat her down. She heard him put an electric torch on some object. He had brought along rope, or else there was rope in the room. She felt him wind it round and round her ankles, and then her wrists, behind her back.

He stood away from her. "It's a shame," he said. "You will be enormously uncomfortable. And there is no way to prevent that, till dark tomorrow. One thing! I'll be right back." He was gone for several minutes, his footsteps receding, and then returning, the sounds echoing through what was obviously a large building. "Here! A pan of water. I am placing it on a table, right under your nose. You can drink, by leaning two inches. It will be useless to yell. You are miles from anybody. Good-by."

She felt him lift up the handkerchief. She felt his lips. They were cold and muscular. The seeming of light vanished. A key rattled. His feet resounded, going faster, running on wooden stairs, and then, like a whisper, she heard his car start. After that she could hear nothing.

It was then, only then, that Beth broke down in a spasm of sobbing.

The thought of Jerry's danger, rather than the maddening consciousness of her own, began to restore order in her mind. Her danger was graphic and known; his was uncertain and even more formidable. Arturo had made it plain that Jerry would soon be killed. Of course, Jerry was not on board the Langouste. But others were. And Jerry himself would be found. There existed no doubt in Beth's mind now about the reality of the threat represented by the cave, or the Clara McCracken. It was precisely what Jerry had imagined.

She began rubbing the knot at the back of her head against the top of her chair. It took an immeasurable time, and many failures, to slide it around the curve of her skull. But, when she shook off the handkerchief, even though she could still see no more than the vague squares of windowpanes, it gave her a sense of freedom and triumph.

She rested. Then she began to strain on the rope which had been bound around her body and the chair. When Arturo had tied her, she had been rigid with alarm. Her sobs had noticeably slackened the bands.

She found that, by pressing hard, she could move the chair an inch at a time. She got it against a wall, after a long struggle. She was perspiring profusely. The wall gave her the purchase of friction. By alternately drawing a breath and straightening her body and then relaxing and shrugging her shoulders, she got the top strand of rope over the back of the chair. Before she was free, however, she tipped the chair over, and fell with it, cracking her elbow viciously.

She cried again. But she renewed her struggle, after a long, tearful wait. Nobody had heard, evidently, because no one came. She was loose from the chair, and hog-tied. She lay thinking about that, waiting for day.

It came gradually. She saw that she was lying in a small, dirty room, bare except for a paper hanger's table and three chairs. The walls had been plastered long ago; the plaster was yellow and cracked. There were no rugs. The floor was cement. The room, obviously, had never been finished, but abandoned, partly finished, many years ago.

That fact was intimidating in itself. Daylight also showed that there was a pile of old trash shoveled up in the center of the room and that the ceiling was thick with cobwebs. She decided to see what she could do with the matches before all strength and even consciousness failed her.

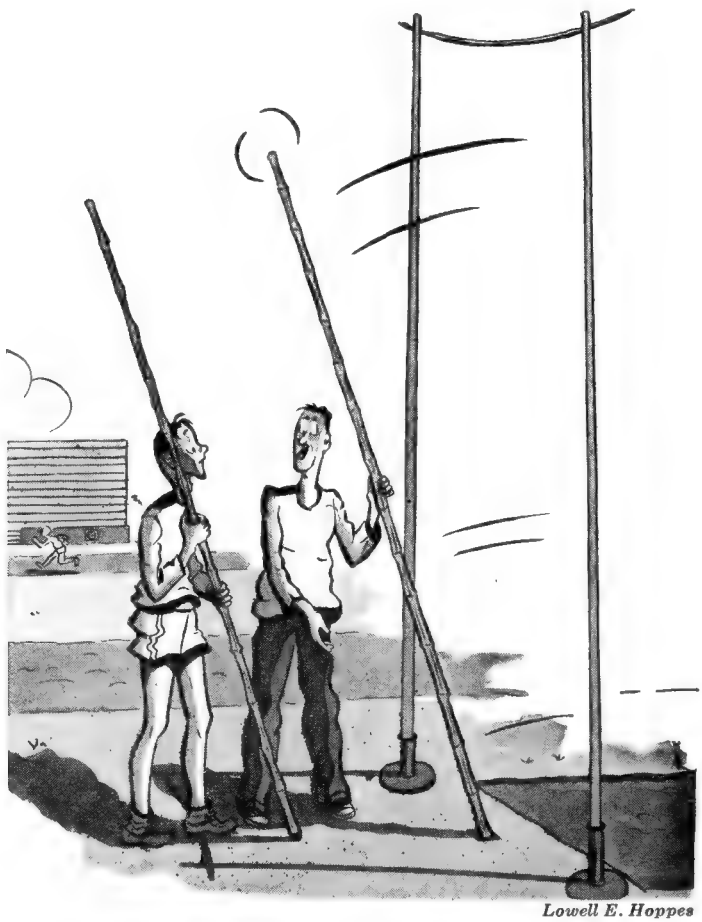
The cement floor, and the rubble, had given her a new idea. She approached the heap of broken terrazzo, plaster, and laths. She made her way around it, rolling and creeping on knees and shoulders. One by one, she drew out chunks and splinters of wood. She broke them up. She made a little stack. The rope on her wrists cut deep. She found a scrap of paper to use for a starter. Then, after three tries, she got it going.

Burning through the rope that pulled her feet up toward her wrists was not very difficult. The little fire crackled; the room became smoky; the flames felt very hot on her back, but they did not burn her. And, at last, the rope parted. She lay for some time in the sheer luxury of being released from that unnatural posture.

SHE had decided how to build up the fire again, and how to try to get free without suffering too severe burns; she was edging toward the coals when she had another idea. In all that rubble there should be something —glass, tin—something.

What she found was a thoroughly rusted razor blade. It was still serviceable. For a time she felt faint because of the reprieve of the discovery. She nipped the blade between two fingers and began to saw weakly at the only strand she could reach. It parted much sooner than she had expected. A few minutes later she separated her hands.

Then she cut her feet apart. She stood up and walked fairly steadily to the door. It was locked from the outside. Too heavy to batter. She looked through the windows. The room was approximately three stories above ground. Outside was a jumble of trees that seemed to reach away into green nothing. Trees, vines, bushes. She had already reasoned out that this building was one of the "boom" derelicts, a great hotel or apartment house that had been started in the era of speculation, and then abandoned, part done, part incomplete. It had stood empty, somewhere on the fringes of Miami,



Lowell E. Hoppes

"I hope Henderson is all right. His pole came down without him"

and the jungle had grown back around it.

Her last problem took hours. Little by little, with chunks of plaster and cement, she smashed the small panes of glass and beat away the rusty iron. When she could lean through the hole she had made, she surveyed the outdoors. There were tree limbs almost within reach, but not quite.

She devised a makeshift lasso of the ropes that had tied her, and, after many attempts, she caught a branch and pulled the end of it up to the sill. She tied the rope as far down on the branch as she could manage. Then she fastened the rope tautly on a board which she had set across the window opening. Thus she made a precarious bridge.

She swung out on the branch, hung in the air three stories above the ground, and, with hands and feet, edged toward the trunk, like an opossum. She found herself, a minute later, in a fork high in a large, thickly foliated tree. She slid down one of the long limbs to another fork. She saw that she could not slide down the trunk, it was too large. So she clambered out on a limb until it bent with her weight. She let her feet hang. The limb sagged lower, cracked, and dropped her heavily.

She was up in an instant. She went around three sides of the building—a hotel, she guessed—before she found the ruts over which Arturo had driven. She followed them to an old paved street where signposts still hung at overgrown corners and grass sprouted through wide cracks. She started down that street, east, away from the sun. When she heard a car coming she dived into the underbrush at her side. It passed, slowed, and turned in toward the hotel. Beth came out of hiding and ran as fast as she could along the deserted thoroughfare. She had only one thought: to get help to Jerry, wherever he was, immediately. Maybe it was already too late! . . .

JERRY rowed Dr. McGee to the island. No one shot at them. They stepped ashore and entered the jungle.

Immediately, the sea vanished. A gloomy quiet descended. Underfoot was a damp and moldering bed of leaves across which lay rotting tree trunks, downed by hurricanes. Here and there a shaft of light like the beam of an electric torch shot through the murk and seemed, against it, almost tangible. Whatever such beams touched they illuminated with a startling brightness which made the place seem even darker. There were two forms of animal life: large, gaudy snails on the trunks and limbs of the trees, white snails, green and topaz, rose and yellow, and small clusters of blue butterflies which flew in a slow and menacing tempo.

Mac went ahead, with a pistol in his left hand, one in his belt, and, in his right hand, a machete. Occasionally he slashed at a creeper.

"Nice place," the scientist said, after they had pushed ahead for several minutes.

"Sh-h-h!"

Mac chuckled. "I know how you feel. The jungle always does that. Even a little sample, like this. But we can talk if we want. Why not? Every machete swipe is an advertisement of our presence."

Jerry stopped and ruefully wiped his face. "I didn't think! And now that we're here, if anybody wants to, they can just wait a few yards away in this stuff and shoot us down—"

"If anybody does shoot, drop, of course."

"Fine business!"

Mac stepped over a log, looked down, and hopped. "There's a coral snake right beside my heelprint. Take a big step."

Jerry hopped mightily. The older man laughed. "Those little guys can't strike a foot, really. Pretty, isn't he?"

Jerry stared. "Not to me, he isn't! I'll be glad when we get this thing done. What is wrong with men, anyway? Look at me! For the first time in my life I run into a girl—"

Mac glanced back, grinning faintly. "Like the head-on collision of two express trains—"

"—and I no sooner get the drift of what this one means to me than I go roaring off into a mess like this. Does that make sense?"

"You know it does," Mac answered. "Especially when it's that kind of girl."

"What kind is she?" Jerry asked, yanking on a creeper that had snagged his foot.

"Oh. Intellectual."

"You really think so?"

The scientist glanced back again. "You know what I think? If you don't grab Beth and hold her all the rest of her life for a ransom to be paid in daily fragments by both of you I'll desert you. That girl has more fire than a—" Then he stopped and said, "Oh—oh!"

IN a little clearing ahead was a flattened pad of leaves, a rectangle of slanted stakes, and a pile of tin cans, some new, most of them rusty. Mac stepped into the place and surveyed it. "Had the tent here," he said finally. "The leaves were under its canvas floor, to make a soft bed. They never built fires, used a gasoline stove. Two of them." He walked across the space and pushed aside some branches. "Nice view of the sea here, and you can tell that they've stood around this spot a lot." He went back through the clearing and looked in the other direction. "And a sweep of the Keys. This is out on the cusp of that southern end. They've gone—for good, I'd guess."

For ten minutes they examined the deserted campsite. Jerry slapped a mosquito. "That settles it, then," he said. "We'll signal the Sweetheart to come up, take the gear into the woods, and I'll investigate."

Mac slapped a mosquito. "Guess you're right. Shall we rig up after dark?"

"We'll do it now. Why wait? While I walk out from the beach one of you can come here and keep watch both to sea and land."

"And if we're caught at it, with the Sweetheart doing about five knots, how do we pull you off the sea floor and escape?"

"We better not be caught," Jerry replied.

Hours passed.

Jerry walked out on the sand, trailing hose and turning his Martian's head as if his shoulders were part of it. He went steadily, and as quickly as the paid-out lines allowed. He touched the water, waded in, felt its tepid waves break around his knees, his thighs, his waist. Behind the glass the sun seemed hot and bright. He was glad when he saw the water rise in front of his face. It cooled him. He slipped, on some gummy living thing, caught his balance, and set down his leather-soled shoes more carefully. He was under water. He could see plainly, now. He knew the terrain. He spoke into the one-way phone: "Just test the life line, will you, Iggy?"

It jerked, reassuringly.

"All right," Jerry said. "Now. I'm on the brink of this thing. I can see the blue water dropping off from here—I'm right by that niggerhead. I'm going over the west edge, like I said. (*Continued on page 142*)

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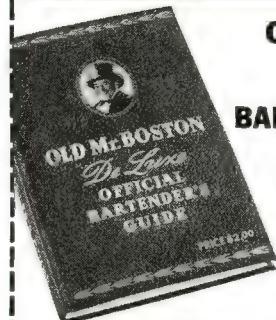

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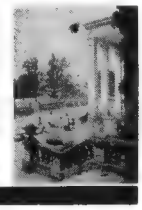

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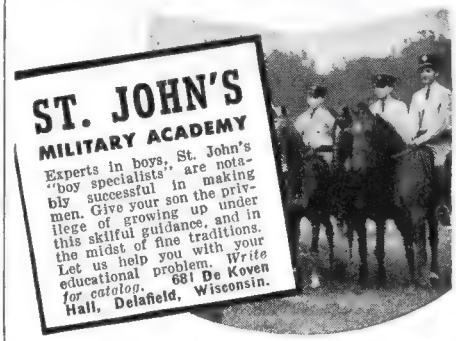

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(*Continued from page 139*) Keep a good tension, because I want to know where I am, every second. It's quite a cliff, you know."

The line tugged comfortingly.

Jerry went to the edge and bent over. He could see the bottom faintly, far below, a pattern of blues and browns and greens. Then, like a man on a steep mountain, he turned backward and started to climb down.

"I'm on the bottom now." The answering tug came back. "Starting into the cavern."

Hose paid out, from the jungle, across the sand, along the flat, and down the precipice. Jerry was looking at the cathedral arch of the cavern. Stalactites of corals hung from it. Vivid schools of little fish skirted it, went in, and hurried out, as if they were afraid. He walked forward.

But he did not have to go far. He had fully expected to find that every case and barrel had been removed. Instead, with a start of surprise, he made out new and enormous piles of stuff. There were shapes of cases that had never been in the cave before, as well as new and bigger drums, which covered up the original cache. He stood there, trying to make an intelligent guess as to their contents and an estimate of the tonnage stored there. Then he saw that some of the late cases were made of thick glass—glass to resist the corrosion of the sea. He trudged up close. His scalp prickled.

Beyond the coruscant, distorting glass, suspended on wooden braces, one to a case, were torpedoes. Like jars of jelly, he thought, stored in a flooded cellar. Lethal jelly. The transparency of the cases made the sight doubly shocking. He stood, thinking: the Clara McCracken, her bowels partly flooded to let out a swarm of torpedo boats; the green Keys where the boats could hide; and this formidable base, for the storage of death. Inside the helmet his lips peeled back and he shuddered.

His life line tugged hard, three times.

JERRY stood horror-stricken for a moment, waiting for water to come spewing down his air hose. But it did not. The far-off thud and bang, the ringing pressure, were maintained. The danger was something else. Leaning into the water, scrambling over mashed coral and weed, he made for the opening. He looked up. The surface, far above, shone silver and empty. He turned back to the cave; his pores opened, steaming the inside of the glass. He wiped its front futilely. Somebody was probably coming out to the island. He snatched at the first rugged projection and began to clamber up the side of the cliff, to the left of the hole in it. The hose and the rope came up with him, pulled tightly, anxiously.

The helmet suddenly grew heavier and he knew he was coming out of water. Then he had a glimpse of the shore, which was warped by a wave. Another. He was moving toward it, tottering. He saw through the dripping glass the figure of Dick running from the woods. He felt salt water splash around his stinging calves. Strong hands grabbed the helmet and lifted it off. Now he sank on the beach and fought for his wind. The question in his rolling eyes was answered by Dick:

"A plane came over! We didn't think of that! Just an ordinary little yellow seaplane, but she had a machine gun in her. They circled and circled. They saw the hose, of course, and probably they could see it under

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water, clear to the cave. Maybe they could even see you, down there."

Mac came hastily from the jungle.

Jerry rose. "Come on, fellows! Get aboard!"

"No!" Mac said. "No use! They'd trap us in that thing like rats! Three boats have just put out from Sawbuck Key! They're darned far away, but they're coming fast. We've got to get the rifles ashore here, and everything else we can, and make a stand where we've got some cover!"

"Right!" Jerry was wading into the water again. "Dick! You and I will get the guns. Iggy, you and Mac start piling up some sort of a fort. What kind of boats were they?"

"I don't know," Mac answered, diving toward the woods again. "But they threw a lot of white water!"

FOR the next five minutes the beach and the jungle behind it were the scene of fierce activity. Mac and Iggy picked a high spot behind some brush and three hardwood trees. They piled upon it loose chunks of coral, logs, branches, driftwood. Dick and Jerry raced back and forth from the Sweetheart carrying guns and ammunition, a case of baked beans, and two johns of fresh water.

In the last minute the air began to throb with the approach of powerful motors, but the cusp of the island hid the boats from view.

When his senses told him that they would soon be visible, Jerry yelled, "Now! Iggy and Mac! You get behind that fort! Dick and I will man the one-pounder!"

The two men on the beach vanished. The other two clambered aboard the Sweetheart and ran to her bow. They cleared the gun, loaded it, swung it toward the deepwater side of the island, and waited. The noise became as intense as the roar of dive bombers. Then three gray boats shot around the island, a few hundred yards out to sea. They were coming at fifty miles an hour or more. Flat-bottomed sea sleds with hydroplanes, noses out, spray cracking high, men crouched behind semicircular windshields, and the thin snouts of guns.

"Who are they?" Jerry bellowed. His eye ranged along the one-pounder. His knuckles moved it evenly, with the movement of the first boat. A crazy notion that the ships might be American had entered his brain.

Dick yelled, "I dunno!"

And fire ripped from all three as they shot past the Sweetheart. In return, one flash burst from the fisherman. Jerry saw Dick duck low. He heard glass breaking. The Sweetheart heeled and shook. There were loud, hard explosions. Jerry knew all that vaguely. In front of the lead boat, his own shell threw a column of water. It made the boat twist sideways, skid, yaw; made her motors snarl; and she came back on her course after a dangerous zigzag.

Then they turned. Dick shoved another shell into the breach.

"Did you see 'em?" Jerry asked needlessly. "Four torpedoes apiece! Mosquito jobs! Hiding in there on Sawbuck! Near their supply depot. They're coming back!"

The thunder was prodigious. The sleek boats returned, strung out, on a course somewhat farther from the Sweetheart.

"Keep low!" Dick bawled. "They're machine-gunning us, too!"

Jerry aimed with care. He saw a line of white pimples, where machine-gun bullets stuttered along the water astern of the Sweetheart. He fired. The one-pounder slammed in recoil under his chest. There was a blast and flash at the other end of the Sweetheart. Things rattled, thudded, rained down in the sea. Smoke boiled in the air, and heat. The boats were skimming broadside on. At the instant of the flash on the Sweetheart, there was another on the middle torpedo boat. A little flash that grew into a towering mountain of flame, that rose in blinding fire and expanded in swirls of fumes, that made a hole in the sea for an instant, as if the boat had dived down and left a hollow. Out of the hole erupted a pillar of water, rebounding and climbing.

Dick whacked Jerry's back. "Blew all four torpedoes!"

Jerry nodded. "Yeah! Now! Let's get out of here—!"

"But—"

Jerry jerked his head. Dick looked back.

The stern of the Sweetheart raged with flame and black smoke. Her gas tank was on fire. Flames licked over the gunwales and dribbled into the sea and spread on its surface. While they looked, the wave from the blast hit the Sweetheart and carried her blazing toward the beach. She came down hard. Both men on her fell to the deck. Then Dick went overboard, and Jerry followed. They raced the spreading gasoline toward the beach; they beat it.

The two remaining boats had drawn away some distance.

Mac was standing there, grinning. "Damn!" he said. "What a shot! And what a blast! If we only had another one-pounder, hunh? Here they come again!"

Behind their hasty barricade, the four men fired four sporting rifles at the bellowing craft that raced past. Machine-gun bullets ripped into the trees over their heads and sprayed sand along the beach. Small shells burst noisily; the air whizzed with metal, wood splinters, and scraps of bark.

THE streamlined gray shapes cut geometric curves and headed out to sea together. There, they slowed down and held a colloquy. After that, they lay for some time with idling motors.

"Radioing, I'll bet," Iggy said.

Jerry nodded. "Yeah!" He looked at the sinking sun. "Couple of hours of daylight. They ought to come out here soon."

"They?" Dick repeated. He was sitting behind a tree, loading his rifle.

Jerry shrugged. "Somebody—with all this uproar—and the Sweetheart smoking like a beacon."

Dick's laugh was monosyllabic. "Pal, we're fifteen miles off the main line of islands. Behind us there, it's practically uninhabited. The smoke may pass for a steamer—if anybody notices it. And the Coast Guard—the Navy, too—have been practicing gunnery in these parts, off and on, for years. Even if they could hear, most people wouldn't be

"Now that we've picked out what we're going to wear, let's pick who we're going to marry!"

surprised. The guys out there could probably battle around like this for a week, and, unless a patrol plane cut in off its regular area to look the Keys over, they'd never excite a soul!"

"Dandy," Jerry said.

"But, if they're smart, they'll try to polish us off before dark. I suppose you've also thought—since their scheme is getting a lot of publicity—they'll try to get everybody who's in on it. The girls, maybe?"

"Yeah," Jerry said. "I've thought of that. Too late!"

Mac, who was sitting on the ground behind a pile of junk, said placidly, "Let's hope not. These devils have got to try, like us. That's all. There must be millions invested in those boats—the Clara, the cache. And two years of work. It would have been a swell—and hideous—idea, if Jerry, here, hadn't happened to like diving into holes."

He broke off. The motors were revving up in the distance; the two hornets boring in, head-on. Then they made turns that were almost square, and blasted the shore. They tore off, afterward, and spun in a wide circle, to do it over again.

"Everybody okay?" Jerry called.

He heard three assents. He watched the boats recede. And he saw another boat, coming in from the west very fast. She was mahogany red. He thought it was the Coast Guard. He saw it was the Remora. He stood up, and spread the bushes.

THE Remora came head on, full throttle. At her wheel was the figure of Katy, crouched low, her long bob flickering straight behind her head. At the one-pounder was Beth. Jerry made sure of that. He stuck his jaw out, and grinned thinly across it. His hands, clenched on his rifle, showed white. The two girls were tearing into the fight from the sun, and the men in the torpedo boats did not see them until they were again running bow to bow, toward the Key. Jerry heard his companions yell. He was beating his thigh with his fist, then, and shouting in the uproar, "Shoot, Beth! Shoot now!"

But she did not shoot. He could see Katy, crouched low, cut the Remora between the boats. It was sudden, and insane. But the suddenness got the Remora broadside on to the second boat, at point-blank range. Then Beth let go.

The flash of the gun and the flash of the shell, low on the hull of the gray boat, came together. It must have torn a hole that caught up the sea and ripped away a long chunk of the side, for the gray boat yawed, tipped, rushed on edgeways for a breathless second, and then came back on her keel. The Remora was beyond the fight, and cutting around. The one unharmed boat slowed down and turned to meet her. The other seemed to be settling, but men swarmed around her guns.

Jerry felt Dick's crushing fist on his arm. He sensed Mac and Iggy moving closer. He heard Dick bawl, "Steady, old man! The crazy fools are coming back again! This time they're going to get it!"

This time Katy was driving into the almost horizontal sun. They saw her put her hand up to shade her eyes. They saw the pale spurts of flame from the guns of the two gray boats. They could almost see the Remora shiver with the raking. They could see, too, the Remora's gun move steadily, and the pale gold of Beth's hair behind the gun. She roared in. The uninjured boat bit her propellers into the sea and cut away. Beth swung and fired at the cripple. She missed. Then the holed ship had its point-blank opportunity. The men on the shore could see chips flying from the Remora. She was hurtling head-on toward them. Katy was low. Beth swung the gun over the stern as they passed both torpedo boats. She threw in a shell and fired again. Another miss.

"They'll run aground!" Dick bawled.

The Remora poured toward the island. Katy seemed to be looking, still. They could almost see her expression. But she did not turn. Instead, she yelled at Beth, and both girls dropped out of sight. The speedboat hit the flats. The Remora knifed up on the beach, breaking like an automobile just before a crash. She threw sand instead of water. She shot to the jungle edge and into it, and came to a crashing, grinding stop not ten feet from where he stood.

There was a moment of silent paralysis. Katy stood up. She watched the leaves float down around her. "Lafayette," she said, "and so forth!" Then she began to cry.

Jerry vaulted over the gunwale. The Remora's outer shell lay in strips and chunks along the beach. Her engines were dead. She smelled hot, but she was not on fire. Beth was lying on two cushions. She seemed to be smiling at what Katy had said.

"I'm afraid," she said falteringly, "that we spoiled your boat. But we did bring you a good gun. Oh, Jerry!" Then she also began to cry.

Katy recovered most, first. She scrambled up on the canted gunwale of the Remora and looked at the three battle-tattered men and then at her brother, who was hugging Beth's shoulders and was apparently on the verge of tears himself. Dick had gone back to the opening in the thicket. He called to them, "They've got a line on the boat the girls hit! Towing her out! That means a truce—for a while, anyhow."

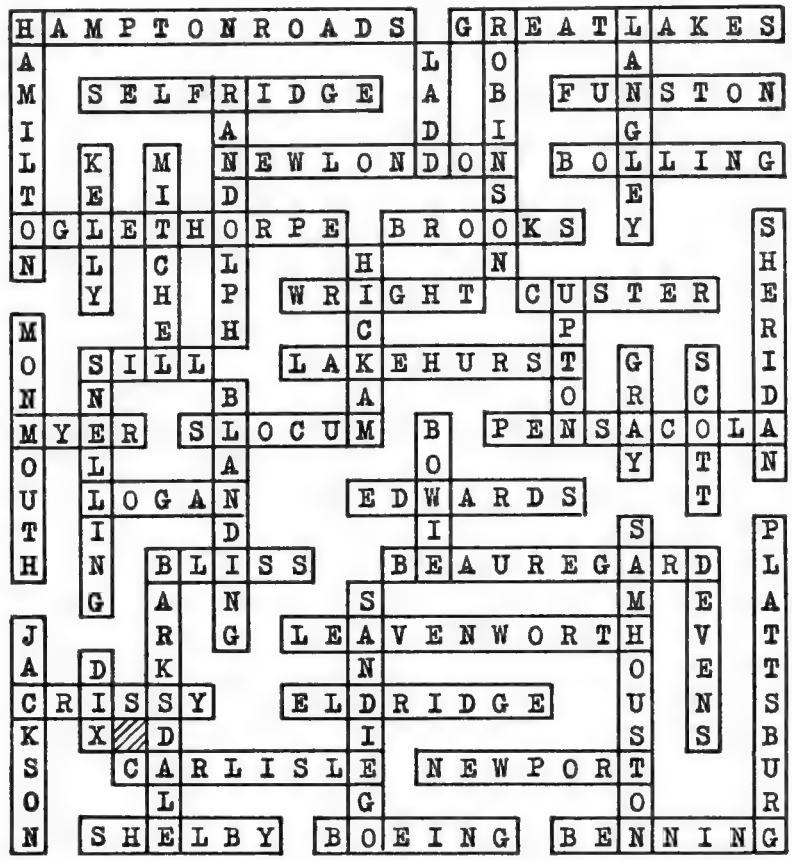
IT WAS only then that Mac managed to ask a nearly coherent question: "How in the name of heaven did you girls—?"

Katy, swinging her legs jauntily, so no one could see they were shaking, told the story of Beth's capture and escape. "A cerebral job, straight through," she said. "I wish I had brains! We didn't find Beth's note till afternoon, late. Mrs. Givers had set a plant on it! Then we were wild, knowing that 'Aunt Genevieve' is ours, not Beth's. We checked, by long distance. And about that time Beth came hitchhiking back to Frangipani, a perfect mess! That was around nine o'clock. We put her in bed and called everybody in creation. The Miami cops didn't believe us, and the G-men asked Beth questions till she got hysterical. Then they all barged out into the night to do big, masculine things, and only Ellyn and Abbey and Beth and I really knew what sort of spot you were in down here.

"As soon as it was light yesterday morn-

AN AMERICAN JIGSAW

Here's the solution to the jigsaw puzzle which appears on page 120.



AROUND THE HOUSE

WITH ROGER B. WHITMAN

LONG, light evenings apparently inspire wives to figure out new ways of putting their husbands' spare time to work. While the women write to me for advice, the husbands, I find, usually carry it out.

The problem of paper coming off the walls of the family summer home is worrying Mrs. G. B., Saybrook, Conn. So I suggest that when she tells George to see what he can do about pasting it back, he add one half pound of a special dry waterproof glue powder to a pail of liquid paste. Paper and wall should then form a permanent attachment.

And the same advice goes for the husband of Mrs. B. T., of Moline, Ill. Mrs. T. says that the wall cloth which was put on the bathroom walls is coming off and her decorator informs her it *cannot* be put back again. . . . That's not so. Why not get your husband to scrape the back of the wall cloth clean of fragments of paste and plaster, smooth the wall, and then stick the wall covering back on with paste fortified with the waterproof glue powder.

OLD-FASHIONED earthenware crocks can be made very colorful for use on porches or terraces by painting them. First apply a good quality of aluminum paint. Follow this with a coat of flat paint; then a coat of high-grade enamel.

THE joy of Mr. M. C.'s bachelor heart is a marble statue which stands in his apartment in Fresno, Calif. But it is turning yellow and showing a tendency to crack. On the advice of well-meaning friends, he has used baking soda, lemon juice, and vinegar on it (everything except bake it in a pie), but to no avail. . . . Try a weak solution of oxalic acid. This serves as a bleach and should remove the discoloration. One ounce of the acid dissolved in one quart of water is the right strength. Brush the solution on, leave it a minute or two, and then wipe it off with clear water. If necessary, repeat this operation several times. A thin coat of beeswax dissolved in turpentine will prevent further staining of the statue.

PLYWOOD paneling which has been varnished is best cleaned by washing, preferably with soap in the form of jelly—Mrs. D. J., Chicago, Ill. Place a small quantity of the jelly on a soft cloth dampened with warm water, and rub the plywood until a froth is raised. Wipe off with a clean, damp cloth (still using warm water), and finish by rubbing with a clean, dry cloth in the direction of the grain. Plywood paneling should *never* be soaked with water.

TRYING to press his tweed trousers, himself, Mr. F. J., of Boulder, Colo., accidentally scorched them; luckily, a light scorch, but the size of the imprint of the iron. . . . A scorch on woolen material is an actual damage to the wool fibers. One way to take it out is to lightly rub the scorched part with medium-coarse emery paper. This cuts off the damaged ends of the fibers. But heavy scorches do not respond to this treatment.

THE cooing of pigeons, nesting in the gables of Mrs. P. Y.'s house in Madison, Wis., is fast driving her "cuckoo." She and her family have pulled down their nests, squirted water over them, even shot at them, but they refuse to be discouraged. . . . An unfailing remedy is to cover all cornices and projecting parts with insect screening, put on in such a way that the birds cannot get a foothold. Even if the screening shows, it will look better than the messiness of the pigeons.

WALLPAPER to be used for patching can be made to look like the paper already on the wall by the simple process of "aging" it. Expose the face of the new wallpaper to *full* sunlight for a day or two, or as long as is necessary to get the right amount of fading. Match up the pattern when patching, but *tear* the paper; don't cut it.

MRS. C. A., Akron, Ohio, wishes to know the best way to clean gilt picture frames. Her ancestors are looking down at her disapprovingly from very dirty frames. . . . Make up a half-and-half mixture of alcohol and ammonia, and apply it to the frames with a camel's-hair brush. After a few minutes remove it with clear water, also applied with a soft brush. Any water that remains should be shaken off, not wiped, and the frames stood on edge to dry.

A PROBLEM IN YOUR HOME? Roger B Whitman is at your service. Send full details to him in care of The American Magazine, 250 Park Ave., New York, N. Y., enclosing self-addressed, stamped envelope.

ing, I decided to find the Langouste, with Ellyn. I chartered one of those planes on the Causeway, and flew down. Captain Wade had her so well hidden it took me all day to locate her. Then he wouldn't tell me where you were, or what boat you were in, or anything. That guy is a fool for discipline! Well, after saying everything to the captain that a lady shouldn't, I stole the Remora. She was moored alongside the Langouste, under the mangroves, in a creek. I pinched it right under Wade's nose and beat it to Marathon. It was dark then and I phoned the gals to drive down. As soon as it was dawn we started looking for you. We used up one tank of gas, and put back and got another. Then we decided Ellyn and Abbey should go back to insist on more and better help. Charter planes to hunt; stuff like that."

Katy bit her lip. "*Somebody* ought to show up here before—before they spoil all these nice trees! Anyway, Beth and I took off again, down this way, and she saw smoke on the horizon. So we came on over, as you noticed. And that's all—or is it?"

She added the question because Dick was rushing up from the edge of the beach. "The Clara McCracken's coming in!" he said. "Coming fast! If she's got five-inch guns she can blow this island apart in twenty minutes, and pick up the crews of the speedboats. They must have radioed for her!"

Katy said, "Nifty!" She turned. "Hey, Jerry! Quit necking! We got trouble again."

JERRY hurried down to the beach with Beth at his side. It was getting dark. The Clara was still far out, and the two torpedo boats, one towed by the other, were pointing directly at her. While they watched, there was a bright flash on the freighter and, a little later, a ripping sound in the air. Out on the water, a hundred yards beyond the cave, a geyser spouted. The trees behind them whipped; their ears rang.

"We'll get on the other side of the island," Jerry said. "Nothing else we can do. It won't take many shots like that!"

There was another flash, and another. A shell burst at sea, on the other side of the Key, and a shell blew trees high in the patch of jungle behind them. They ran.

Beth lay in the water beside Jerry; in front of them was a low ledge of ragged coral. Periodically, the island spewed flames and thunder. Chunks of coral and heavy limbs hissed over their heads. Between shell-bursts, they talked a little.

Jerry said, "I'm the chump who wrote up to New York for a competent statistician—female—and preferably attractive!"

Beth said, "Chump?"

He waited until audibility had returned after the rip and roar of another shell. "It's a little island, and they've got all the time in the world. Perhaps, when it's completely dark, they'll land. You better take this revolver. If they come ashore you girls can wade out and try to keep concealed."

She took the gun. "Look," she said.

Jerry looked, and grinned a little. His sister was snuggled close to Dr. Noble and they also were saying things. Katy caught sight of them and yelled something, but she had to do it over because a burst blotted out the words. "Like London," Katy shouted.

"No shelters," Jerry yelled back. Then he turned to Beth: "You're sure—about that chump business? No regrets?"

"No regrets—no matter what."

Dick had left his hiding place to forage in the churning island. He came up on a dog-

trot and flopped behind the coral shelf. "The Clara is moving in," he said. "I think I could see 'em getting ready to lower boats."

Jerry nodded. "Right. If they do send boats they'll stop shelling. You and Iggy and Mac and I will meet 'em."

"And Katy," Beth said, "and I."

"Nix. You wade out as far as you can—"

"I'm afraid of sharks. And, anyway—"

A shell dropped very close. It made Beth feel sick and dizzy. Her eyes hurt. It rolled Dick over on the ground, but he stood up again, afterward. It made Jerry's ragged shirt more ragged—ragged and a little red on one sleeve where a splinter had flicked across his arm.

Jerry was squinting at her. "You're doing fine," he said. "I wonder—one place is as bad as another—and if they're coming in boats, and if the gun on the wreck of the Remora still works—"

"Let's go," she said. "You and me. Scatter the others."

He nodded. They waited for the next blast, way over, in the water. Then they ran to the spot where Katy had brought the speedboat ashore. There were two shell craters beside her but the gun was intact.

"We'll stay down in those holes," he said, "and keep watch."

He scanned the sea, waiting for the smoke to open. "The Clara's coming in, all right. We'll get it point-blank, soon." He pulled her down in the shell pit. There was a flash at sea, a shudder in the air, another sheet of fire, and another roar.

They were still crouched in the ragged hole when the Clara's guns stopped. The interval stretched out. Jerry first peered over a mucky chunk of coral and then went back to the battered Remora, checked the one-pounder, and pumped a shell into his rifle. Dick came, struggling through the island fires, coughing.

"The others still all right?"

"Yes," Dick said. "They coming?"

"Evidently."

"I'll tell 'em." Dick plowed back into the fitful light and the jumbled debris.

THEN they heard the humming. Beth and Jerry first, the rest a moment later. Giant bees in the air, buzzing louder with every second. Both of them knew what it was but they did not say anything. They stood, instead, with their arms wrapped around each other. There was darkness out where the Clara McCracken lay, darkness and silence. The planes swarmed on, level, loud, and, at last, shapes on the stars, pale lavender exhausts. They circled, a mile or two from the island. Then the night was dazzlingly illuminated. Down toward the sea on a parachute floated a tremendous white light and they could see the Clara in clear silhouette. They could make out a movement of little boats around her.

The planes went round and round, coming lower with each circuit. Navy planes, Coast Guard planes, Jerry and Beth did not know which, in that transcendent moment. They were aware of Iggy and Katy and Mac and Dick, coming up, watching, not saying anything. Around the Clara on the water, in a wide circle of intimidation, there came suddenly a running string of explosions. Bombs. Not on the foreign ship, but neatly laid on every side of her. No signal could have been plainer: *Stop firing. Do not move.*

The great, hanging light died out. Another took its place. The people on the island thought they could see boats lifted up the ship's side. They did see smoke belch from her funnel. They saw the Clara build a white mound at her stern, and swing, and gather herself to rush seaward. They saw, too, another stick of bombs break close.

They might have cheered, then, but a second factor held back their relief. The Clara was zigzagging toward the horizon and the planes were grinding around her. But, from the place where the Clara had been, came a black spot sheathed in foam—the one good torpedo boat left from the battle.

Dick spoke first. His tone was close to one of disgust: "They must be crazy! Coming in after us."

"They'll never get here!" Katy said.

There were planes over the speedboat, planes in a line, peeling off and roaring down. But it came on, sluicing to avoid the bullets.

"Maybe they're not after us," Jerry said. "Maybe—" He cut back across the narrow beach. The others followed. He tilted the one-pounder and began pouring shells at the oncoming blur.

"They're carrying something on the stern!" Iggy bellowed. He was groping in the wreckage of the Remora for shells and passing them to Beth, who handed them on. Jerry aimed once more, fired, swore because he had missed again, and said, "I thought so! That cache! They wouldn't want it left intact. Hey! Everybody! Get in those shell holes—and stay low!"

They understood, and plunged into the holes. The motors throttled down to nothing and then roared again.

"Now!" Jerry said. He pressed Beth against the raw coral and hovered over her.

THE earth lifted. There was a sound in the bowels of it like doom. Hundreds of tons of water vaulted into the air, and the water was shot with fire, which spread in it. A terrible concussion swept over the island, whirling the trees, throwing up sparks and brands.

Next—silence, while the key hissed and steamed.

The craters were full of water; they floundered in it. Jerry climbed out and began pulling them on land. It was pitch-dark. They stumbled down on the beach, too weak and shaken to talk. There was no sound from the torpedo boat; it had not been able to escape, evidently, after dropping its depth charge into the cave. The planes were moving farther away. Presently a reddish light showed on the water, outlining the hull and superstructure of the Clara McCracken.

"Scuttled her," Dick said quietly. "Nazis! They'll scuttle the whole world, if they can!" He stood up and peered. "I think they're getting off in their boats again, and I think—yeah! A couple of those bombers are going to land on the water! If they put those guys in jail anywhere near here, I'm going over and tell 'em what I think about the Nazis!"

There was a sound out on the water, not far away, a grunting and splashing.

"Somebody from the torpedo boat," Jerry said. "Swimming. I'll go in—you guys try and get a light—start a fire—"

He strode into the water. They could hear him swimming. Dick waded out and kept calling to him. Mac and Iggy began to thresh around in the underbrush, looking for things dry enough to ignite and for coals that had survived the deluge.

They had a little blaze going when Dick and Jerry carried a man from the sea up onto the sand. "Arturo," Jerry said.

Beth watched the Spaniard breathe and

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SCATTERGOOD SAYS—

PLINY PICKETT up 'n' got mad tother day and he says, says he, "Senator Bones hain't as great a man as he used to be, and he never was."

Seems like mebbe Pliny got a great truth by the tail, and ye kin apply it to humans, critters, and all kinds of inanimate objects.

Now, take Fatty Jones's trottin' hoss—it licked everythin' in four caounties in straight heats 'n' Fatty deemed he had the greatest hoss in hist'ry. So'd his neighbors. Wa-al, Fatty he up 'n' entered the nag in the Grand Circuit, and the only reason it come in last was because the' wa'n't no place farther in the rear.

If Fatty had of kept on takin' his hoss to caounty fairs he'd 'a' died thinkin' it was greater 'n Maud S. But he reached out too fur.

I've knowed a sight of great men durin' the past fifty year, and up to naow I hain't been able to detect much difference betwixt 'em and John Smith, except that somehow they'd got the reppitation. Dan'l Webster was a great senator, but if he'd tried runnin' a general store he'd most likely have gone bankrupt. Sam Kettleman kin run a store, but he'd be mighty comical in the Senate. I hain't studied out which of 'em is the greatest man, but Dan'l made the most noise.

So I come to the conclusion a great man's an ordinary feller that jest happens to be able to do suthin' that attracts attention. He hain't no greater 'n a feller that kin do suthin' that don't get talked about. The finest blacksmith in the United States never gits his name in the newspapers.

Bein' great is one part ability 'n' nine parts bein' talked about; bein' just a competent ordinary feller is nine parts ability 'n' no big noise whatever. I'll be doggoned if I know which is most valuable to the nation.

choke. She began moving his arms and his legs, trying to find the extent of his injuries. He opened his eyes and looked at her. "Let go," he said. "You hurt me."

Beth sat down beside Jerry.

ARTURO said something in Spanish and something else in German. He struggled momentarily to sit up.

"You're in pretty bad shape, old man," Jerry said. "Better lie still."

Arturo licked his lips. He turned his head a little, toward the place where the cache had been. "Gone, eh? The explosion turned over my boat. I have been swimming a long while. The others drowned. We had some little surprises in that cave. Your government will not see them, now." His gaze shifted to Beth. "So you got away? I learned that last night. And now—" His voice became musical and his eyes dilated. Beth, watching him, felt there was something reminiscent in the attitude. "And now you have your Jerry! I wonder if you can know how much I hate you? Freedom! Americans! I can still interfere—a little!"

Beth remembered, then. She'd heard that tone in Arturo's voice when he had thrown his knife at the moccasin. Now, as his hand started to move toward his soaked jacket, Beth felt for the gun Jerry had given her. "Don't move any more, Arturo," she said. "You aren't going to be able to reach that knife! I have a gun here."

Arturo held himself rigidly. Then he sighed. "Yes." He thought a moment. "I didn't understand Americans, you said. Maybe I didn't." He lay back.

Dick went to his side and took the long knife from its special pocket. "Nice fellow," he muttered.

They sat through a purgatory of time. In actual minutes, it was as short as the commander of the planes could make it. He saw the beach fire from the air, and set down his plane as near to the island as he dared, taxiing it carefully. The motors were cut. He stepped out on the wing. His voice came crisply, on the night: "Ahoy, there!"

"Ahoy!"

"How many casualties?"

"Only one that's serious," Jerry said. "He wasn't on our side, though."

They could hear the officer wading. They saw his uniform in the firelight. Behind his amiability, his discipline, there was a partly hidden expression of astonishment. "You're Thomas? Why the devil didn't you explain to the authorities that you had located a live arsenal down here? This isn't any kind of mess for civilians!"

Jerry just stared at the man. Beth grinned feebly.

It was Katy who gave some sort of expression to her thoughts: "Come ashore, Commander! We're all going to have a lot of fun gathering up shell fragments. Then we're going to send them in neat parcels to senators and congressmen and generals and admirals—oh, lots of people!" . . .

IGGY was playing the piano, and Katy, sitting beside him, took up the melody with her right hand. "Nice song, Dardanella," she said. "What made you think of it?"

"Oh—you. The line about 'harem eyes.'"

The moon hung over Frangipani like a petal. It shone on the pale stucco walls and it made the colors of the hibiscuses discernible.

Jerry sighed and touched the smooth top of the garden bench. "Let's sit on the grass. It's softer than this marble. You got any places that don't ache?"

"One." Her head had been lowered so she could survey the soft glint of the clips she was wearing. Two platinum flamingos.

"Where could that be?"

Beth turned up her face. "Don't you know?"

He kissed her. "I can't hug you, though, without a map. Beth. What shall we do next? Go to New York? I want to meet your mother. Or would you like to have her here? And where shall we spend our honeymoon?"

"Ouch!" she murmured. "I'll draw you that map! My shoulder!" He let go with such solicitous haste that she laughed. "It's not very romantic, is it? Don Arturo wouldn't have approved at all! And I smell like iodoform, not jasmine." She hesitated, and then asked, almost childishly, "Do you think, Jerry, those Spaniards really *do* know anything about love that we don't?"

Then he laughed, also. "We'll see!"

THE END ★★

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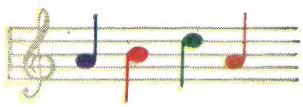

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